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galloped unmolested to Delhi they found the gates open to receive them. With a great crowd of cut-throats and ruffians in their train they swarmed round the palace and woke the old king from his sleep. They bowed down before him, with a fierce shout proclaimed him emperor of Delhi, and declared that they would die for the faith. The palsied old man smiled as they hailed him, and in a feeble voice echoed the cry of "Death to the Feringhees." The foul massacre that followed has been already told.

When Delhi was re-captured, and the palace entered, it was found that the old king and the members of his household had fled for concealment to the Kootub, a palace nine miles distant.

On the 22nd of September Captain Hodson, of "Hodson's Horse"—who was acting as Intelligence Officer on the personal staff of the commander-in-chief, and who believed that, if the king escaped, "his name would have been a tocsin which would have raised the whole of Hindustan"—started in pursuit. The risk was enormous. Thousands of the king's adherents were lurking in the ruins along the road. Halting at the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, he sent forward some sowars to demand the surrender of the king. After two hours' suspense his emissaries returned with the message that the king would deliver himself up to Captain Hodson only, and on condition that his life was spared. The magnificent gateway, the milk-white domes of the tomb towering up from within, looked down upon a single white man amid a host of natives demanding the surrender of the "last of the Moguls." The old man gave up his arms, which Captain Hodson handed to his orderly, still keeping his own sword drawn in his hand. The march of five miles to the city then began; Hodson and his small escort being followed by thousands, any one of whom could have shot him down in a moment. The influence of his calm and undaunted look on the crowd was wonderful. They seemed perfectly paralysed at the fact of one white man (for they thought nothing of his fifty black sowars) carrying off their king alone. Gradually the crowd slunk away, and very few followed

rooms and the church with its white tower soaring above a clump of trees. Looking down the strip of country that lay between the river and the town, and stretched for some miles beyond the latter, he would have seen the cantonments, a long straggling line of brick houses coated with white paint, each standing in its own compound, a sort of paddock some three or four acres in extent, shut in by an untidy crumbling mound and ditch. The country was broken by ravines; and here and there among the bungalows native temples peeped out above clumps of trees. The treasury, the gaol, and the magazine stood near the further extremity of the line. Pinnacles with light taper masts, and unwieldy country boats, looking like floating hay-stacks, lay moored close to the landing-steps on the sacred river; and across the bridge of boats which spanned its broad flood, travellers were continually passing on their way to or from Lucknow.

In the spring of 1857 the English residents were leading the ordinary life of an Anglo-Indian community. Morning rides, work in cutcherry or on parade, novel-reading, racquets, dinners, balls filled up the time. Pretty women laughed and flirted, as they listened to the music of the band in the cool of the evening, and talked perhaps of the delightful balls which the Nana had given in his palace up the river, before he had started on that inexplicable tour. Suddenly the news of the great disasters at Meerut and Delhi arrived; and the life of the little society was violently wrenched into a new channel.

The commander of the division was General Sir Hugh Wheeler. When the Mutiny broke out it was generally believed that, whoever else might fail, he would be equal to the occasion; for, though he was an old man, he had not lost his bodily vigour or his activity of mind; he had proved himself on many hard-fought fields to be a brave and determined soldier; and he was known to be acquainted with the character and to possess the confidence of the Sepoys in an especial degree. And in one respect at least he did stand out from the great mass of British officers. He was not long beguiled by the pleasing fancy that his men would remain faithful,

though all around them should prove traitors. On the contrary, soon after he received the news of the outbreak at Meerut, he saw that his regiments, though they did not slacken in the performance of their duty, were becoming possessed by an insane fear of the monstrous designs which the prevalent fables ascribed to the English, and might sooner or later be driven by sheer panic to revolt. He therefore determined to lose no time in securing a place of refuge for those under his charge. The most natural position to select was the magazine, a strong, roomy building, which, being surrounded by bullet-proof walls, and protected on one side by the river, was well fitted for defence. Wheeler decided against it, however, on the ground that, before occupying it, he would be obliged to withdraw its Sepoy guard, and thus inevitably precipitate a rising. Moreover, though he feared that the native regiments would eventually mutiny, he had good reason to believe that they would hasten at once to join their comrades at Delhi. Thinking then that he would only have to repel the possible attacks of a mob of undisciplined budmashes until succour should reach him, he contented himself with throwing up a weak entrenchment close to the native lines. If, however, he had waited for the reinforcements which he was soon to receive, he might have seized the magazine with small loss, perhaps with none at all; for numberless examples have shown that the Sepoy always bows down before the man who has the courage to take the initiative against him. On the other hand, his apparently well-founded belief that, after the first outbreak of mutiny, the Sepoys would hasten to Delhi as the focus of rebellion, instead of waiting to attack him, was a strong argument in favour of the course which he pursued. Not many Anglo-Indian generals would have shown more judgment than this gallant veteran.

While making these preparations for defence, he applied for reinforcements from Lucknow; and Henry Lawrence, though he himself had no superfluity of European troops, generously sent fifty men of the 32nd, and a half battery of guns under Lieutenant Ashe. Unhappily, about the same



LIEUTENANT KERR AT KOLAPORE (*see page 217*).

FIFTY-TWO STORIES
OF
THE INDIAN MUTINY,

THE MEN WHO SAVED INDIA.

BY
ALFRED H. MILES
AND
ARTHUR JOHN PATTLE.

EIGHTH THOUSAND.

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PREFACE.

THE history of India is one of the most fascinating stories in literature, and no part of it appeals with more power to the British imagination than the period of the Indian Mutiny. At the close of the nineteenth century there are still many with us to whom its thrilling incidents are a terrible memory, and many more who viewed the struggle from a distance, and were stirred by the splendid enthusiasm and heroic self-sacrifice which it called forth. To popularise these inspiring elements of its history among the young people of a later generation is the purpose of this work. That there are admirable histories already in print, to some of which the following pages are much indebted, is of course true; but they are large and expensive works, not easily accessible to the many, and more occupied with details of diplomacy and military movements than is necessary for young readers. To supply in a series of stories, arranged as far as possible in historical sequence, an account of the chief incidents in the rise, progress, and ultimate suppression of the Indian Mutiny, with a special regard to the personality of the men who endured the struggle and saved the country, has been the aim of the Editors of this work; and they hope that they have been sufficiently successful to enlist the sympathy

and arouse the enthusiasm of the young people to whom they especially appeal. The Editors' thanks are due to the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, M.A., formerly of the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment, and now vicar of Detling, Kent, for permission to reprint extracts from his work, "The Punjab and Delhi," and "An Indian Chaplain's Career," from his "Incidents of Indian life"; to T. R. E. Holmes, Esq., for similar favour with regard to the stories of the Mutiny, the Siege, and the Capitulation and Massacre at Cawnpore, which series forms one chapter in his "History of the Mutiny," and to Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. for ratification of the same, and for permission to quote several stories from Sir John Kaye's "Sepoy War," and the stories of the defence and relief of Arrah from Colonel Malleson's "History of the Indian Mutiny;" also to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. for permission to quote from "A Lady's Escape from Gwalior," by Mrs. Coopland, and to Messrs. Cassell & Co. for the Story of Lieutenant Kerr's daring at Kolapore, from "Heroes of Britain in Peace and War." The Editors would also acknowledge their obligations to the Librarians of the India Office for kind facilities of reference.

ALFRED H. MILES.
ARTHUR JOHN PATTLE.

September, 1895.

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GLOSSARY.

Bagh.—A palace.

Bang.—An intoxicating drink made from hemp.

Budmash.—An armed villain or robber.

Charpoy.—A bedstead.

Chupatties.—Small flat cakes.

Dacoity.—Robbery by gangs.

Dawk or Dāk.—Transport by relays of men and horses.

Doolie.—A hospital litter.

Feringhee or Feringhi.—A European.

Ghee.—A kind of butter used in cooking.

Havildar.—A native sergeant.

Jemadar.—A native lieutenant.

Kitmaghur.—A butler.

Kotwal.—A policeman.

Kutcheree.—The office of a civilian.

Mem-Sahib.—Madam ; mistress.

Naik.—A native corporal.

Nullah.—A water-course.

Paddy.—Rice.

Pandy.—A Sepoy.

Sahib.—Sir ; master.

Sowar.—A native cavalry soldier.

Subadar.—A native captain.

Syce.—A groom.

Talukdar.—A large land-holder.

Thuggee.—Robbery by gangs who strangle their victims.

Tulwar.—A sword.

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FIFTY-TWO STORIES

OF THE

INDIAN MUTINY.

THE STORY OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THE wealth of India was ever the temptation to its conquest. The discovery of the route round the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama in 1497, was followed by a long period in which the Portuguese, as first settlers, showed great energy in arts and arms. The western coast of India, from Goa northwards, was all more or less subjugated during this period, but the conquest of Portugal by Spain in 1580 shattered all hopes of Portuguese supremacy in India. Moreover, the Dutch, by the establishment of important factories in the Spice Islands, had begun to share in the spoils of Eastern trade ; and in emulation of the Dutch, a body of wealthy English merchants, who realised that combination was necessary to surmount the hostility of rivals and the opposition of natives, petitioned Queen Elizabeth that they might be formed into a corporation, with exclusive powers and privileges, for the purpose of carrying on trade with India.

On the 30th of December, 1600, a charter was granted to the petitioners under the title of "Governors and Company of

Merchants trading to the East Indies." By this charter, which was granted in the first instance for fifteen years, the Company was to be directed by a governor and twenty-four directors, nominated at first by the Crown, and afterwards to be elected by the body of proprietors.

Such was the beginning of the government which now extends over 1,750,000 square miles.

At first the trade was small but lucrative. Gradually the Company acquired territory. In 1612 they built a factory at Surat, near Bombay, which brought them into immediate conflict with the Portuguese, against whom they assisted the native princes. In 1615, Sir Thomas Roe was sent to Agra to seek for his countrymen the goodwill of Shah Jehanghir, the Great Mogul; and as a result, the right of free trade was ceded to the Company, and they were enabled to erect a factory on the Hooghly. In 1640, Fort St. George (Madras) was built; in 1662, Charles II. received the isle of Bombay as a dowry with his wife. Thus in little more than half a century from its institution, this company of traders was firmly established at three points of the great empire of India.

Unconsciously they were working out the magnificent idea of founding a European empire in Asia, and bequeathing to posterity the gigantic responsibility of its government. As a matter of course, divers vicissitudes marked the development of the Company. Its officers were once, indeed, in imminent danger of expulsion, but they succeeded in appeasing Aurungzebe, at that time on the throne of the Moguls, and, in 1698 they obtained a lease of the village of Chatternuttee, where they built Fort William, and founded the town of Calcutta. In due course the three factories were created into Presidencies; and at each was established a judicial court, having jurisdiction over every offence save high treason.

The Revolution in England threatened for a time to destroy the Company. A great rival company, called the New India Company, was formed. But in 1708 the quarrels were adjusted, and the Companies coalesced to prevent the destruction of both. A period of peace and prosperity ensued. In 1740

things stood thus. Each Presidency—Fort William, Fort St. George, and Bombay—formed a kind of little state in itself, with a ruling body appointed by the Company, and a small army, partly Europeans and partly natives; the latter were called Sepoys. Trade was still the supreme thought of the English; the idea of bringing any part of India under their rule, seems never to have entered their heads. But in 1751 they were drawn, almost in spite of themselves, into the quarrels of the native princes, and thus entered on a wider field of action.

At this time there was a French East India Company also, with its chief stations on the island of Mauritius, and at Pondicherry, eighty miles south of Madras. In 1746, the governor of Mauritius was La Bourdonnais, and the governor of Pondicherry was Dupleix. La Bourdonnais suddenly appeared off Madras, which, after a bombardment of five days, capitulated, and was not restored to the English until the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748. These operations between the French and the English produced a marked effect upon the minds of the natives, whose chiefs began to turn to the Europeans for support in their quarrels with each other. Dupleix, to whom is attributed the idea of founding a European empire in India, saw his opportunity. In 1748, Nizam-ul-mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan, died; rival claimants appeared. About the same time, in the Carnatic—a province of the Deccan—there was much discontent on account of the character of the reigning Nabob. Dupleix resolved to fill the thrones with two princes having some remote claims, and who, owing their elevation to French interests, would unite with him in driving the English out of India.

His ability and good fortune prevailed; the Deccan and the Carnatic were ruled by puppets of his own choice. At Pondicherry all was exultation; salutes were fired from the batteries and Te Deums sung in the churches. Dupleix was ruler of South-Eastern India from the river Kistna to Cape Comorin; his will was law among thirty millions of people. The French now, exultingly set up their flags close to the boundary of

Madras, and it was evident, even to the natives, that English interests in India were on the verge of ruin.

At this crisis Robert Clive came forward to retrieve the fortunes of his countrymen, and established his own fame as a commander and the character of his countrymen as warriors. The son of a Shropshire gentleman, he had been a writer in the Company's service, then an officer, then a writer again. Unable to summon sufficient troops to relieve Trichinopoly—the only fortress in the Carnatic that remained in any way under English influence—he determined at the head of five hundred men, of whom but two hundred were Europeans, to attack Arcot as a diversion. The plan succeeded; Arcot fell without striking a blow. Clive at once strengthened the walls and prepared for a siege. Ten thousand men soon closed round Arcot; but for fifty days Clive kept them at bay, and in the end the besiegers were utterly defeated. A succession of triumphs awaited Clive; Dupleix was recalled to France, and a peace favourable to the English was made in 1754. The year before this, however, Clive had fallen into ill health, and returned to England.

It was not in the south, however, that the decisive battle for the supremacy in India was fought. In 1756 Clive returned to India as governor of Fort St. George. About the same time a terrible catastrophe befell the English in Bengal. The young Nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, jealous of the prosperity of the strangers who had settled on his soil, led an army to rob Calcutta, captured it, and horrified the world by the tragedy of the Black Hole. One hundred and forty-six prisoners, one of whom was a woman, were thrust into a narrow chamber about twenty feet square, whence the next morning only twenty-three emerged alive. In a few months Clive was sent from Madras with two thousand four hundred men, with whose help he soon recovered Calcutta, and when the Nabob swept down upon the place with a large force, Clive struck such fear into him by a daring march through his camp that the Nabob was glad to agree to a peace. But the cessation of hostilities was but temporary. Clive, realising that his

countrymen would be in danger so long as Surajah Dowlah was lord of Bengal, determined to depose Surajah Dowlah and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne. The plot being ripe, Clive marched towards Moorshedabad, the Nabob's capital, at the head of three thousand men. At Plassey, on the 23rd of June, 1757, with three thousand one hundred men, of whom only nine hundred were Europeans, Clive met the Nabob's army, comprising fifty thousand men, eighteen thousand horse, and a strong train of artillery. The Nabob's army broke almost at the first onset of Clive's little band, and rushed wildly from the field. The victory of Plassey laid the foundation of the Indian Empire; the designs of Dupleix had been realised—but by another. Clive's second stay in India lasted till 1759; and everything he put his hand to prospered. Early in 1760 he sailed home, and was at once made an Irish peer as Lord Clive. While Clive was busy in Bengal, the English at Madras were in serious danger. Count Lally Tollendal, a brave and skilful, but rather fiery general, had been sent out from France with twelve hundred trained soldiers to strengthen the French at Pondicherry. But in 1760 he was overthrown by Eyre Coote at Wandewash, and in the following year Pondicherry was taken by the English. Plassey had already secured Bengal to the English; and these later victories sounded the knell of the French power in India. It was now clear that the English were to be masters in India, if India was to come under foreign sway.

English statesmen had now begun to watch the growth of English power in India with some interest. After 1760 the course of the English in India had gone on unchecked at the expense of native tribes. "When the pressure of Clive's firm and just rule had been removed, the servants of the Company seized the opportunity of amassing wealth. They set up and pulled down viceroys, and extorted large presents from each new puppet. Their rapacity was emulated by the officers of the army, who were beginning to show a spirit of insubordination which could only be checked by the hand of the man who had led them to victory." At last, in 1765, Clive had to go out a third time to try and set things right. • He

induced the Great Mogul to make over to the Company, in return for a yearly rent of £260,000 the rule of Bengal, Orissa, and Behar. In this way the English in India became lords of a region larger than England itself. But Clive found his own countrymen harder to deal with. They were loth to give up trading on their own account and taking gifts from the natives, by which they were growing very rich. The army, which lay at Monghyr, mutinied. But Clive stood fearlessly to his purpose; the mutiny was suppressed, and every man in the pay of the Company had to bow to Clive's will. Late in 1766 ill health again forced Clive to return to England.

"From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared, his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. . . . From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realised, in the course of a few months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Dupleix. . . . From Clive's third visit to India dates the purity of the administration of our Eastern empire. When he landed at Calcutta in 1765, Bengal was regarded as a place to which Englishmen were sent only to get rich, by any means, in the shortest possible time. He first made dauntless and unsparing war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption. In that war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune."

Clive's reforms did not at once work all the good expected from them. In 1767 the English were drawn into a costly war with Hyder Ali, the Rajah of Mysore; and in 1770 a dreadful famine carried off a third of the population of Bengal.

The Company sank deeper and deeper in distress: their resources were well-nigh exhausted; India Stock fell sixty per cent. The anomaly, becoming every day more striking, of a body of merchants exercising sovereign rights over large conquered districts, excited the attention of Parliament, and

when, in 1772, the funds of the Company were at so low an ebb that they had to ask Parliament for a loan of a million sterling, legislation became inevitable. After certain members of the Commons, who had been appointed to look into the Company's affairs, had given in their report, Parliament passed, in 1773, the Regulation Act. This law set up a new Court at Calcutta, called the Supreme Court, made the Governor of Bengal—who then happened to be Warren Hastings—Governor-General of India, and named a council of four to advise this official and check his doings. These were all steps towards sovereignty. Hastings had been long in India, and knew much about the country. He had sided with Clive in trying to make the English rule better in Bengal. "He found the system of aggression established, but existing feebly under pretences and subterfuges of vassalage and homage. Real masters of Bengal, the Company chose to rule under other names and dignities than their own. He saw that the English must either strike their flag, embark their stores, and abandon their possessions, or prepare to be the first among the combatants for empire. To stand still was to fall. To stand it was requisite to extend the political and military system—to be adding more Sepoy battalions to our army, and more territory to our dominions."

There were, then, three great powers in India; the British, numerically weak, but strong in combination, discipline, and resources; the Mohammedan, represented by the Emperor of Delhi; the Mahratta, by the Rajah of Sattara and the Peishwa. Hastings was able to make a general peace with the Mahrattas in 1782. The previous year Eyre Cootc, at Porto Novo, had rescued Southern India from danger threatened by Hyder Ali, Rajah of Mysore, who had rushed upon the Carnatic with a large army, in part trained by French officers. At the end of 1784 Hastings gave up office. His resignation marked "the close of the third act in the drama of Anglo-Indian history. Clive had founded an empire. It was left to Hastings to create a government."

Territorial acquisition had now made the English a State

in India. The three factories had grown into Seats of Empire. A change of government was rendered imperative by the changed circumstances. "The nation, alarmed by the past, and anxious for the future, came forward to interfere in an administration which was incurring for it a vast responsibility." The result was Pitt's India Bill, passed in 1784. A new ministerial department was established which should exercise the whole political control of the Company; this was to be called the Board of Control, with a Secretary of State as President. By it was laid the foundation of that system of double government which continued in force till, at the close of the Mutiny, the government of India was transferred from the East India Company to the Crown. All business was to be carried on in the name of the Company, which retained the whole patronage except the appointment of the commander-in-chief, and other higher functionaries, whose appointment was subject to the veto of the Crown; but the Board of Control absolutely dictated the political conduct of the Government. Thus the chartered rights of the Company were left untouched; the balance of influence was not upset by a sudden change of patronage; the Board of Control, being ministerial, passed in or out of office with the ministry, but India was secured against mercantile views of policy by its political management being withdrawn from the hands of a merchant company. The chief government in India was by this Act to consist of a Governor-General and three Councillors. The subordinate Presidencies were to be similarly governed, but were to be entirely under the rule of the Governor-General in Council on all points connected with negotiations with the country powers—peace or war, and the application of their revenues and forces.

Lord Cornwallis was sent out to inaugurate the new form of government—a policy of peace and non-intervention. But such a policy soon became impracticable and inconsistent either with English safety or reputation. He was forced into a war with Tippoo, son of Hyder Ali. As a result, Tippoo surrendered half of his dominions—Mysore, which in 1799

was completely conquered by Generals Harris and Baird. Tippoo was slain—the last of the family of the Mysore usurpers, who were fierce Mohammedan despots that had set their feet on the necks of the Hindoos of the Deccan. The Deccan and the Carnatic were now safe. In 1803 the power of the Mahrattas was broken by Lord Wellesley, and they finally submitted in 1805. The Mogul Emperor became a pensioner of the Company, and Delhi and Agra, by the military genius of Lake, came under English dominion. Though Wellesley was recalled in 1805, the policy which he had pursued of forbidding the native states to tear one another to pieces proved to be the only one practicable. Lord Minto found he could not leave the native states alone, and compelled Runjeet Singh, the greatest of the Sikh leaders, to keep to the west of the river Sutlej. The English frontier was moved from the Jumna as far as the Sutlej.

Down to 1813, the East India Company had kept all the trade with India and the East to themselves. The new charter of that year made a great change. The monopoly of trade was taken away, and the trade with India, though not with China, was made free to all English merchants. In 1813 the Marquis of Hastings succeeded Lord Minto as Governor-General. In India he changed his previously conceived ideas of the desirability of non-intervention, and made known his determination to exercise authority over the whole land. Thenceforward the tide of conquest swept on. The Goorkhas of Nepaul, the Pindarces of Central India, Scinde, Gwalior, the Punjab, passed under the British yoke, until in 1856, with the annexation of Oudh, the English were practically supreme from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

The small band of traders who “at their first coming merely asked for a small space to spread and store their wares” had built up stage by stage a vast empire—the brightest jewel in the British crown.

THE STORY OF THE SEPOY ARMY.

THAT which is colloquially known as "The Indian Mutiny" was not a national revolt—no political cohesion indeed was possible among the heterogeneous races of Hindostan—it was a military mutiny of the Bengal native army. The armies of the other Presidencies remained true to their "salt;" but as British supremacy depended upon the sword, the mutiny, of a large section of the native army was a source of great peril to English dominion. In order adequately to appreciate the position of the English in India at the end of 1856 it is necessary to take a brief glance at the story of the rise and development of the native—or Sepoy—army.

The first Sepoy regiments were raised in Southern India; the defence of Arcot demonstrated the fact that, under the eyes of Europeans, the native soldiers might be utilised for the conquest of India. Clive was not slow to recognise the fact. When he was called to Bengal to avenge the tragedy of the "Black Hole," he took with him, across the "black water," to Calcutta two native battalions, and raised another of Bengal Sepoys, who fought side by side with him at Plassey. Its establishment was *one* European captain, lieutenant, and ensign, who acted as field-officers; a native commandant and adjutant, with one subadar (captain), and three jemadars (subalterns) to each of the ten companies. The company consisted of five havildars (sergeants), four naiks (corporals), two tom-toms (drummers), one trumpeter and seventy Sepoys; each company had a colour, carried by a havildar, in the centre of which the subadar was allowed to bear his own device

or badge, such as a sabre or dagger. The Bengal battalions differed from those of the other Presidencies inasmuch as from the first they were mainly composed of high-caste men recruited almost exclusively from the war-like tribes of the north-west. At the time of the disbandment of the 34th Regiment in 1857, out of a total of 1089 there were 335 Brahmins, 237 Rajpoots, 231 Hindoos of inferior caste, 200 Mussulmans, 74 Sikhs, 12 Christians (drummers, etc.).

The Bengal Sepoy was admittedly a splendid soldier. Though drilled after the English model, nothing that his caste rejected was forced upon him by his Christian masters. But he was ever tenacious of what he believed to be his rights. Seven years, indeed, after the battle of Plassey, a just ground of complaint was afforded by the denial to the native troops of their rightful share of prize money. This was satisfied, but one battalion, in the year 1764, seized and imprisoned their officers, and declared that they would serve no more. This outbreak was put down with a stern hand. Twenty-four of the ringleaders were ordered to be executed. More than a century has passed since this terrible order was carried out, and many strange and awful scenes have been witnessed by the Sepoy army, but none stranger or more awful than this. "The troops were drawn up, European and native, the guns were loaded, and the prisoners led forth to suffer. Major Hector Munro, the chief of the Bengal army, superintended that dreadful punishment parade, and gave the word of command for the first four of the criminals to be tied up to the guns. The order was being obeyed, the men were being bound, when four tall, stately grenadiers stepped forward from among the condemned, and represented that as they had always held the post of honour in life, it was due to them that they should take precedence in death. The request was granted; a brief reprieve was given to the men first led to execution; the grenadiers were tied to the guns, and blown to pieces at the word of command." Twenty men were blown away from the guns at that parade. Four were executed at another station. This terrible example was not thrown away.

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Two years later the loyalty of the Sepoys enabled Clive to quell the mutiny of some European officers regarding the reduction of their allowances. The European battalion had got under arms and were preparing to leave the Fort and follow their officers, and the artillery were about to do the same, but the unexpected appearance of this firm line of Sepoys, with their bayonets fixed and arms loaded, threw them into confusion.

But with the growth of British supremacy there arose the inevitable tendency to concentrate all real power in British hands. Gradually all civil and military power was seized by the conquering race. Native officers, who had exercised real authority in their battalions and who took an honourable pride in what was regarded as a career and not merely as an employment, were superseded by English officers. With the degradation of the native officer the whole character of the Sepoy army was changed. Thenceforward the army was recruited from the lower strata, among which, however, there were wide diversities. In the Bengal army the majority were of high caste, but although on the parade-ground a Brahmin might stand side by side with a Pariah, "there was as wide a gulf between them in the lines"—the thatched huts in which the native soldiers are quartered—"as in our own country yawns between a dustman and a duke." One fact prevented the collapse of the native army owing to this transfer of administrative power. The command of a native battalion was entrusted only to men specially selected from European regiments—men who knew how to maintain their authority.

In 1796 the reorganisation of the "Company's" army improved the status of its old officers, and afforded opportunities for employment of a large number of others. What little authority had been left to the native officer was almost effaced. Thenceforward there was nothing to stimulate the ambition of the Sepoy. Under no circumstances whatever could he attain the pay of an English ensign. The growing discontent began to bear bitter fruit. The Sepoy continued loyal; Seringapatam and Assaye proved that. But the excitement of warfare had

but diverted his mind from his grievances. Moreover, with peace came vexatious regulations for the Madras army. Some European officers determined to be great in petty things. The Sepoys were to be drilled, dressed, and shaved after a new English fashion ; minute instructions were issued regarding the length of their moustaches ; they were compelled to exchange their old turbans for new ones with leather cockades. Depressed by their grievances, they saw in these irritating innovations insults to their religion and attempts to proselytise. To Hindoo and Mohammedan alike the new hat made in part of leather prepared from the skin of the unclean hog, or of the sacred cow, was at once an offence and a desecration.

"The dread of a general conversion to Christianity was not confined to the Sepoys. The most preposterous stories were current in the bazaars. Among other wild fables which took firm hold of the popular mind, was one to the effect that the Company's officers had collected all the newly-manufactured salt, had divided it into two great heaps, and over one had sprinkled the blood of hogs, and over the other the blood of cows ; that they had then sent it to be sold throughout the country for the pollution and the desecration of Mohammedans and Hindoos, that all might be brought to one caste and to one religion like the English." The "forcible conversion to Christianity" was the topic at most of the military stations in the Carnatic.

Hence, in July 1806, arose the mutiny at Vellore, when, taken wholly by surprise, English officers were shot down at their posts or murdered in their beds. The mutiny was suppressed ; terrible vengeance was meted out to the mutineers. But though the authorities withdrew the obnoxious regulations, it was not till Lord William Bentinck, then Governor of Madras, issued a reassuring proclamation that quiet was restored. The directors of the Company, moreover, issued a minute attributing the blame to the commanding officers, who had failed to win the confidence of their men.

Naturally, for some time after these disastrous events, the service of the "Company" was less alluring. But gradually

a reaction set in. The golden age of the Sepoy army had gone never to return; but the service had still attractions to the native mind. His pay was issued regularly; pensions were an irresistible allurements. Further, the Sepoy soldier, and through him all the members of his family, passed under the special protection of the State. Unlike the European soldier, the native soldier did not cease to be a civilian; as civilians they had large privileges which others did not enjoy. The Sepoy on furlough had a right to be heard before other suitors in civil courts. Entrance to the service was often sought to secure this—to an inordinately litigious race—incalculable boon. But nearly every change made in his relation to his officers seemed to be a change for the worse; British progress and civilisation led to the demand for officers for staff appointments—such as for political and survey duty. Thus the best officers did not remain with their regiments; those who remained, moreover, had their power curtailed; consequently, their influence declined, and they “were made to eat dirt in the presence of their men.”

The power of promotion or punishment was taken from commanding officers. And a heavy blow was given to the friendly relations between the European officers and their soldiers by the Reorganisation of 1824, by which a large number of officers were detached from the men with whom they had been associated through many years of active service. This evil was exaggerated by the outbreak of the Burmese war and the proposed employment of some Bengal Sepoy regiments. The high-caste, fastidious Bengal Sepoy had only enlisted for service in countries to which he could march; transport by sea was disquieting and distasteful. Whilst waiting at Barrackpore for the *landward* march to Burmah upon which the Government had resolved, distracting tidings came from the seat of war to the 47th Regiment, warned for foreign service; further, the rumour was sedulously spread that the Government had determined at all costs to transport them to Rangoon by sea. They refused either to march or to ground their arms when ordered. The guns opened upon

them ; many were killed, others fled, leaving their unloaded muskets on the ground. The leading mutineers were hanged ; the regiment was struck out of the Army List. Though open mutiny was deferred for many years, the seeds of insubordination had been sown broadcast. The moral effect on the Bengal army was disastrous. A few years later Lord William Bentinck abolished corporal punishment in the Sepoy army, though it was still retained in the European army. This was regarded not as a humane step, but as indicative of fear. The Sepoy ceased altogether to fear his officer ; military authority was sensibly weakened. The excitement of the Afghan war of 1838-42 had, however, some salutary effect upon the Sepoy regiments. But it was even then evident that their fidelity was being tampered with. Brahmin emissaries endeavoured to persuade them not to advance at the word of the English commander. Yet it was in Afghanistan that the Sepoy earned the character given to him by Major D'Arcy Todd, of Herat renown, that "he would go anywhere, and do anything, if led by an officer in whom he had confidence." In the conquest of Scinde, too, their soldierly qualities were conspicuous. This extension of territory, however, sent the Sepoy far away from his home for garrison duty without the extra pay for service in an enemy's country. He had helped to win a province, but his pay was reduced, because the province became British territory, service in which was no longer reckoned as "foreign" carrying with it extra allowances. A succession of mutinies followed in 1844. Four Bengal regiments, warned for service in Scinde after its annexation, refused to march until their extra allowances were restored.

Eventually Bombay troops were sent to garrison Scinde, and the province became a part of the Bombay Presidency. But the discipline of the Bengal native army had been shattered. No decided steps were taken to prevent a recurrence of such outbreaks.

After the second Sikh war the evil became increasingly manifest. In 1849 Sir Charles Napier collected evidence which seemed to indicate, in his judgment, that twenty-four

regiments were merely waiting for an opportunity to rise. The conquest of the Punjab, like that of Scinde, increased the difficulty. The Sepoy could not understand why the conquest should lead to a reduction in his pay owing to service in the Punjab being no longer reckoned as foreign service.

Events at Wuzerabad in December 1849, and at Govindghur in 1850 presaged the coming conflagration. But before the spark burst into flame Sir Charles Napier extinguished it. He disbanded the 66th Native Infantry, and enlisted Goorkhas from Nepaul. "When the Sixty-sixth was disbanded," said Sir Charles Napier, "the mutiny ceased entirely." Why? The Brahmins saw that the Goorkhas, another race, could be brought into the ranks of the Company's army—a race dreaded, as more warlike than their own. Their religious combination was by that one stroke rendered abortive. At the same time Napier recognised that there had been some ground for dissatisfaction. "Pending a reference to the Government, orders were issued for the payment of compensation to the troops on a higher scale than that sanctioned by the 'Regulations.'" But the governor-general, Lord Dalhousie, did not believe in the "great peril" indicated by Napier, and recorded his "entire dissent from the statement that the army has been in mutiny, and the empire in danger." Napier, however, adhered to his conviction that there was grave danger; but he knew the duty of obedience of the lower to the higher. He therefore retired—without complaint—to avoid witnessing with his hands tied the evil which he believed to be impending. But this conflict between the commander-in-chief and the governor-general became common knowledge in all the lines and barracks, and suggested disunion amongst those holding high administrative offices.

The years 1851 to 1856 passed without any military outbreaks. Incredible diversities of opinion prevailed as to the decay of discipline in the Bengal army. There were no outward signs of mischief; it is not wonderful, therefore, that those who looked beneath the surface were regarded as alarmists. Even on the question of caste men differed. But

a combination of circumstances had weakened the loyalty of the Sepoys. The internal discipline of the regiments had been relaxed, the position of the commandants had been lessened. The fact that a low-caste subadar (native captain) might often be seen off parade crouching in abject submission to a Brahmin recruit was fatal to discipline. The Sepoy came to regard, not his colonel—who was powerless to reward or punish him—but the head of the army as his commandant. There was, moreover, too great a disproportion between the native and European troops; at the close of Dalhousie's administration there were 233,000 of the former to 45,300 of the latter. The natives of India had not the least conception of the real resources of England; there was a widespread belief that the population of the British Isles was not more than a hundred thousand souls. As the Sepoy grew less faithful, less under the control of his officers, he became more conscious of his importance, and therefore more capricious and exacting, more likely to entertain wild delusions and to be the victim of religious mendicants and the disseminators of dangerous lies.

On the last day of February, 1856, Lord Dalhousie "placed the Portfolio of the Indian Empire" in the hands of Lord Canning. On the eve of Lord Canning's arrival, the native army was a heterogeneous body, in race, caste, religion, and quality. The Bengal army was composed of stalwart soldierly men, who were in a disaffected condition and lax in discipline. In some regiments the sentries relieved each other when and how they pleased; every day men quitted the ranks without leave to scour the country in quest of plunder. The dominions of the deposed King of Oudh were a focus of rebellion. Two-thirds of the king's army were disbanded on the annexation, and were ripe for mischief. The seeds of sedition had been sown in a soil well prepared. The harvest was reaped in the mutiny of 1857.

THE STORY OF THE GREASED CARTRIDGES,

AS TOLD BY SIR JOHN KAYE, K.C.S.I.

THE new year dawned upon India with a fair promise of continued tranquillity. But it was only a few weeks old when the storm began to arise. It is in the cold weather that the British officer sees most of the Sepoy, and best understands his temper. Company drills, and regimental parades, and brigade exercises, are continually bringing him face to face with his men, and he roams about cantonments as he cannot roam in the midst of the summer heats or autumnal deluges. But this winter of 1856-57 had nearly passed away, and he had seen no indications of anything to disturb his settled faith in the fidelity of the native soldier. There was outward serenity everywhere, and apparent cheerfulness and content, when suddenly a cloud arose in an unexpected quarter, and a tremendous danger, dimly seen at first, began to expand into gigantic proportions.

For years the enemies of the English, all who had been alarmed by our encroachments, all who had suffered by our usurpations, all who had been shorn by our intervention of privileges and perquisites which they had once enjoyed, and who saw before them a still deeper degradation and a more absolute ruin, had been seeking just such an opportunity as now rose up suddenly before them. They had looked for it in one direction; they had looked for it in another; and more than once they thought that they had found it. They thought that they had found something of which advantage might be taken to persuade the native soldiery that their Christian

masters purposed to defile their caste and to destroy their religion. But the false steps which we had hitherto taken had not been false enough to serve the purposes of those who had sought to destroy the British Government by means of a general revolt of the native army. For half a century there had been nothing of a sufficiently palpable and comprehensive character to alarm the whole Sepoy army, Mohammedan and Hindoo. But now, suddenly a story of most terrific import found its way into circulation. It was stated that Government had manufactured cartridges, greased with animal fat, for the use of the native army ; and the statement was not a lie.

The old infantry musket, the venerable Brown Bess of the British soldier, had been condemned as a relic of barbarism, and it was wisely determined, in the Indian, as in the English army, to supersede it by the issue of an improved description of firearm, with grooved bores, after the fashion of a rifle. As a ball from these new rifled muskets reached the enemy at a much greater distance than the ammunition of the old weapon, the Sepoy rejoiced in the advantage which would thus be conferred upon him in battle, and lauded the Government for what he regarded as a sign both of the wisdom of his rulers and of their solicitude for his welfare. And when it was learnt that dépôts had been established at three great military stations for the instruction of the Sepoy in the use of the new weapon, there was great talk in the lines about the wonderful European musket that was to keep all comers at a distance. But, unhappily, these rifled barrels could not be loaded without the lubrication of the cartridge. And the voice of joy and praise was suddenly changed into a wild cry of grief and despair when it was bruited abroad that the cartridge, the end of which was to be bitten off by the Sepoy, was greased with the fat of the detested swine of the Mohammedan, or the venerated cow of the Hindoo.

How the truth first transpired has been often told. Eight miles from Calcutta lies the military station of Dum-Dum. For many years it had been the head-quarters of the Bengal artillery. There all the many distinguished officers of that

distinguished corps had learnt the rudiments of their profession, and many had spent there the happiest years of their lives. But it was suddenly discovered that it was not suited to the purpose for which it was designed. The head-quarters of the artillery were removed to Meerut. The red coat displaced the blue. The barracks and the mess-house, and the officers' bungalows were given up to other occupants; and buildings which from their very birth had held nothing but the appliances of ordnance, were degraded into manufactories and storehouses of small-arm ammunition. Thus, by a mutation of fortune, when the Enfield rifle began to supersede Brown Bess, Dum-Dum became one of three cantonments at which the Government established schools of musketry for instruction in the use of the improved rifled weapon. Now, it happened that, one day in January, a low caste Lascar, or magazine-man, meeting a high caste Sepoy in the cantonment, asked him for a drink of water from his lotah. The Brahmin at once replied with an objection on the score of caste, and was tauntingly told that caste was nothing, that high caste and low caste would soon be all the same, as cartridges smeared with beef-fat and hogs'-lard were being made for the Sepoys at the depôts, and would soon be in general use throughout the army.

The Brahmin carried this story to his comrades, and it was soon known to every Sepoy at the depôt. A shudder ran through the lines. Each man to whom the story was told caught the great fear from his neighbour, and trembled at the thought of the pollution that lay before him. The contamination was to be brought to his very lips; it was not merely to be touched; it was to be eaten, and absorbed into his very being. It was so terrible a thing that if the most malignant enemies of the British Government had sat in conclave for years, and brought an excess of devilish ingenuity to bear upon the invention of a scheme, framed with the design of alarming the Sepoy mind from one end of India to the other, they could not have devised a lie better suited to the purpose. But now the English themselves had placed in the hands of

their enemies, not a fiction, but a fact of tremendous significance, to be turned against them as a deadly instrument of destruction. It was the very thing that had been so long sought, and up to this time sought in vain. It required no explanation. It needed no ingenious gloss to make the full force of the thing itself patent to the multitude. It was not a suggestion, an inference, a probability; but a demonstrative fact, so complete in its native truth that no exaggeration could have helped it. Like the case of the leathern head-dresses, which had convulsed Southern India half a century before, it appealed to the strongest feelings both of the Mohammedan and the Hindoo; but though similar in kind, it was incomparably more offensive in degree; more insulting, more appalling, more disgusting. 18,414

We know so little of native Indian society beyond its merest externals, the colour of the people's skins, the form of their garments, the outer aspects of their houses, that history, whilst it states broad results, can often only surmise causes. But there are some surmises which have little less than the force of gospel. We feel what we cannot see, and have faith in what we cannot prove. It is a fact that there is a certain description of news which travels in India, from one station to another, with a rapidity almost electric. Before the days of the "lightning post" there was sometimes intelligence in the bazaars of the native dealers and the lines of the native soldiers, especially if the news imported something disastrous to the British, days before it reached, in any official shape, the high functionaries of Government. We cannot trace the progress of these evil tidings. The natives of India have an expressive saying that "it is in the air." It often happened that an uneasy feeling—an impression that something had happened, though they "could not discern the shape thereof"—pervaded men's minds, in obscure anticipation of the news that was travelling towards them in all its tangible proportions. All along the line of road, from town to town, from village to village, were thousands to whom the feet of those that brought the glad tidings were beautiful and welcome. The British

magistrate, returning from his evening ride, was perhaps met on the road near the Bazaar by a venerable native on an ambling pony—a native of respectable aspect, with white beard, and whiter garments, who salaamed to the English gentleman as he passed, and went on his way freighted with intelligence refreshing to the souls of those to whom it was to be communicated, to be used with judgment and sent on with despatch. This was but one of many costumes worn by the messenger of evil. In whatsoever shape he passed, there was nothing outwardly to distinguish him. Next morning there was a sensation in the bazaar and a vague excitement in the Sepoys' lines. But when rumours of disaster reached the houses of the chief English officers, they were commonly discredited. Their own letters were silent on the subject. It was not likely to be true, they said, as they had heard nothing about it. But it was true; and the news had travelled another hundred miles whilst the white gentlemen, with bland scepticism, were shaking their heads over the lies of the bazaar.

It is difficult, in most cases, to surmise the agency to whose interested efforts is to be attributed this rapid circulation of evil tidings. But when the fact of the greased cartridges became known, there were two great motive powers close at hand to give an immediate impulse to the promulgation of the story. The political and the religious animosities, excited by the recent measures of the English, were lying in wait for an opportunity to vent themselves in action.

It happened at this time that the enmities which we had most recently provoked had their head-quarters in Calcutta. It happened, also, that these enmities had their root partly in Hindooism, partly in Mohammedanism. There was the great Brahminical institution, the *Doorma Soobha* of Calcutta, whose special function it was to preserve Hindooism pure and simple in all its ancestral integrity, and therefore to resist the invasions and encroachments of the English, by which it was continually threatened. There were bygone injuries to revenge, and there were coming dangers to repel. On the other side, there was the deposed kingship of Oudh, with all its perilous

surroundings. Sunk in slothfulness and self-indulgence, with little real care for anything beyond the enjoyment of the moment, Wajid Ali himself may have neither done nor suggested anything in this crisis to turn to hostile account the fact of the greased cartridges. But there were those about him with keener eyes, and stronger wills, and more resolute activities, who were not likely to suffer such an opportunity to escape. It needed no such special agencies to propagate a story, which would have travelled, in ordinary course of accidental tale-bearing, to the different stations in the neighbourhood of the capital. But it was expedient in the eyes of our enemies that it should at once be invested with all its terrors, and the desired effect wrought upon the Sepoys' mind, before any one could be induced, by timely official explanation, to believe that the outrage was an accident, an oversight, a mistake. So, from the beginning, the story went forth that the English, in prosecution of a long-cherished design, and under instructions from the Queen in Council, had greased the Sepoys' cartridges with the fat of pigs and cows, for the express purpose of defiling both Mohammedans and Hindoos.

THE STORY OF THE CHUPATTIES AND THE BONE-DUST FLOUR,

AS TOLD BY SIR JOHN KAYE, K.C.S.I.

IN no place was the story of the greased cartridges discussed with greater eagerness than at Meerut; in no place was there a more disturbing belief that this was a part of a great scheme for the defilement of the people. It was of little use to declare to them that not a single soldier would ever be required to use a cartridge greased by any one but himself, for the greasing of the cartridges was in their estimation only one of many fraudulent devices, and every one believed that the dry cartridges contained the obnoxious fat. So, in the beginning of the fourth week of April, the excitement, which for many weeks had been growing stronger and stronger, broke out into an act of open mutiny. The troopers of the 3rd Cavalry were the first to resist the orders of their officers. They had no new weapons, no new ammunition. The only change introduced into their practice was that which substituted the pinching or tearing off, for the biting off, the end of the cartridges which they used with their carbines. This change in the drill was to be explained to them on a parade of the skirmishers of the regiment, which was to be held on the morning of the 24th of April. On the preceding evening a report ran through cantonments that the troopers would refuse to touch the cartridges. The parade was held, and of ninety men, to whom the ammunition was to have been served out, only five obeyed the orders of their officers. In vain Colonel Carmichael Smyth explained to them that the change had been introduced from a kindly regard for their

own scruples. They were dogged and obdurate, and would not touch the cartridges. So the parade was dismissed, and the eighty-five troopers of the 3rd were ordered for court-martial.

All this made it manifest to Lord Canning that the worst suspicions were deeply rooted in the Sepoy army; and though he at all times maintained a calm and cheerful demeanour, he thought much and anxiously of the signs and symptoms of the troubled spirit that was abroad. There were many indications that these suspicions were not confined to the military classes, but were disquieting also the general community.

Not only in Meerut, but also in many parts of the country, there was a belief that the English designed to defile both Hindoos and Mohammedans by polluting with unclean matter the daily food of the people. It has been shown that a suspicion of a similar character was abroad at the time of the mutiny at Vellore. Now the disturbing rumour, cunningly circulated, took many portentous shapes. It was said that the officers of the British Government, under command from the Company and the Queen, had mixed ground bones with the flour and salt sold in the bazaars; that they had adulterated all the ghee with animal fat; that bones had been burnt with the common sugar of the country; and that not only bone-dust flour, but the flesh of cows and pigs, had been thrown into the wells to pollute the drinking water of the people. Of this great imaginary scheme of contamination the matter of the greased cartridges was but a part, especially addressed to one class of the community. All classes, it was believed, were to be defiled at the same time; and the story ran that the "burra sahibs," or great English lords, had commanded all the princes, nobles, land-holders, merchants, and cultivators of the land, to feed together upon English bread.

Of these preposterous fables, the one which made the strongest impression on the public mind was the story of the bone-dust flour. That it was current in March at Barrackpore is certain. In the early part of April a circumstance occurred which proved that the panic had then spread to the Upper Provinces. It happened that flour having risen to an excep-

tionally high price at Cawnpore, certain dealers at Meerut chartered a number of Government boats to carry a large supply down the canal to the former place. When the first instalment arrived, and was offered for sale at a price considerably below that which had previously ruled in the bazaars, it found a ready market; but before the remainder reached Cawnpore a story had been circulated to the effect that the grain had been ground in the canal mills, under European supervision, and that the dust of cows' bones had been mixed up with it, with the intention of destroying the castes of all who should eat it. Such a story as this, circulated in the lines and the military bazaars at Cawnpore, at once stopped the sale of the Meerut flour. Not a Sepoy would touch it, not a person of any kind would purchase it, cheap as was the price at which it was obtainable in comparison with all the other supplies in the market. Rapidly spread the alarm from one station to another, and as tidings came of the arrival of imaginary boat-loads or camel-loads of flour and bone-dust, men threw away the bread that they were eating, and believed themselves already defiled. Whether, as some said, this was a trick of the Cawnpore grain merchants to keep up the price of the flour, or whether the story had been set afloat under the same influences as those which had given so false a colouring to the accident of the greased cartridges, and had associated with all the other wild fictions of which I have spoken, cannot certainly be declared. But, whatsoever the origin of the fable, it sank deeply into men's minds, and fixed there more ineradicably than ever their belief in the stern resolution of the Government to destroy the caste of the people by fraudulently bringing, in one way or other, the unclean thing to their lips.

It fixed, too, more firmly than before in the mind of Lord Canning the belief that a great fear was spreading itself among the people, and that there was more danger in such a feeling than in a great hatred. Thinking of this, he thought also of another strange story that had come to him from the North-West, and which even his most able advisers were incom-

petent to explain. From village to village, brought by one messenger, and sent onward by another, passed a mysterious token in the shape of one of those flat cakes, made from flour and water, and forming the common bread of the people, which, in their language, are called *chupatties*. All that was known about it was, that a messenger appeared, gave the cake to the head man of one village, and requested him to despatch it onward to the next; and that in this way it travelled from place to place; no one refusing, no one doubting, few even questioning, in blind obedience to a necessity felt rather than understood. After a while, this practice became known to the functionaries of the English Government, who thought much of it, or thought little of it, according to their individual dispositions, and interpreted it in divers ways, according to the light that was in them. The greater number looked upon it as a signal of warning and preparation, designed to tell the people that something great and portentous was about to happen, and to prompt them to be ready for the crisis. One great authority wrote to the governor-general that he had been told that the *chupatty* was the symbol of men's food, and that its circulation was intended to alarm and to influence men's minds by indicating to them that their means of subsistence would be taken from them, and to tell them, therefore, to hold together. Others, laughing to scorn this notion of the fiery cross, saw in it only a common superstition of the country. It was said that it was no unwonted thing for a Hindoo, in whose family sickness had broken out, to institute this transmission of *chupatties* in the belief that it would carry off the disease; or for a community, when the cholera or other pestilence was raging, to betake themselves to a similar practice. Then, again, it was believed by others that the cakes had been sent abroad by enemies of the British Government for the purpose of attaching to their circulation another dangerous fiction, to the effect that there was bone-dust in them, and that the English had resorted to this supplementary method of defiling the people. Some, too, surmised that by a device sometimes used for other purposes, seditious letters

were in this manner forwarded from village to village, read by the village chief, again crusted over with flour, and sent on in the shape of a *chupatty*, to be broken by the next recipient. But whatsoever the real history of the movement, it had doubtless the effect of producing and keeping alive much popular excitement in the districts through which the cakes were transmitted ; and it may be said that its action was too widely diffused, and that it lasted for too long a time, to admit of a very ready adoption of the theory that it was of an accidental character, the growth only of domestic, or even of municipal, anxieties. Some saw in it much meaning ; some saw none. Time has thrown no new light upon it. Opinions still widely differ. And all that history can record with any certainty is, that the bearers of these strange missives went from place to place, and that ever as they went new excitements were engendered and vague expectations were raised.

THE STORY OF MUNGUL PANDY

AND THE DISBANDING OF THE 19TH REGIMENT OF NATIVE INFANTRY.

AS TOLD BY SIR JOHN KAYE, K.C.S.I.

WHEN the troops at Barrackpore knew that the 19th, because of their mutinous conduct on the 27th of February, were to be disbanded, and that an English regiment had been brought across the black water to execute the punishment, they believed, more firmly than they had believed at the beginning of the month, that other white regiments were coming, and that the Government would force them to use the obnoxious cartridges, or treat them like their comrades that were marching down from Berhampore to be disgraced. So the great terror that was driving them into rebellion grew stronger and stronger, and as from mouth to mouth passed the significant words, "Gora-logue aya"—"The Europeans have come"—their excited imaginations beheld vessel after vessel pouring forth its legions of English fighting men, under a foregone design to force them all to apostatise at the point of the bayonet.

Mitchell had started with his doomed corps on the 20th of March, and was expected to reach Barrackpore at the end of the month. The behaviour of the men of the 19th, ever since the outburst that had irretrievably committed them, had been orderly and respectful, and they were marching steadily down to the Presidency, obedient to their English officers. On the 30th they were at Barasut, eight miles from Barrackpore, awaiting the orders of Government, when news

reached Mitchell to the effect that the troops at the latter station were in a fever of excitement, and that on the day before an officer had been cut down on parade.

The story was too true. On the 29th of March—it was a Sunday afternoon—there was more than common excitement in the lines of the 34th, for it was said that the Europeans had arrived. Fifty men of the 53rd had come by water from Calcutta, and were disembarking at the river-side. The apprehensions of the Sepoys exaggerated this arrival, and it was believed that the cantonment would soon be swarming with English soldiers. On one man especially this impression had fixed itself so strongly, that, inflamed as he was by *bang*, which is to the Sepoy what strong drink is to the European soldier, he was no longer master of himself. He was a young man named Mungul Pandey, a man of good character, but of an excitable disposition, and seemingly with some religious enthusiasm wrought upon by the story of the greased cartridges. He had heard of the arrival of the detachment of Europeans, and he believed that the dreaded hour had come, that the caste of the Sepoys was about to be destroyed. So, putting on his accoutrements and seizing his musket, he went out from his hut, and, calling on his companions to follow him, if they did not wish to bite the cartridges and become infidels, he took post in front of the quarter-guard, and ordered a bugler to sound the assembly. The order was not obeyed; but, with an insolent and threatening manner, Mungul Pandey continued to stride up and down, and when the European sergeant-major went out, fired his piece at him, and missed.

All this time the native officer and men of the 34th on duty at the quarter-guard saw what was going on, but did not move to arrest the drugged fanatic who was so plainly bent upon mischief. But hastening to the adjutant's house, a native corporal reported what had occurred, and Lieutenant Baugh, without a moment of unnecessary delay, buckled on his sword, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and galloped down to the quarter-guard. He had just tightened rein,

when Mungul Pandey, hidden by the station gun in front of the guard, took aim, and fired at the adjutant; but, missing him, wounded his charger, and brought both horse and rider to the ground. Baugh, then disentangling himself, took one of his pistols from the holsters, and fired at the Sepoy. The shot did not take effect, so he drew his sword and closed with the man, who had also drawn his tulwar, and then there was a sharp hand-to-hand conflict, in which the odds were against the Sepoy, for the sergeant-major came up and took part in the affray. But Mungul Pandey was a desperate man, and the strokes of his tulwar fell heavily upon his assailants; and, he might, perhaps, have despatched them both, if a Mohammedan Sepoy, of the Grenadier Company, named Sheikh Pultoo, had not seized the mutineer and averted his blows.

All this passed at the distance of a few yards only from the quarter-guard of the 34th, where a grenadier and twenty men were on duty. The sound of the firing had brought many others from the lines, and Sepoys in uniform and out of uniform crowded around in a state of tumultuous excitement. But with the exception of this Sheikh Pultoo, no man moved to assist his officer; no man moved to arrest the criminal. Nor was their guilt only the guilt of inaction. Some of the Sepoys of the guard struck the wounded officers on the ground with the butt ends of their muskets, and one fired his piece at them; and when Sheikh Pultoo called upon them to arrest the mutineer, they abused him, and said that if he did not release Mungul Pandey they would shoot him. But he held the desperate fanatic until Baugh and the sergeant-major had escaped, and doubtless to his fidelity they owed their lives.

Meanwhile, news of the tumult had reached the quarters of General Hearsey. An orderly rushed into the portico of his house and told him that the brigade had risen. His two sons, officers of the Sepoy army, were with him; and now the three, having ordered their horses to be saddled and brought round, put on their uniform and accoutrements and prepared at once to proceed to the scene of action. It seemed so probable that

all regiments had turned out in a frenzy of alarm, that, whilst the horses were being saddled, Hearsey wrote hasty notes, to be despatched in case of need to the officers commanding the Europeans at Chinsurah and Dum-Dum, calling upon them to march down at once to his assistance. He had just sealed them, when first the adjutant of the 43rd, smeared with the blood of the wounded officers, and then the commandant of the regiment, came up to report, in detail, what had happened. The story then told him was a strange one; for it seemed not that the brigade but a single Sepoy had risen, and was setting the State at defiance. It is hard to say whether the surprise or the indignation of the gallant veteran was greater, when he asked whether there was no one to shoot or to secure the madman. But it was plain that no time was to be lost. So, mounting their horses, Hearsey and his sons galloped down to the parade-ground, and saw for themselves what was passing.

There was a great crowd of Sepoys, mostly unarmed and undressed, and there were several European officers, some mounted and some on foot; much confusion and some consternation, but apparently no action. Mungul Pandey, still master of the situation, was pacing up and down in front of the quarter-guard, calling upon his comrades in vehement tones, and with excited action, to follow his example, as the Europeans were coming down upon them, and to die bravely for their religion.

But the crowd of Sepoys, though none remembered at that moment that they were servants of the State, none came forward to support discipline and authority, were not ripe for open mutiny; and when Mungul Pandey reviled them as cowards who had first excited and then deserted him, they hung irresolutely back, clustering together like sheep, and wondering what would happen next. The arrival of the general solved the question. As soon as he saw Mungul Pandey in front of the quarter-guard, he rode towards it, accompanied by his sons and by his division-staff, Major Ross, and when an officer cried out to him to take care, as

the mutineer's musket was loaded, answered, "D—— his musket!" and rode on to do his duty.

Little inclination was there on the part of the Jemadar and the men of the guard to obey the general's orders; but the manner of Hearsey at that moment was the manner of a man not to be denied; and supported by his sons, each of the gallant three with his hand upon his revolver, there was instant death in disobedience. So the Jemadar and the guard, thus overawed, followed Hearsey and his sons to the place where Mungul Pandy was striding about menacingly with his musket in his hand. As they approached the mutineer, John Hearsey cried out, "Father, he is taking aim at you." "If I fall, John," said the general, "rush upon him, and put him to death." But Mungul Pandy did not fire upon Hearsey; he turned his weapon upon himself. He saw that the game was up; and so, placing the butt of his musket on the ground, and the muzzle of the piece to his breast, he discharged it by the pressure of his foot, and fell burnt and wounded to the ground.

As he lay there convulsed and shivering, with his blood-stained sword beneath him, the officers thought that he was dying. But medical assistance came promptly; the wound was examined and found to be only superficial, so the wounded man was carried to the hospital, and then Hearsey rode among the Sepoys, telling them, as he had often told them before, that their alarms were groundless, that the Government had no thought of interfering with their religion, and that he saw with regret how lamentably they had failed in their duty in not arresting or shooting down a man who had thus shown himself to be a rebel and a murderer. They answered that he was a madman, intoxicated to frenzy by bang. "And if so," said Hearsey, "why not have shot him down as you would have shot a mad elephant or a mad dog, if he resisted you?" Some answered that he had a loaded musket. "What!" replied the general, "are you afraid of a loaded musket?" They were silent; and he dismissed them with scorn. It was plain that they had ceased to be soldiers.

Hearsey returned to his quarters that Sabbath evening, heavy with thought of the work before him. He had received his orders to execute the sentence that had been passed on the 19th Regiment. That sentence had now been publicly proclaimed in a general order to the whole army. On Tuesday morning, in the presence of all the troops, European and native, at the Presidency, the Berhampore mutineers were to be turned adrift on the world, destitute and degraded; and it was not to be doubted that they would carry with them the sympathies of their comrades in all parts of the country. That there was prospective danger in this was certain, for every disbanded Sepoy might have become an emissary of evil; but there was a great and present danger, far too formidable in itself to suffer thoughts of the future to prevail; for it was probable that the 19th would resist their sentence, and that all the native troops at the Presidency would aid them in their resistance. Some thought that the Barrackpore brigade would anticipate the event, and that on Monday there would be a general rising of the Sepoys, and that the officers and their families would be butchered by the mutineers. The first blood had been shed. Mungul Pandey was only the fugleman. So, many of the English ladies in Barrackpore left the cantonment, and sought safety for a while in Calcutta. But there was no place at that time more secure than that which they had quitted; and they found that the inmates of the asylum they had sought were as much alarmed as themselves.

It has been said that, halted at Barasut on the 30th of March, the 19th learnt what had happened on the preceding evening. The 34th had sent out their emissaries to meet their old friends and comrades of Lucknow, to prompt them to resistance and to promise to cast in their own lot with their brethren and to die for their religion. And this, too, it is said, with murderous suggestions of a general massacre of the white officers. But the 19th shook their heads at the tempters. They had expressed their sorrow for what had happened, and they had implored that they

might be suffered to prove their loyalty by going on service to any part of the world. They had never at heart been mutinous, and they would not now rise against the Government, whose salt they had eaten and whose uniform they had worn. But the bonds of a great sympathy restrained them from denouncing their comrades, so they suffered in silence the tempters to return to their own lines. As the morning dawned upon them, obedient to orders, they commenced the last march they were ever to make as soldiers. Heavy-hearted, penitent, and with the remains of a great fear still clinging to them, they went to their doom. A mile from Barrackpore Hearsey met them with his final orders, and, placing himself in front of the column, rode back with them to the parade-ground which was to be the scene of their disbandment. There all the available troops in the Presidency division, European and native, were drawn up to receive them. Steadily they marched on to the ground which had been marked out for them, and found themselves face to face with the guns. If there had been any thought of resistance, it would have passed away at the first sight of that imposing array of white troops and the two field batteries which confronted them. But they had never thought of anything but submission. Obedient, therefore, to the word of command up to the last moment of their military existence, they listened in silence to the general's brief preliminary address, in silence to the general order of Government announcing the sentence of ~~dis~~bandment; without a murmur, opened their ranks, piled their arms at the word of command as though they had been on a common parade, and then hung their belts upon their bayonets. The colours of the regiment were then brought to the front, and laid upon a rest composed of a little pile of crossed muskets. It was an anxious moment, for though the 19th were penitent and submissive, the temper of some of the other regiments, and especially of the 34th, was not to be trusted; and for a while it was believed that the men, who two days before had thrown off the mask, were prepared to fire on their officers. The rumour ran that many

of the Sepoys of that guilty regiment were on parade with loaded muskets, and Hearsey was advised to prove them by ordering the regiment to spring ramrods. But he wisely rejected the advice, saying that all was going well, and that he would not mar the effect of the peaceable disbandment of the regiment by a movement that might excite a collision. He was right. The work that he had in hand was quietly completed ; the men of the 19th were marched to a distance from their arms, and the pay that was due to them brought out for disbursement. They had now ceased to be soldiers ; but there was no further degradation in store for them. Hearsey addressed them in tones of kindness, saying that though the Government had decreed their summary dismissal, their uniforms would be stripped from their backs, but that as a reward for their penitence and good conduct on the march from Berhampore, they would be provided at the public cost with carriage to convey them to their homes. This kindness made a deep impression upon them. Many of them lifted up their voices, bewailing their fate and loudly declaring that they would revenge themselves upon the 34th, who had tempted them to their undoing. One man, apparently spokesman for his comrades, said, "Give us back our arms for ten minutes before we go, and leave us alone with the 34th to settle our account with them."

Whilst the men of what had once been the 19th were being paid, Hearsey addressed the other native regiments on parade very much as he had addressed them before ; but urging upon them the consideration of the fact that the 19th, in which there were four hundred Brahmins and a hundred and fifty Rajpoots, had been sent to their homes, and were at liberty to visit what shrines they pleased, and to worship where their fathers had worshipped before them, as a proof that the report which had been circulated of the intention of Government to interfere with their religion was nothing but a base falsehood. The men listened attentively to what was said ; and when the time came for their dismissal, they went quietly to their lines.

It was nearly nine o'clock before the men of the old gth had been paid up, and, under an European escort, ere marched out of Barrackpore. As they moved off ey cheered the fine old soldier, whose duty it had been to isband them, and wished him a long and a happy life; and e went to his house with a heart stirred to its very depths ith a compassionate sorrow, feeling, doubtless, that it was the iddest morning's work he had ever done, but thanking God at it had been done so peacefully and with such perfect access.

THE STORY OF THE OUTBREAK AT MEERUT,

AS TOLD BY SIR J. W. KAYE, K.C.S.I.

I N the middle of March, Government, hoping to undo the mischief already done, and to remove all scruples and fears respecting the cartridges, issued an order changing the mode of loading the rifle, requiring the natives to break off with their fingers, instead of biting, the end of the cartridge. On the 23rd of April the commandant of the 3rd Light Cavalry at Meerut ordered a parade of his regiment to explain this change in the drill. Of the ninety men present only five would touch the cartridge! In vain was it explained that the cartridges were exactly the same as they had been using. They were resolute in their refusal. The eighty-five were then placed under arrest, tried by a *native* court-martial, found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for ten years. On the morning of Saturday, the 9th of May, at a general parade this sentence was carried into effect. The eighty-five men were placed in irons in the presence of the whole force, European and native, and marched off to gaol. Instead of being awed, the native troops were maddened and infuriated at the degradation of their comrades.

Meerut was one of the most extensive military stations in India. It covered an area of some five miles in circumference, the space being divided by a great mall or esplanade, along which ran a deep nullah, or ditch, cutting the station into two separate parallelograms, the one containing the European and the other the native force. The European lines were on the northern quarter of Meerut, the artillery barracks being to the right, the dragoons to the left, and the rifles in the centre. Between

the barracks of the two last stood the station church ; a great plain or parade-ground stretching out still further to the northward. The Sepoy lines lay to the south of the cantonment, and between what may be called the European and native quarters there was an intervening space covered with shops and houses, surrounded by gardens and trees. Still further to the southward lay the city. The officers of the European regiments and artillery occupied bungalows along the northern line, while the Sepoy officers dwelt chiefly near their own men. The brigadier's house was on the right, not far from the artillery barracks and mess-house. The general's residence was nearer to the native lines. The most noticeable features of the whole, and those which it is most important to bear in mind in the perusal of what follows, are the division of the great cantonment into two parts, the distance of the European barracks from the native lines, and the probability, therefore, of much that was passing in the latter being wholly unknown to the occupants of the former.

The fierce May sun rose on the Sabbath morning, and the English residents prepared themselves to attend the ministrations of their religion in the station church. There was, indeed, a lull ; but the signs of it, afterwards noted, clearly presaged that there was something in the air. In the European barracks it appeared that there was a general desertion of the native servants, whose business it was to administer to the wants of the white soldiery, and in the bungalows of the officers there was a disposition on the part of their domestics, especially of those who had been hired at Meerut, to absent themselves from their masters' houses. But these things were observable at the time only as accidental circumstances of little significance, and the morning service was performed and the mid-day heats were lounged through, as in times of ordinary security. Severed from the great mass of the people, the English could see nothing of an unwonted character on that Sunday afternoon ; but in the lines of the native soldiery, in the populous bazaars, and even in the surrounding villages there were signs of a great commotion. The very children could see that something

was about to happen. Men of all kinds were arming themselves. The dangerous classes were in a state of unwonted excitement and activity. Many people of bad character had come in from the adjacent hamlets, and even from more remote places, as though they discerned the prospect of a great harvest. Among the mixed population of the lines and the bazaars were men agitated by emotions of the most varied character. Hatred of the English, desire for revenge, religious enthusiasm, thirst for plunder, were all at work within them; but paramount over all was a nameless fear; for, ever as the day advanced, the report gained strength that the English soldiery, armed to the teeth, would soon be let loose amongst them; that every Sepoy before nightfall would have fetters on his wrists; that the people would be given up to massacre, and the bazaars to plunder.

The sun went down and the time came for evening service, and the English chaplains prepared themselves for their ministrations. One has narrated how, when he was about to start with his wife for the station church, the native nurse warned them that there was danger, and besought her mistress to remain at home. The woman said that there would be a fight with the Sepoys, but the chaplain listened incredulously to the statement, and taking his wife and children with him, entered his carriage, and was driven to church. In the church-compound he met his colleague and other Christian people with a look of anxious inquiry on their pale, scared faces. It was plain that the warning by which it was endeavoured to stay his progress was something more than an utterance of vague suspicion or senseless fear. Sounds and sights had greeted the church-goers on their way which could not be misinterpreted. The unwonted rattling of musketry on that Sabbath evening, the assembly-call of the buglers, the hurrying to and fro of armed men on the road, the panic-struck looks of the unarmed, the columns of smoke that were rising against the fast-darkening sky, all told the same story. The native troops at Meerut had revolted.

It will never be known with certainty whence arose the first

promptings to that open and outrageous rebellion of which these sounds and sights were the signs. What meetings and conspiracies there may have been in the lines—whether there was any organised scheme for the release of the prisoners, the burning of cantonments, and the murder of all the Christian officers, can be only dimly conjectured. The probabilities are at variance with the assumption that the native troops at Meerut deliberately launched themselves into an enterprise of so apparently desperate a character. With a large body of English troops—horse, foot, and artillery—to confront them in the hour of mutiny, what reasonable hopes could there be of escape from swift and crushing retribution? They knew the temper and the power of English soldiers too well to trust to a contingency of inaction of which the past afforded no example. There was not a station in India at which an outbreak of native troops could appear to be so hopeless an experiment as in that great military cantonment which had become the head-quarters of the finest artillery regiment in the world. But this very feeling of our overpowering strength at Meerut may have driven the Sepoys into the great panic of despair, out of which came the spasm of madness which produced such unexpected results on that Sabbath night. There had been for some days an ominous report, of which I have already spoken, to the effect that the Europeans were about to fall suddenly on the Sepoy regiments, to disarm them, and to put every man of them in chains. In fear and trembling they were looking for a confirmation of this rumour in every movement of the English troops. When, therefore, the 60th Rifles were assembling for church parade, the Sepoys believed that the dreaded hour had arrived. The 3rd Cavalry were naturally the most excited of all. Eighty-five of their fellow-soldiers were groaning in prison. Sorrow, shame, and indignation were strong within them for their comrades' sake, and terror for their own. They had been asked if they were men to suffer their comrades to wear such anklets of iron; and they believed that what they had seen on the day before was but a foreshadowing of a greater cruelty to come

So, whilst the European soldiers were preparing themselves for church parade, the native troops were mounting their horses and pricking forward towards the great gaol.

Then it became miserably apparent that a fatal error had been committed. There were no European soldiers posted to protect the prison-house in which were the condemned malefactors of the Sepoy army. The prisoners had been given over to the "civil power," and an additional guard, drawn from the 20th Sepoy Regiment, had been placed over the gaol. The troopers knew what was the temper of that regiment. They had no fear for the result, so they pushed on, some in uniform, man and horse fully accoutred, some in their stable dresses with only watering rein and horse-cloth on their chargers, but all armed with sabre and with pistol. Soon under the walls of the gaol—soon busy at their work—they met with, as they expected, no opposition. The rescue began at once. Loosening the masonry around the gratings of the cells in which their comrades were confined, they wrenched out the iron bars and helped the prisoners through the apertures. A native smith struck off their chains, and once again free men, the eighty-five mounted behind their deliverers, and rode back to the lines. The troopers of the 3rd Cavalry at that time had no other work in hand but the rescue of their comrades. The other prisoners in the gaol were not released, the buildings were not fired, and the European gaoler and his family were left unmolested.

Meanwhile, the infantry regiments had broken into open revolt. The Sepoys of the 11th and the 20th were in a state of wild excitement. Maddened by their fears—expecting every moment that the Europeans would be upon them—believing that there was one great design in our hearts to manacle the whole of them, and, perhaps, to send them as convicts across the black water, they thought that the time had come for them to strike for their liberties, for their lives, for their religions. So it happened that when the excitement in the lines was made known to some of our English officers, and they went down, as duty bade them, to endeavour to

allay it, they found that the men whom they had once regarded as docile children had been suddenly turned into furious assailants. Among those who, on that Sunday evening, rode down to the Sepoys' lines was Colonel Finnis, who commanded the 11th. A good soldier, beloved by officers and by men, he had the old traditionary faith in the Sepoys which it became those who had served with them and knew their good qualities to cherish. Strong in the belief of the loyalty of his regiment, Finnis, with other officers of his corps, went into the midst of them to remonstrate and to dissuade. He was speaking to his men, when a soldier of the 20th discharged his musket and wounded the colonel's horse. Presently another musket was discharged into his body. The ball entered at his back; he fell from his horse, and a volley was fired into him. He died, "riddled with bullets." Thus the Sepoys of the 20th had slain the colonel of the 11th Regiment, and the bullets of the former had been scattered in the ranks of the latter. For a little space the two regiments looked at each other; but there was no doubt of the issue. The 11th broke into open revolt, and fraternised with their comrades of the 20th.

The whole of the native regiments at Meerut had now revolted. And the night was a night of horror such as history has rarely recorded. The brief twilight of the Indian summer had soon passed; and the darkness which fell upon the scene brought out, with terrible distinctness, the blazing work of the incendiary. Everywhere, from the European quarters, from the bungalows of the English officers, from the mess-houses and other public buildings, from the residences of the unofficial Christian community, the flames were seen to rise, many-shaped and many-coloured, lighting up the heavy columns of smoke which were suspended in the still sultry air. And ever, as the conflagration spread, and the sight become more portentous, the sounds of the great fiery destruction, the crackling and the crashing of the burning and falling timbers, the roar of the flames, and the shrieks of the horses scorched to death in their stables, mingled with the shouts

and yells of the mutineers and the rattling of the musketry which proclaimed the great Christian carnage. The scared inhabitants of the burning buildings—the women and children and non-combatants—sought safety in the gardens and out-houses, whither they were often tracked by the insurgents and shot down or cut to pieces. Some fled in the darkness, and found asylums in such places as had escaped the fury of the incendiaries. Some were rescued by native servants or soldiers, faithful among the faithless, who, in memory of past kindnesses, strove to save the lives of their white masters at the peril of their own.

Among those who were thus saved were Hervey Greathed, the commissioner, and his wife. Warned of the approaching danger, first by an officer of the 3rd Cavalry, and then by a pensioned Afghan chief, he had taken his wife, and some other English women who had sought safety with him, to the terraced roof of his house; but the insurgents, after driving off his guard, applied the firebrand to the lower part of the building, plundered the rooms, and then surrounded the place. With the flames raging beneath him, and the enemy raging around him, his position was one of deadly peril. And Greathed and his companions must have perished miserably but for the fidelity of one of those native servants upon whom so much depended in the crisis which was then threatening our people. With rare presence of mind and fertility of resource he simulated intense sympathy with the rebels. He told them that it was bootless to search the house, as his master had escaped from it, but that, if they would follow him to a little distance, they would find the Feringhees hiding themselves behind a haystack. Fully confiding in the truth of his story, they suffered themselves to be led away from the house; and its inmates descended safely into an empty garden just as the upper rooms were about to “fall in with a tremendous crash.”

There were others far less happy on that disastrous Sunday evening. Wives, left without protection whilst their husbands were striving to do their duty in the lines, were savagely cut

to pieces in their burning homes ; and little children were massacred beneath the eyes of their mothers. Then delicate English ladies, girt about with fiery danger, death on every side, turned, with large-hearted sympathy, their thoughts towards their suffering fellow-countrywomen, and tried to rescue them from the threatened doom. In adjacent bungalows were two ladies, wives of officers of the brigade. One was under special protection, for her husband had endeared himself to the men of his troop by his unfailing kindness and consideration for them. The other, wife of the adjutant of the 11th Regiment, had but recently come from England, and was strange to all the environments of her situation. The more experienced Englishwoman, seeing the danger of her position, and hearing the shrieks which issued from her house, was moved with a great compassion, and sent her servants to rescue the affrighted creature from the fury of her assailants. But when, after some delay, they entered her house, they found her covered with wounds, lying dead upon the floor. Then the insurgents, having done their bloody work, raged furiously against the adjacent bungalow, and were only driven from their purpose by the fidelity of some of Craigie's troopers, who were ready to save the wife of their captain at the risk of their own lives. In the course of the night, after doing good service, Craigie returned, in fear and trembling, to his household gods, thinking to find them shattered and desecrated ; but, by the exceeding mercy of God, safe himself, he found them safe, and soon had matured measures for their escape. Wrapping up the ladies in dark-coloured horsecloths to conceal their white garments in the glare of the burning station, he led them from the house, and hiding under trees, or in a ruined temple, they passed the night in sleepless horror. Often the voices of bands of mutineers or plunderers in the compound smote upon their ears ; but there were help and protection in the presence of a few of Craigie's troopers, who hovered about the place, and in some of his own body-servants, who were equally true to their master. In the early morning the enemy had cleared off, and there was a prospect of escape.

So they returned sadly to their dearly-loved home, collected a few cherished articles and some necessary clothing, and went forth from their paradise with the flaming sword behind them, never again to return. And the leave-takings of that sorrow-laden night were the first of many cruel devulsions, which tore happy families from their homes and sent them forth into the wide world, houseless wanderers and fugitives, with a savage and remorseless enemy yelling behind them in their track.

Many other episodes of pathetic interest might here be related illustrative of the horrors of that night, if historical necessity did not forbid such amplitude of detailed recital. The sweepings of the gaols and the scum of the bazaars—all the rogues and ruffians of Meerut, convicted and unconvicted, and the robber-tribes of the neighbouring villages—were loose in the cantonment, plundering and destroying wherever an English bungalow was to be gutted and burnt. The Sepoys had left the work, which they had commenced, to men who found it truly a congenial task. Day dawned; and those who survived the night saw how thoroughly the work had been done. As they crept from their hiding-places and sought safety in the public buildings protected by the Europeans, they saw, in the mangled corpses which lay by the wayside, in the blackened ruins of the houses which skirted the roads, and in the masses of unmovable property, thrown out of the dwelling-places of the English, and smashed into fragments apparently by blows from heavy clubs, ghastly evidences of the fury of their enemies. But with the morning light a great quietude had fallen upon the scene. The Sepoys had departed. The ruffians of the gaols and the bazaars and the Goojur villages had slunk back into their homes. There was little more to be done—nothing more that could be done in the face of the broad day—by these despicable marauders. So our people gathered new heart; and as the sun rose, they thought that our time had come.

But the Meerut brigade did nothing more in the clear morning light than it had done in the shadow of the darkness,

The English troops, with the English leaders, rose from the bivouac; and it dawned upon them that more than two thousand mutineers had made their way to Delhi. Even then, if the carabineers and the horse artillery had been let loose, they might, before noon, have reached the imperial city and held mutiny in check. But contemporary annals record only that the European troops, horse, foot, and artillery, went out for a reconnaissance "on the right of the Delhi road." Not a man was despatched to the place which was the great centre of political intrigue and political danger—which was the great palatial home of the last representative of the House of Timour, and which held a large body of native troops, and the great magazine of Upper India, unprotected by even a detachment of Europeans. Nor less surprising was it, that, with all these shameful proofs of the great crimes which had been committed, the rising indignation in the breasts of our English leaders did not impel them to inflict terrible retribution upon other criminals. The bazaars on that Monday morning must have been full of the plundered property of our people and of many dreadful proofs and signs of complicity in the great crime of the preceding night. Retribution might have fallen on many of the murderers red-handed; but not a regiment was let loose upon the guilty quarter. The murdered bodies were collected and laid out in the theatre, where a mimic tragedy was to have been performed that evening; and the slayers of women and children, and the desecrators of our homesteads, were suffered to enjoy unmolested the fruits of their work; whilst the Meerut brigade, horse, foot, and artillery, marched about cantonments, and looked at the Delhi road along which the mutineers had made good their escape.

THE OUTBREAK AND MASSACRE AT DELHI

BY THE REV. J. CAVE-BROWNE, M.A.,

Chaplain of the Punjab Movable Column.

ON the morning of the 11th of May the sun rose in all its wonted glare and glitter over the gorgeous domes and minarets of Delhi, to set on a scene worthy to take its place in the annals of a city whose streets had flowed in blood before the invading swords of a Jenghis Khan, a Tamerlane, and a Nadir Shah.

On that eventful morning all seemed as usual. The daily morning service of the church was over, and the little congregation had dispersed to their homes or their duties. The weekly guards had been relieved at the main guard, the treasury, and the palace; the civil surgeon, Dr. Balfour, had gone his round of dispensary and gaol; the hum of native litigation had begun in the various *kutcherees*, and the hum of native barter and bargain in the *Chandree Chouk* and the smaller bazaars of the city. Yet all bespoke peace; there was no unusual bustle that morning; no appearance of excitement among the natives; no prognostic of a coming storm; nothing to give warning of an approaching tempest, which in a few hours should sweep down half a century's growth of civilisation, and saturate the ground with the blood of murdered Christians!

About nine o'clock in the day there were observed from the river-wall of the magazine some horsemen, apparently cavalry troopers, galloping along the "trunk road" from Meerut towards the bridge of boats which crosses the Jumna; while

in their rear were clouds of dust along the road, showing that these were only the forerunners of a larger force.

So unusual a sight was at once noticed, and reported to the authorities in their several courts. Mr. Hutchinson, the magistrate, in the *kutcheree* inside the Water Bastion, was the first to receive it; then Mr. Le Bas, the judge, at the old Custom House, close to the city walls; Mr. Simon Fraser, the commissioner, at "Ludlow Castle"; and lastly, Sir Thomas Metcalfe, at his own house, where, having given over charge to Mr. Hutchinson, he was in the act of packing up to start for Mussooni that evening on account of his health. All were at once astir.

Mr. Hutchinson galloped out to the cantonments, three miles off, to apprise Brigadier Graves, and to ask for a small detachment of troops to prevent the possibility of these strange visitors creating a disturbance in the city. The force at that time cantoned there were three regiments—the 38th Native Infantry, under Colonel Knyvett; the 54th Native Infantry, under Colonel Ripley; and the 74th Native Infantry, under Major Abbott—with a native battery under Captain H. P. de Teissier. That morning there had been a brigade parade, but nothing unusual had been observed in the bearing of the men to indicate a consciousness of the coming struggle. On hearing Mr. Hutchinson's account of cavalry troopers having ridden into the city, the brigadier's first thought was to telegraph to Meerut to know what it meant. But when he was told that "the *wire* was broken," he at once augured that there was something far more serious at hand than a mere city row, and ordered off the 54th Native Infantry, being the nearest at hand, and two guns from De Teissier's battery, under Lieutenant Wilson. The regiment marched off in seeming glee, leaving two companies to bring up the guns.

Mr. Hutchinson now returned to the city: at the Cashmere Gate he found Mr. Le Bas, from whom he learned that Mr. Fraser and Sir T. Metcalfe had both passed in; and disregarding the entreaties of Mr. Le Bas and Lieutenant Proctor,

of the 38th Native Infantry, the officer on duty at the main guard, he resolved to follow them. "I am the magistrate," he said, "and I must go."

Mr. Fraser, on receiving the tidings, had hastened down in his buggy, with an escort of sowars, through the Cashmere Gate to the palace, to consult with Captain Douglas, the commandant of the palace guard; but finding that that officer had already been apprised of the arrival of the troopers, and gone into the palace to seek an interview with the king, he at once proceeded to the Calcutta Gate, leaving a request that Captain Douglas would follow him there.

Here Sir Thomas Metcalfe soon arrived, having on his way gone into the magazine to put Lieutenant G. Willoughby, the officer in charge, on his guard, and to beg that a couple of guns might be moved out and planted on the causeway which connects the Calcutta Gate with the bridge of boats, so as to sweep the bridge and prevent the mutineers from crossing. Captain Douglas, after a fruitless effort to move the king, and to reason with some troopers who had by a private entrance gained access to the king's private gardens, now joined them; as also did Mr. Hutchinson, who had made his way through the gathering crowds in the streets.

The value of the Calcutta Gate was evident; it was the only gate of any importance on the river side of the city, the point for which the mutineers would naturally make to gain an entrance into the city, and the only one at which anything like effective resistance could be offered; hence it was the rallying-point of the authorities. But it was soon found that they had arrived too late; the bridge was crossed, and the gate already in the hands of the troopers; the sergeant in charge of the bridge of boats on the opposite bank had been overpowered and cut down, and the police guard at the gate had offered no resistance. Fraser and Metcalfe at first attempted to reason with the troopers; but in vain. One of them fired his pistol at Mr. Fraser, but missed him; another wounded Mr. Hutchinson in the arm. Mr. Nixon, the commissioner's confidential clerk, who had also arrived here, was

killed, and the struggle had begun in earnest. Mr. Fraser called on his sowars to attack the troopers, but not a man moved!

He then seized a gun from one of the police standing by, and shot down the foremost trooper. But finding how hopeless it was to hold his ground with mutiny in front and treachery at his side, he sprang into his buggy and drove off towards the palace gate.

Captain Douglas and Mr. Hutchinson, finding the crowd closing in upon them and increasing in insolence, jumped down into the dry ditch which surrounds the palace, and walked along in the same direction.

Sir T. Metcalfe had also retired from the Calcutta Gate when he saw the serious turn that matters had taken, and rode off to the *kotwallie* (the native police court), in the Chandree Chouk, and ordered out the police to guard the other gates of the city. But treason had been busy here too. That name which had, with little intermission, been associated with the city for above fifty years, had now lost its power; the nephew of Sir Charles Metcalfe was no longer recognised in Delhi. The *kotwal* received the order, and "spat upon the ground": the police heard it, and smiled.

We must now trace the progress of the mutineers. The advanced body had carried their point—they had seized the Calcutta Gate, and the city was at their mercy. The main body soon arrived. Of these a small party forded the river a little below the city—the water being low at that season—and made for the gaol, where, without any show of resistance from the guards, they forced the gates, and let loose the whole body of convicts. The rest crossed the bridge of boats, and joined their comrades at the Calcutta Gate, and these broke up into small bodies and distributed themselves over the city, dealing death wherever they went.

One party of troopers, who have already been alluded to as having obtained entrance to the king's private gardens, must be specially noticed.

Outside the palace, on the river-side, stands a strong forti-

fication called the Selim guruh (Selim's fort). This outwork is connected with the palace by a small bridge, which spans the fort ditch, with a small postern in the massive walls of the fort and palace on either side. The main entrance to this fort is a gateway of some pretensions, close to the bridge of boats. Until a few years ago this was a closed gate; the successive kings of Delhi had frequently solicited from the English Government that ingress and egress through Selim guruh might be granted to them, as saving them the inconvenience of passing through the crowded streets of the city, whenever they wished to enjoy a little country air. The request had long been steadily refused; but a few years ago it was conceded, it being thought that no possible evil could result from so trifling a privilege. However, it proved otherwise. It was by means of this very gate through Selim guruh that a few of the foremost troopers obtained an entrance into the palace, and, to the old king's surprise and indignation, presented themselves under the windows of the private female apartments, vociferously demanding of him to take his place at their head. Here it was that Captain Douglas had found them on his visit to the king, and had vainly endeavoured to pacify them.

Now, while the events we have described were passing at the Calcutta Gate, these troopers had been at work in the palace, rallying with their war-cry, "Deen! Deen!" the fanatics with which it swarmed, and who were evidently expecting them; so that by the time Mr. Fraser and Mr. Hutchinson, with Captain Douglas (who had been so severely injured in leaping down into the ditch, and was so faint from pain as to be scarcely able to crawl along) had reached the main gateway, they found the whole place in commotion; the Sepoy sentries and the king's own guard were in open mutiny; and the swarms of pensioned yet penniless hangers-on of that most profligate, pauperised court, crowded around, in utter defiance of all order or respect.

Captain Douglas, having been lifted out of the fort ditch, was carried up to his own apartments over the gateway, accompanied by Mr. Hutchinson, and was there tended by

his friend and companion of years, the Rev. M. J. Jennings, the chaplain of Delhi, who, with his daughter and a friend (Miss Clifford), occupied adjoining apartments. Mr. Simon Fraser remained below, still endeavouring to bring back the troops to order, and to repress the clamour of the rabble. But the tide of rebellion had set in, and no human power could force it back. One of the menials of the palace rushed at him, tulwar in hand, as he stood at the foot of the stairs, and cut him down. The Rubicon was now crossed; three Mohammedan retainers in the palace sprang forward and wreaked their frenzy in gashes on his fallen body, then rushed up the stairs to seek the other objects of their hate. They found Captain Douglas, Mr. Jennings, and the two ladies in one room, and Mr. Hutchinson in an adjoining one, and murdered them all. Escape was impossible; and perhaps mercifully so, for the escape for a time might have been worse than the death-blow. Jennings, Fraser, and Douglas were bound together by ties of the firmest, purest friendship, their names indissolubly connected with the noble "Delhi Mission," "and in their death they were not divided."

Four months after, when the blood-stained city was once more in our hands, in that very room, so well remembered as the scene of happy, social intercourse by many who took part in that crowning assault, were still to be traced the stains of blood, which, while they told their tale of horror, spoke, too, the comforting hope, which the general testimony of natives has since confirmed, that those more than brothers, Jennings and Douglas, had fallen side by side, and that those Christian maidens had known no indignities to embitter and aggravate their end.

More troopers had by this time reached the palace gate, and, finding how matters had progressed here, rode on to that part of the city called *Dariao Gunge*. This had originally formed the artillery lines, but was at this time occupied by conductors and others attached to the magazine, clerks in Government offices, and pensioners, with their families; forming in all considerable Christian community. This most quiet

part of the city was soon to become a *charnel-house*. In rode the troopers, and soon were their sabres running red with the blood of old men, women, and children. The budmashes of the city, the scum of the bazaar followed on their heels. An indiscriminate and cold-blooded slaughter ensued; the few, who for a time were able to escape, rushed down to the sands on the river-side, others concealed themselves in the larger houses, but were eventually mastered or betrayed to swell the list of victims. Several of them took shelter in the Kishnagurh Rajah's house, where they actually defended themselves for two days. At length they surrendered on condition of their lives being spared, and were carried off to the palace under charge of the heir-apparent. Here they were kept for five days, but on the 18th were all massacred in cold blood, under the eye of some of the Shahzadas, if not of the king himself.

Another party of troopers appear to have turned off to the right, making for the portion of the city between the magazine and the Cashmere Gate, where lay the chief public buildings and private houses. Here was the Government College; Mr. F. Taylor, the principal, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Stewart, the assistant teachers (the latter the well-known church-clerk) were cut down in the midst of their work. At the Delhi bank fell Mr. Beresford, the manager, with all his family, after a gallant and desperate resistance. The young assistant at the telegraph-office, who had taken Mr. Todd's place, and whose last message electrified and warned the Punjab, was cut down with his hand on the signalling apparatus. The "Delhi Mission," too, was there, of which the Bishop of Madras, in his late visitation, had written in such high praise. But all was now quenched in blood. The Rev. A. Hubbard, the missionary, Mr. Sandys, Louis Koch, all fell. *Ram Chundur*, the intelligent, fervent convert, whose position in the Government College gave such importance and weight to the mission, alone escaped—his life given to him for a prey. The no less earnest *Chimmum Lall*, the S.A. Surgeon, who about five years before had stood side by side with Ram Chundur to receive baptism at the font in the church close

by, at the hands of Mr. Jennings, was almost simultaneously with his beloved pastor called on to suffer for the truth's sake, and seal his faith in Christ by dying for His name.

Succours were in the meantime hastening in from cantonments; destined, however, as it proved, to increase rather than suppress the tumult already raised in the city. As the 54th Native Infantry, sent off at once by Brigadier Graves, reached the Cashmere Gate, they were met by a Sepoy, sent by Lieutenant Willoughby, to report that the mob was beginning to get restless and turbulent, and that the magazine was threatened. Colonel Ripley gave the order to push on to the rescue. He had scarcely passed through the inner wooden gate of the main guard, and entered the open square beyond, when he was met by a party of the troopers, who dashed down at once upon him. So little prepared for such an emergency were the colonel and the other officers, that they appear to have been marching together at the head of the regiment. The colonel ordered his men to load, but they paid no heed. They at once fraternised with the mutineers, who fired off their pistols with fatal effect on the officers of the 54th Native Infantry.

Captains Smith and Burrows, Lieutenants Edwards and Waterfield, Dr. Dopping, and the quarter-master-sergeant were killed. Colonel Ripley, too, was left for dead; but though wounded in seventeen places (some from the bayonets of his own men), he contrived, as the troops now in open mutiny dispersed for promiscuous carnage and plunder, to drag himself to the wooden gate inside the main guard: here he was found by Dr. Stewart, the garrison surgeon, who had him carried outside the Cashmere Gate, placed in Mr. Le Bas' carriage, which was standing there, and took him at once up to cantonments. The remaining two companies of the 54th Native Infantry, under Major Patterson, and the two guns under Lieutenant Wilson, had in the meantime reached the Cashmere Gate. These men appeared much less mutinous than the others, and for a time refused to join their traitorous comrades, and remained peaceable and orderly.

We now turn to cantonments. The brigadier, on despatching the 54th Native Infantry to the city, made such arrangements as were possible for the safety of the station. Pickets were thrown out to guard against surprise, the ammunition of the remaining guns packed up ready for use, and the horses ordered to be kept harnessed. The guard of the powder magazine was strengthened from its usual complement of twenty men under a native officer to a subaltern's guard of a hundred men. Firing was soon heard in the city; then came rolling up that humming sound, like distant thunder, which told of a multitude in commotion: the flames were soon seen rising up from different parts of the city, especially in the quarter where Government offices and private houses stood. An hour had scarcely elapsed since Colonel Ripley had marched off at the head of his regiment, when he was brought back by Dr. Stewart mortally wounded, telling the tale of treason, and reporting that every other officer of the regiment was killed. This disclosed to the brigadier the nature and extent of the danger. The "assembly" was sounded for the 38th and 74th, and the remaining artillery; for these, whether true or false, were his only stay. To show mistrust at such a moment would have been, to say the least, impolitic, if not fatal. The call was obeyed slowly, and with seeming reluctance; in time, however, artillery and infantry turned out, and the parade was formed. The brigadier went down the lines with his brigade-major, Captain Nicoll, and, addressing the men, pointed out to them the enormity of their crime—Sepoys proving *false to their salt*! By some his address was received in sullen silence, by others with loud professions of loyalty and devotion. While he was in the act of addressing them, Captain Wallace, officer of the week on station duty, arrived from the city with a request for reinforcements. Now was the moment to test the men and try their metal. "*Who would volunteer?*" Of the 38th not a man moved; the 74th came forward *en masse*! They were only about two hundred and forty strong, the rest having been distributed in detachments over cantonments; however, Major Abbott at once put himself at their head and

marched down, taking with him two more guns under Lieutenant Aislabie.

It now became evident that a great crisis was at hand. While throwing what troops he could spare into the city, it became necessary for the brigadier to provide still further against the possibility of an attack on cantonments.

DELHI—SUSPENSE AND FLIGHT.
THE DEFENCE OF THE FLAGSTAFF TOWER
AND THE MAIN GUARD.

BY THE REV. J. CAVE-BROWNE, M.A.,

Chaplain of the Punjab Movable Column.

EVERY one at all acquainted with Delhi knows well the round castellated building crowning the ridge that separates the cantonments from the city. This FLAGSTAFF TOWER, as it was called, was fixed on as the only post at all capable of defence. Here it might be possible to hold out for a few hours at least, provided no guns were brought against them; still, with no supply of water, no provisions at hand, nor any means of cooking, it would be a *forlorn hope*. Here, however, it was decided that all the ladies and families of the station, with the many fugitives who were already flocking in from the civil lines and the city, should collect together; for weak and exposed as the position was, there was every reason to hope that, with so strong a European force near at hand at Meerut, only a few hours could elapse before they would be extricated. Here, therefore, they took up their position.

Among the first who had arrived was Mr. Le Bas, the judge; he had gone down from Sir T. Metcalfe's house, where he lived, to the Cashmere Gate, immediately on hearing of the disturbance; but finding it impossible to work his way through the riotous crowd, had passed out through the postern-gate adjoining the kutcheree at the Water Bastion, walked up along the sand to Metcalfe's house, and, after making a few arrange-

ments, joined the cantonment party at the Flagstaff Tower. Dr. Balfour, the civil surgeon, with his sister-in-law, Miss Smith, and a sick friend, Mr. McWhirter, of the Civil Service ; Mr. Wagentrieber, with his wife and children ; Lieutenant Thomason of the settlement survey ; Mr. Marshall, the merchant, and many others, had also made this their rallying-point. In that small circular building, scarcely seventeen feet in diameter, with a spiral staircase in the centre, leading up to the roof, were all these and many more huddled together in the middle of May, each new arrival adding to the general dismay with a new tale of horror, until, as one of the sufferers said, "it became a Black Hole in miniature, without its final catastrophe." "I shall never forget that scene," says Mr. Le Bas : "officers, ladies, children, ayahs, and other servants were crowded in and about the tower. Carriages and horses were standing close by ; the heat was very great. Most of the children were crying, and no wonder, for they were hungry, thirsty, uncomfortable, and frightened. Many of the ladies were in a state of great despondency ; some, however, were as cool and collected as possible, never shedding a tear or uttering a complaint. Here an officer was haranguing the Sepoys and endeavouring to persuade them to do their duty ; there, an anxious group was gathering around the brigadier, consulting and discussing."

There now only remained two guns at De Teissier's battery, and the 38th Native Infantry, with a few of the 74th Native Infantry. The two guns had been placed in front of the Flagstaff Tower, so as to sweep the road, which, branching off the main road, comes straight up the ascent, and also taking in flank the main road itself into cantonments. On the ridge along the right flank, about a couple of hundred of the 38th Native Infantry, and some of the 74th Native Infantry were placed, and the Christian band-boys of the native choir were collected together close around the tower, with spare arms and ammunition brought from the regimental magazines placed in their hands ; while a further supply was stored inside the building ready for use. It was noticed that about thirty or

forty of the rifle company of the 38th were constantly mixing themselves up among the gunners to prevent the guns being worked. As a watch upon these worthies, two or three of the gentlemen inside placed themselves on the top of the tower, and, braving the scorching rays of the sun, stood, musket in hand, ready to shoot down the first man who interfered with the gunners or made any attack upon the officers. Inside the tower might be seen ladies, whose fair fingers a few hours before were employed in the peaceful avocations of domestic life, now busy unfastening cartridges.

One lady, Miss Smith, the sister-in-law of Dr. Balfour, who had but lately left a bed of sickness, and was still partially disabled by a fractured arm, nobly forgot her weakness and the immunities of her sex in those trying hours, and was foremost in this work of preparation.

As the day advanced, anxiety increased ; all thoughts were turned towards Meerut, for the bearing of the Sepoys was perceptibly changing. It was becoming too clear that in any attack they would join their brethren against their European masters, even if they did not commence the attack themselves. A fine brave young fellow, a nephew of Mr. Marshall, the merchant, offered to ride to Meerut for succour. Brigadier Graves at once mounted him, and gave him a letter to General Hewitt ; but he only got as far as the *nullah* by the side of the powder-magazine, when the 38th men on guard there shot him down when in the act of fording. Dr. Batson, the surgeon of the 74th Native Infantry, then offered to go on the same errand, disguised as a native ; and with his face and hands stained he started on this desperate, but, as it proved, equally fruitless venture.

At the Cashmere Gate and the main guard little had occurred since the massacre of the 54th officers. That regiment appears to have disappeared and have joined in the general looting and plundering of the city. The men of the 74th, under Major Abbott, who had arrived about midday, remained quiet ; and, indeed, a portion of them actually defended the passage to the Treasury against some of the cavalry troopers

and men of the 54th. The detachment of the 38th, however, which was on duty at the main guard, were very mutinous and insolent. An order came from Brigadier Graves that the two guns sent with the 74th under Lieutenant Aislabie should return to cantonments; and soon after the 74th were also recalled. Mr. De Gruyther, the deputy-collector, entreated that they might not be withdrawn, as it was evident the 38th men were not to be trusted. Major Abbott, however, had no alternative, and gave the order; only about a hundred and twenty obeyed. Major Paterson of the 54th had remained here with his two companies all the day, and was now *pushed out by his men* through the gate, as the 74th were passing out. Scarcely were they clear of the bridge when the 38th men inside closed the gate, and began to fire on the officers who remained. Captain Gordon of the 74th was the first to fall, and then Lieutenant Reveley and Lieutenant Smith: the remaining officers and ladies who had fled there rushed up to the guard-room on the bastion. Ensign Elton, seeing the case hopeless, saved himself by a desperate leap. "Running up to the ramp on the parapet of the main guard, and jumping down into the ditch, he scrambled up the counterscarp, and made across country towards cantonments." Lieutenant Osborn also, who had remained at the main guard, escaped by jumping down into the ditch, but not without a severe wound in the leg. "Others," says another of the survivors who witnessed it, "were going to follow, when they heard the cries of ladies in the guard-room."

Regardless of the storm of bullets, the officers went back and brought them away, and tying handkerchiefs, etc., together, let them down one by one into the ditch; and then, having got them up on the other side, the whole proceeded towards the river, expecting at every step to be followed and shot down. They crossed the river in safety, and after seven days of great privation and danger, reached a village twelve miles only from Delhi, where the head man offered to send a letter into Meerut; this was done, and the day after some troops came out and escorted the party into that station, Major Abbott was escorted

safely to the regimental quarter-guard, and then left by his men, who, having provided for the safety of their commanding officer, hastened back to the city to get their share of the plunder.

To recount the deeds of blood which had all this time been perpetrated in the *recesses* of the city itself, would be impossible. The carnage was general. There were some fifteen hundred mutinous soldiery, as many liberated convicts, the scum of the palace population, and the budmashes of the bazaar, all revelling in every form of vindictive and licentious cruelty. To be a Christian, or to have the appearance of one, was a fatal distinction. Neither age nor sex was spared; nay, unoffending women and helpless babes seemed to be the special objects of their lust and hate. From one end of Delhi to the other did these fiends in human form hold their orgies, and glut themselves with Christian blood.

The main guard, the last rallying-point in the city, was now abandoned; and with the few survivors who effected their escape the reader must retrace his steps once more to cantonments, and learn what has been passing there since we left the brigadier, with the remaining troops and fugitives, about midday in the Flagstaff Tower.

For some time matters had undergone little change, when an accident occurred which disclosed still more the disaffected state of the Sepoys. A rumour came up that the cavalry troopers had left the city, and were enjoying their *siesta*, or cooking their dinner, under the shade of the trees along the canal bank, just outside the Lahore Gate, after the fatigue of their murderous revel. It at once occurred to Brigadier Graves and others that now would be the time to come down on them unawares. Captain Tytler of the 38th thought he could persuade his men to make the attempt. He went among them, and found some two hundred who declared themselves ready to go with him and the brigadier; but on the order being given for them to fall in, they wavered, and then refused to move, saying, "that they were ready to fight against any of our enemies, but not a shot would they fire

against their own comrades." It was now clear that in any assault on the position not a man among them was to be trusted.

The day wore on, its hottest hours were passed, the energies of the little band had begun to flag under the influence of the increased heat and the protracted suspense, when they were startled into still more painful anxiety by the sound of an explosion. "A puff of white smoke," to use the words of one who was an eye-witness, "followed by a magnificent coronal of red dust, rose above the walls and told us that the magazine in the city had exploded!" At the sight of this the Sepoys on the ridge became greatly excited; they made a rush to their arms, which were piled, but gradually subsided into their former sullen passiveness, without attempting any act of violence. A further trial now awaited them: a cart was driven up containing the mangled corpses of the murdered officers. However, a scornful smile or a taunt was all that the ghastly spectacle elicited from them. Clouds were now gathering fast. The two guns which the brigadier had recalled were on their way back, when the advanced picket of the 38th on the left, placed at the gorge of Suddur Bazaar, rushed forward, fired at Lieutenant Aislabie, seized the guns, wheeled them round, and with fixed bayonets compelled the drivers to take them back towards the city. Captain de Teissier, who was at the Flagstaff Tower, no sooner saw this than he galloped down the hill and called out to his men to return. He was met by a volley of fifteen or sixteen shots from the 38th Sepoys, and although he escaped himself untouched, his charger was mortally wounded, and had barely strength enough to carry him back in safety to the Tower.

This was a most critical moment. An officer had been shot at by their comrades before their very eyes; and dark and lowering grew the look of many a Sepoy of the 38th as they now crowded round. A movement, too, was made by some of the officers towards the two remaining guns; the 38th men saw this, closed in, and began to hustle the native gunners. Had the order been then given to fire on the party

who were carrying off the other guns, *it could not have been obeyed*. Its effect would probably have been that the guns would have been swung round and fired on the officers themselves ; and then not a European could have escaped to tell the tale. This catastrophe, however, was mercifully averted, and the crisis passed over.

"At last," says Mr. Le Bas, "one of the officers suggested that we should get away while we could. At first the brigadier would not hear of such a thing. He said that he could not abandon his post—that we should soon have aid from Meerut ; but the question was agitated, and the idea of a retreat gradually became familiar to men's minds." Matters were fast going from bad to worse. There was no sign of the avenging force from Meerut : to hold out in that small tower, crowded as it was with ladies and children, hampered at every point, was impossible. Flight alone was in their power, and that might soon be lost. So it was at length decided by the brigadier, Mr. Le Bas, Captains Nicoll, De Teissier, Tytler, Wallace, and others, that all should retire as best they could ; a resolve that was still more confirmed and hastened by the arrival of Ensign Elton of the 74th, who had escaped from the city, and reported that all was over there. Captain Gordon and Lieutenants Reveley and Smith, the last remaining officers, had been shot down by their men, and the main guard was abandoned.

The retreat now became general. Captain de Teissier drew off his two guns ; urging the drivers into a sharp trot, he succeeded in evading a rush made by some of the scoundrels of the 38th to intercept them, and for three or four miles he kept the guns and tumbrils together ; but gradually they fell behind, the sudden and dense darkness of an Indian night (especially before the rising of the moon when just past the full) came on, and they positively refused to advance. De Teissier, having lost his charger, was driving his carriage, in which were his wife and some friends ; he endeavoured in vain to bring the guns on, and was at length compelled to abandon them. Ensign Glubb of the 38th was riding on one

of the gun carriages, and urged the men to advance ; they only laughed at an order they would not recognise, and he was compelled to take refuge in a carriage passing by, in which he escaped to Kurnaul. Other parties of fugitives also met them as they were going back, and endeavoured to rally the drivers and bring off the guns, but it was in vain.

It was nearly dark when these guns got back to cantonments, and the mutineers were holding high revel. The sudden tramp of the horses, rattling of the chains, and rumbling of the heavy carriage-wheels arrested them in the midst of their plunder. Their one thought was, "The Meerut troops are on us!" and *they took to their heels!* Goaded on by conscience, which made greater cowards of them than they are by constitution, they never stopped till they were safe within the city walls, flying, as it turned out, at the sound of their own fellow-traitors.

The Sepoys of the 38th made no attempt to oppose the retreat ; their manner was more and more defiant, and their language grew more insolent, but they committed no act of violence. Indeed, many of them crowded round the brigadier and his brigade-major, who still remained behind, and urged them, in terms more earnest than respectful, to be off—"this was no longer a place for them."

It was now nearly sunset. All had dispersed in carriages and buggies, on horseback and on foot, some hoping to reach Meerut, others Kurnaul. The brigadier, Captain Nicoll, and Dr. Stewart alone remained, and they now resolved to follow. All hope of holding the place was gone, and every moment's delay needlessly hazarded their lives. Rumours, too, were coming up that the troopers, having completed their repast and refreshed themselves, meditated a visit to cantonments ; indeed, two or three were seen entering the Suddur Bazaar. Some of the Sepoys still crowded round, and said they would retire with the brigadier : he determined on one more effort to rally them, and sounded "the assembly" ; but it was to no purpose ; *only one man* of the 74th Native Infantry came forward, and he never left them. Poor Colonel Ripley, who

still lay there, lingering on in hopeless agony, was placed in a *doolie* and consigned to some bearers to be conveyed to Kurnaul, and then nothing more remained to be done. Brigadier Graves, Captain Nicoll, and Dr. Stewart mounted their horses and turned their backs upon Delhi.

Night closed in quickly on the short Indian twilight ; and, alas ! how many a cold, mutilated corpse, a few hours before all life and energy, how many an aching, agonised heart, that morning bright with happiness and hope, did it cover with its dark shroud !

What scenes were enacted during the dread hours of that night, with all their harrowing details of woe and suspense, who can attempt to describe ? Each survivor had his tale of horrors, of mental trials worse than bodily suffering, to haunt him with ever-recurring vividness to the hour of his death. Some there were, struggling away, footsore and weary, hoping to find shelter in some quiet lurking-place, or protection from the villagers around ; but many of them doomed to prove that the village demons were more fiendish than the monsters they had left behind in Delhi. Here a party, driven from the suspected shelter of false or timid friendship of a native chief, was hurrying on, wounded and faint, through gangs of marauding Goojurs. Another group, dragging themselves along, with buggy broken, and horse exhausted, over fields and ditches, through brooks and morasses—at one time scarcely eluding a party of vagrants greedy for plunder, at another skirting some village bounds, fearing to ask for shelter, dreading lest every step might betray their presence and seal their fate ; others again, heart-broken and famished, throwing themselves down on the roadside in despair, courting their doom, praying that they might die and be released from their misery ! Others there were, still penned up within the city walls, unable to escape, sheltered by faithful domestics—or even by strangers moved to sympathy—passing those hours in agonising fear, within hearing of the devilish orgies ; a few, a very few, enabled to escape, and through perils and trials brought at length to safety and rest,

THE HEROES OF THE POWDER MAGAZINE, AT DELHI.

BY THE REV. J. CAVE-BROWNE, M.A.,

Chaplain of the Punjab Movable Column.

THE European staff of the magazine comprised only the following :—Lieutenant George Willoughby of the artillery, in command ; Lieutenants G. Forrest and W. Raynor assistant-commissaries of ordnance ; Conductors Buckley, Shaw, and Scully ; Sub-Conductor Crow, and Sergeants Edwards and Stewart. Such were the gallant little band that now prepared itself to defend the magazine by every means which, on the spur of the moment, it was possible to devise, in the firm hope that succour would soon come from Meerut ; or, failing that, prepared to sell it with their lives. Sir Thomas Metcalfe's suggestion of moving out the two guns towards the bridge was at once found impracticable. There were neither cattle to draw them nor gunners to work them. Lieutenant Willoughby, as soon as he found the crowd gathering round and becoming tumultuous, had sent off a messenger for succour from the cantonments. This man met Colonel Ripley and the 38th passing in at the main guard. Their fate we already know. The condition of the magazine was in the meantime becoming more perilous. The crowd was increasing ; messengers were arriving from the palace, demanding admission ; a small body of the king's own soldiers marched down to the main gateway, and, relieving the Sepoy guard outside, took possession. Nor were matters progressing more favourably within.

The native subordinates were evidently traitors, and were communicating with the multitude outside. So it became necessary to prepare for the worst. Those preparations are thus described by Lieutenant Forrest himself: "Inside the gate leading to the park we placed two 6-pounders, double-charged with grape, one under Acting Sub-Conductor Crow and Sergeant Stewart, with the lighted matches in their hands, and with orders that, if any attempt was made to force the gate, both guns were to be fired at once, and they were to fall back on that part of the magazine in which Lieutenant Willoughby and I were posted. The principal gate of the magazine was similarly defended by two guns, and the *chevaux-de-frise* laid down on the inside. For the further defence of this gate and the magazine in its vicinity, there were two 6-pounders so placed as both to command the gate and a small bastion in its vicinity. Within sixty yards of the gate, and in front of the office, and commanding two cross-roads, were three 6-pounders and one 24-pounder howitzer, which could be so managed as to act upon any part of the magazine in that neighbourhood. After all these guns and howitzers had been placed in the several positions above named, they were loaded with double charges of grape." Next followed preparations for that *dernier ressort*—that act which will give to the name of the shy, reserved, modest, unpretending subaltern of artillery, George Willoughby, a place in the roll of England's heroes. If he might not hold the magazine with all its stores, at least they should not fall into the hands of the mutineers. From the main powder-store was laid a train to the foot of a large lime-tree standing alone in the yard. At the trunk of this tree was stationed Conductor Scully, with orders that when he saw Conductor Buckley raise his hat the train was to be fired.

For some time matters remained thus in a state of awful suspense. The little garrison within watched and wondered at the seeming hesitation of the multitude without. Of that hesitation a solution may now be given. The king had at first been taken by surprise; the spirit of insurrection which

he had evoked had broken out before the preconcerted time. The thought of the strong European garrison of Meerut, and of the dire retribution which might come from that quarter, made him cautious. He hesitated before compromising himself. Messengers were despatched on camels along the Meerut road, to give immediate intimation of the advance of any European force. About the middle of the day they returned to the palace, and reported that not a soldier was within twenty miles. The old king now took courage. Another and a stronger guard was sent down, under a son and a grandson of the king, to demand the immediate surrender of the magazine, in the king's name. On this being refused, scaling-ladders were sent out from the palace and planted against the walls along the main road.

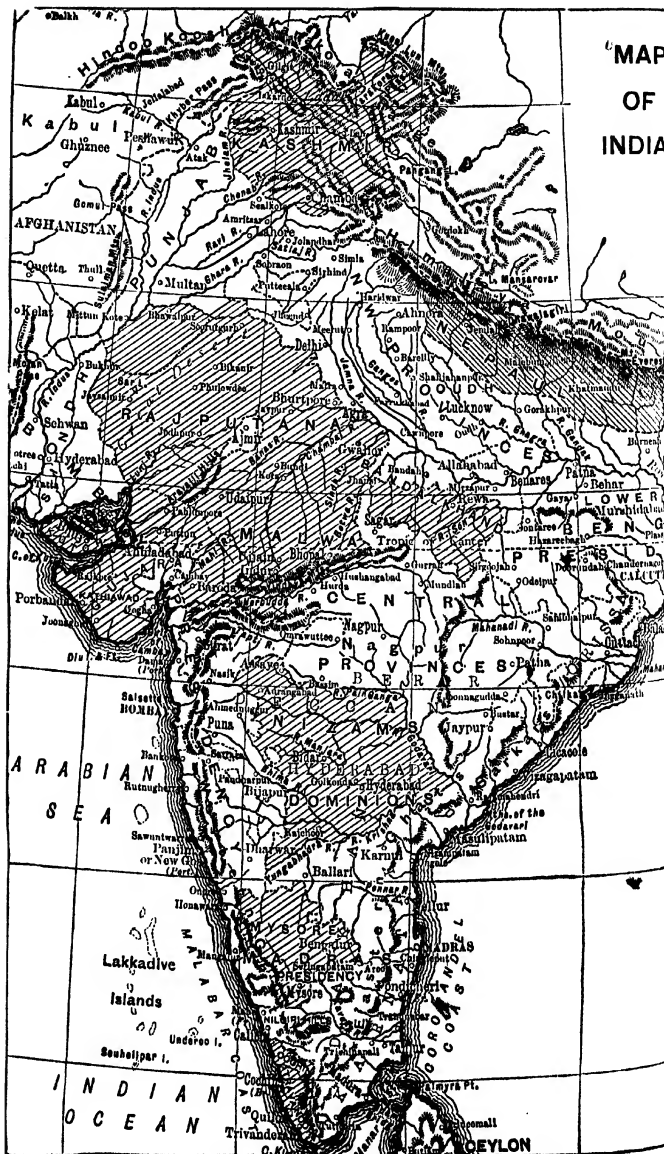
Danger threatened also from another quarter. Under the south wall of the magazine stood the old Christian burial-ground, with its wonted array of unchristian monuments, stucco porches, broken shafts, and obelisks, towering above even the level of the magazine walls. The Sepoys and king's guard, baffled in their attempts to effect an entrance at the gates, climbed up to the tops of these tombs, and from thence fired in upon the little garrison as they stood at their guns and were unable to defend themselves against this new enemy. Then, the scaling-ladders once fairly planted, up swarmed the rebels. On reaching the tops of the walls they were greeted with volleys of grape, and swept off; but more crowded up. Nobly were the guns worked by the few Englishmen, but it was all in vain.

As a last hope Willoughby rushed to the small bastion on the river face: one more look—a long anxious look—towards Meerut; but not a sign of coming succour. It was clear that Meerut had failed them. Willoughby returned to his guns. For above five hours had that noble little band defended their fortress. Buckley had been wounded in the arm; Forrest had two shots in the hand. Further defence was hopeless. Willoughby passed the fatal word to Buckley, Buckley raised his hat, Scully fired the train: the whole building seemed to

be hurled into the air, and hundreds of the rebels were buried in the ruins !

That a single European should have escaped was indeed wonderful. Poor Scully was so dreadfully wounded that escape for him was impossible. Sub-Conductor Crow and Sergeant Edwards fell at their guns ; Raynor and Buckley scrambled over the *débris* of the wall, and eventually reached Meerut ; Willoughby, accompanied by Forrest and his family, rushed down the sally-port in the waterside bastion, and made for the main guard. Of the former, said one who saw him rush past, that morning had stamped years of age and care on his fair, boyish face. India rang with his praise, and England echoed back the applause ; but he was not to hear, or to receive the reward of his heroism. Two or three days after he was brutally murdered in a village on his way to Meerut. Each of the survivors, however—Forrest, Raynor, Shaw, Buckley, and Stewart—received a nobly-earned promotion and a Victoria Cross.

MAP OF INDIA



MAP OF INDIA

THE BRITISH ADVANCE ON DELHI.

THE BATTLES ON THE HINDUN AND OF BUDLEE-KA-SERAI.

THE mutinous Sepoys of Meerut and the scoundrels who had been released from gaol, having revelled in their butchery and rapine, marched to Delhi without interference from the fifteen hundred European soldiers of all arms who remained at Meerut without attempting pursuit or in any way to render assistance to their compatriots at Delhi, who were in such deadly peril, and who were so anxiously expecting succour. Not until May 27th did the Meerut brigade, under Brigadier (afterwards Sir) Archdale Wilson, move out of their cantonments to join the "Punjab Movable" column marching upon Delhi from Kurnaul under Sir Henry Barnard, who had succeeded to the command on the death from cholera of General Anson, the commander-in-chief. Communication between the two forces had been established by the extraordinary daring of Lieutenant William Hodson, who in seventy-two hours rode one hundred and fifty-two miles through a hostile country.

On the 30th of May, after three nights' marching, the Meerut brigade encamped by the River Hindun. Every one in camp was prostrated with fierce heat. The presence of an enemy nearer than Delhi was not suspected; the vedettes reported nothing. But in the afternoon the bugles called to arms: on the opposite bank of the river the mutineers from Delhi had posted themselves and were opening fire. The 60th Rifles were ordered to hold the bridge which formed the key of the position. The horse artillery, supported by the

carabineers, went to the right of the camp, dashed down the rugged banks of the river, crossed its dangerous bed, and successfully turned the left flank of the enemy. The mutineers, who worked their guns with precision, born of patient training by British artillery men, fought stubbornly, but at length broke and fled ignominiously in the direction of Delhi, leaving five guns in the hands of the British. The British loss would have been small but for the explosion of an ammunition waggon, into which a Sepoy deliberately discharged his musket just as a party of the Rifles, under Captain Andrews, were seizing the gun to which the cart belonged. The Sepoy sacrificed his own life, but Captain Andrews and several others were killed.

When the defeated mutineers reached Delhi, the contumely with which they were received stimulated them to return with reinforcements to again challenge on the banks of the Hindun the march of the British towards Delhi. The 31st of May was a Sunday. "It was, moreover, Whit Sunday. Its opening hours were solemnised by the burial of the dead. The looks of mourners, standing around the spot which was selected to be the resting-place of that which was mortal of the brave departed, betokened how genuine and universal was the sorrow felt upon the occasion. A babool tree, a little in the rear, and a mile-stone (either the eighth, ninth, or tenth from Delhi) a little above, and situated on the main road between Meerut and Delhi, mark the spot. There we" (writes the Rev. J. E. W. Rotton, M.A., in "The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi") "laid them to resolve into their original elements—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life. There was no church parade that day." Another attack was expected, and about midday it took place. At that hour appearances of the enemy on the other side of the suspension bridge became manifest; the bugles accordingly sounded the alarm. Thereupon two guns advanced across the bridge, supported by a troop of carabineers. The Rifles followed. Just at this moment the gallant Captain Rosser, in charge of the troop of carabineers, rode up to the colonel of the Rifles and said,

"I am a target, sir, for the men in the village." Colonel Jones thereupon advanced with two companies of his own men, wheeled into line, and attacked the obnoxious village. There he and his men remained for two hours under a very heavy fire of cannon and musketry; but the intensity of the afternoon's sun, aggravated considerably by the smouldering remains of ricks and rubbish within the village, rendered it very uncomfortable to remain there longer.

But orders were received from the brigadier to hold the village. "Only those present on this occasion," says Mr. Rotton, "can form any idea of the power of the rays of the sun during the day. They smote like the fiery blasts of the furnace. The sufferings of the soldiers must have been something terrible, and beyond anything which they had ever experienced, in or out of India, before. Thirst, as a necessary consequence, was almost insatiable, and the intolerableness of it was greatly enhanced by the impossibility of relieving it in sufficient degree. Amid all this heat the fight was at its very fiercest. Moreover, it continued very long. Some were sun-stricken, some slain, and a few, whose cruel thirst induced them to slake it in water provided by the enemy, in vessels containing strong, corrosive poison, were thus deprived of life. But all circumstances duly considered, the casualties of the day were comparatively very few, and our success was signal and complete."

The mutineers, defeated at all points, fled to Delhi; the British, fainting after the heat of the duty, were unable to follow up their decisive victory. The army remained upon the field, waiting for instructions from Sir Henry Barnard, until the 4th of June, when an order came to march to Alipore where, three days later, the columns joined for a combined march on Delhi. The staff of the commander-in-chief anxiously debated regarding the position which the mutineers might choose to make their final stand. In this emergency Lieutenant Holson sallied forth with a few troopers, rode right up to the Delhi race-course, made a careful reconnaissance, returned to camp at daybreak, and presented his report. The mutineers were

strongly entrenched about five miles north-west of Delhi at Budlee-Ka-Serai, a group of buildings protected on the right by an impassable water-course and on the left by a canal.

About one hundred and fifty yards in front of the Serai stood, on high ground, two ruined summer-houses, one on either side; here they had established a couple of batteries and mounted some light fieldpieces; while in support along the front of the Serai they had planted several heavy pieces to sweep the whole of the open ground; and to give full effect to their guns, they had placed at intervals large earthen jars, painted white, to enable them more accurately to mark the distances and to regulate the elevation of the guns. In the evening of that day, the 7th of June, it was known that a battle was to be fought on the morrow. The excitement of the soldiers was intense. Even the sick rose painfully from their beds, and swore that they would remain in hospital no longer. Soon after two o'clock the next morning, the British force moved forward. A march of five miles brought them close to the enemy's position. The heavy 18- and 24-pounder guns which the mutineers had brought out from the magazine, played with deadly effect upon the advancing column. To add to the discomfiture, somebody—no one knows who—called out "Prepare for cavalry," and the 75th Regiment formed into square; so that the round-shot ploughed murderously through their closed ranks. Brigadier Showers saw the mistake, but there was no time to remedy it; so, galloping to their front, he led them up, in square as they were, to the batteries.

With a British cheer they dashed forward, and, supported by the 1st Fusiliers, seized the guns. Brigadier Graves had, by this time, brought up his column, and by a slight flank movement, leading his men under heavy fire up to their knees in water, completed the capture. The long-looked-for cavalry brigade, which had met with unforeseen difficulties, now appeared, and by a dashing and murderous charge upon the retreating rebels completed the rout. The whole affair had scarcely lasted an hour; yet it was no easy victory. The

mutineers fought well: they worked the guns with fatal accuracy; but it was the charge of the Europeans which took them by surprise. Hand to hand they fought, for they knew there was no quarter for them; and they sold their lives dearly. It was said that of those who came out of Delhi a thousand never returned. Although the victors were fearfully exhausted, they were eager to follow up their success and give the enemy no time to rally. "About half a mile beyond the Serai," writes Holmes in his "History of the Indian Mutiny," "the main road split into two branches. Along the left branch, leading to the cantonments, Barnard and Graves marched with part of the force, while the remainder, under Wilson, was sent along the other towards the city. The mutineers were soon discovered, strongly posted on the ridge. The entire British army was too small to make a front attack upon the whole length of their position; but it was intended that the two divisions, falling upon either flank, should re-unite in the centre, while Reid with his Goorkhas was attacking in front. The left column was harassed in its advance by a heavy fire from a battery which the enemy had established at the Flag-staff Tower, the extreme end of his position, but it held on resolutely; and now Graves was triumphantly leading his men into the cantonments from which, just four weeks before, he had been expelled by his own troops. Presently Wilson's column came up, having fought its way under a still more galling fire directed against it from the cover of walls and gardens along its route. Then the exhausted troops lay down to rest and eat a mouthful of food; but the tents were not yet pitched, when the enemy, emerging from the city, opened a fresh fire. The Goorkhas, the Rifles, the Fusiliers, and some of the 75th had to rouse themselves to repel the attack; and it was not until five o'clock, after sixteen hours' marching and fighting, that the victorious army laid its weapons aside.

"The British loss had been severe; but the victory was worth the price paid for it, for the enemy had sustained the third and bloodiest of their defeats; they had been driven ignominiously by a force far smaller than their own to take refuge within

the walls of the city from which they had but lately expelled every Christian inhabitant whom they had not murdered.

“The sun was still high above the west horizon; but the fierce heat of the day had spent itself; and the soldiers, as they stood upon the ridge, had leisure to look down upon a scene of glorious beauty. Right in front of them lay the imperial city of India. The long line of wall that fenced it in was broken at intervals by massive gates and bastions half hidden by clumps of trees. Straight across the city within ran the broad Chandree Chouk, fringed by rows of trees; and here and there, above the labyrinth of streets and lanes on either side, stately houses and graceful mosques gleamed in the sun. On the left, in the midst of a fair garden, rose the lofty red walls and round towers of the palace which Shah Jehan had reared, and on an island to the north of it the old towers of Selim guruh frowned down upon the blue sparkling waters of the Jumna. In the centre of the city, high above all, soared the swelling white marble domes and tall minarets of the Jumma Musjid; and far away to the south, in the midst of a vast, sandy waste, strewn with the ruins of old Delhi, rose the gigantic Minar of Kootub.

“Exhausted though they were, the British lay down to rest with light hearts; for they did not know how many weary weeks they were to spend outside the walls which they had boasted they would overpass on the day of their arrival.”

Thus ended the 8th of June.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

TO reach Delhi was to take it. Such appears to have been the commonly-accepted belief; the Delhi field force was expected to capture the city by a *coup-de-main*, and, leaving behind a small British garrison, to press on to the relief of Cawnpore, Lucknow, and any other place where the British needed succour. It will always remain a disputed point whether, if the victory of Budlee-Ka-Serai had been vigorously followed up, the city would have been taken.

There were then not more than seven thousand Sepoys within the city; the available British soldiers numbered two thousand. This numerical discrepancy was as great when the assault took place on the 14th of September as it was on the 9th of June when, with a swinging stride, and amid enthusiastic cheers, the famous corps of the Guides marched into the British camp—an invaluable reinforcement to General Barnard. Soon after midnight on the 12th of May, the Guides, then close to Peshawur, received orders to march at daylight to join the force before Delhi. Three days they halted by special order, but on the twenty-fourth morning after starting they were at Delhi. For three weeks, under a scorching sun, they had marched twenty-seven miles a day, and, three hours after arriving in camp, were in action. For in the afternoon of the 9th the mutineers made a desperate attack upon the British camp—so desperate, that the Guides were called out. Unwearied by their long and brilliant march they repelled the attack and pursued the enemy right up to the city walls. But their triumph was dearly bought: their commanding officer, Captain (afterwards Sir Henry) Daly,

was wounded, and among the mortally wounded was Quintin Battye, one of five brothers, three others of whom have since died valiantly fighting in the wars of the Indian frontier. "Now I have a chance of seeing service," was his joyous exclamation to the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, M.A., the Chaplain of the Punjab movable column, as he turned his back on Nowshera on the 13th of May. "Three weeks after, he had fought his first and last fight. The brave boy died with a smile on his lip, and upon his tongue the words, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*'"

General Barnard's position was one of exceptional difficulty. He was expected to recapture Delhi without delay. But the city before which he was encamped was surrounded by a wall, about seven miles in extent and twenty-four feet high, strengthened by bastions and with ten massive gates. Round the wall was a dry ditch, about twenty-five feet wide and twenty feet deep. The fortifications had been recently repaired: the artillery at his disposal was too weak to batter them down: his force was only sufficient to watch that part, about a seventh of the whole, that faced the ridge upon which his army was encamped. The young engineer officers urged an immediate assault, as delay would diminish the chances of success.

The leaders in this desperate project were Lieutenants Greathed, Chesney, and Maunsell, of the Bengal Engineers, and "Hodson, of Hodson's Horse." They proposed that the whole effective strength of the infantry, guards and pickets included, should move out in the dead of night, while the camp was to be left solely under the guard of cavalry; that two of the gates should be blown in by powder-bags, and that the force, in two columns, should throw themselves on the slumbering city, and seize the main-guard and the palace. "It was a desperate venture—all to be staked on a single throw; no reserves, not even supports to fall back upon in case of failure." The project was accepted by General Barnard. Soon after midnight everything was ready. The troops selected for this enterprize were duly warned. The gallant Rifles moved

up close to the walls, but an important part of the destined force was missing. Without them the storming party was insufficient for the work, and to the bitter disappointment of those who believed that Delhi was within their grasp, the projected assault was abandoned. Writing on the 18th of June to Sir John Lawrence, General Barnard said: "I confess that I had consented to a *coup-de-main*; accident alone prevented it: it may be the interposition of Providence. From what I can hear, and from the opinion of others whom it became my duty to consult, I am convinced that success would have been as fatal as failure." In short, the idea of capturing the city by a *coup-de-main* was abandoned; the besiegers, pending the arrival of reinforcements, were in reality the besieged; the enemy in Delhi possessed more guns of a heavy calibre than the British. General Barnard at once therefore took steps to fortify his position wherever possible.

The centenary of Plassey was approaching. The 23rd of June was also a high festival of the Hindoos. Native prophecy assured the Sepoys that the hundred years of British rule would be terminated. Moreover, *bang*—an intoxicating drink—had been served out to them without stint. In great force, on the morning of the 23rd of June the mutineers marched out of the Lahore Gate at daybreak; a furious battle ensued; thousands of infuriated rebels were hurled against a mere handful of British; even the exhausted reinforcements which had just reached the British camp were brought into action. After a long day of hard fighting under a burning sun the mutineers fell back upon the city. The heat was terrific; the thermometer approached 140° with a hot wind blowing, and a frightful glare. Of ten officers in a single regiment, five were smitten with sunstroke. "It was one of those victories of which a few more repetitions would have turned our position into a graveyard, on which the enemy might have quietly encamped." A permanent result of the engagement was, however, to strengthen the British position in such a way that the mutineers were thenceforth unable to attack the rear of the camp without undertaking a long circuit.

Reinforcements were also arriving for General Barnard. Sir John Lawrence was sending down from the Punjab both European and Sikh troops and every available gun. On the day after the centenary of Plassey, Brigadier (afterwards Sir) Neville Chamberlain arrived to take up the office of adjutant-general; his presence, it was said, was "worth a thousand men." These reinforcements were sorely needed because the resources of the mutineers were still more strengthened by the arrival of the Rohilkund contingent. And although the enemy were foiled in their repeated attacks, yet it was daily becoming apparent that the British force had made no impression on the city. Not a single hostile gun had been silenced; the Rifles alone had lost a hundred and sixty-five men, killed, wounded, and destroyed by disease. The month of July was a dark month for the British force. A handful of men along an open ridge was struggling against a host behind massive walls. Even the abandonment of the siege was gravely discussed. Little wonder that, as a forlorn hope, the old project of an assault was revived. Indeed, a plan was devised and divulged only to those who were to take part in it. All was ready; but all was suddenly abandoned. Even some of the general's staff knew nothing of the project; yet it was known inside the city. If the *coup-de-main* had been attempted the force would have been destroyed by treachery. There were traitors in the camp! Every plan and movement seemed known to the enemy. Another circumstance aroused suspicion. The loss of European officers in some corps had been exceptional; some had been wounded twice, even thrice. Moreover, some had fallen when the enemy were not firing! It was eventually discovered that a Poorbeah company of the Guides were the culprits; many of the officers had been shot down by men of their own corps. Some of the leading Poorbeahs were not only spies and traitors, but emissaries of the king of Delhi. Three were hanged at nightfall on the 2nd of July, and all the Poorbeahs cleared out of the camp. The previous day the camp had been cheered by the arrival of the right wing of the 61st Regiment as they marched in headed by their regimental band

playing "Cheer, boys, cheer," but the joy was qualified by the knowledge that the mutineers had received large reinforcements the same day. From the very first cholera had infected the camp. The 8th and 61st Foot especially suffered. "In the hospitals of these corps," writes the chaplain, "it was melancholy to see nearly every man languishing from that terrible disease. . . . The flies, almost as innumerable as the sand on the sea-shore, alighted on your face and head, and crawled down your back, and occasionally flew down your throat, when you were engaged in reading or praying with a dying man. So general was this mortal sickness in the hospitals that at last I could only hope to discharge my duty by taking up a central position, with a chair for a hassock to kneel on in prayer, and making a general supplication for all the patients; while afterwards, with Bible in hand, I read and expounded extemporaneously some appropriate passages of Scripture."

On the morning of the 5th of July General Barnard was seized; in the afternoon he was dead. "General affability and hearty courtesy stamped him the English gentleman; he never shrank from work nor despised danger. The sense of responsibility weighed him down, anxiety of mind and constant exposure to sun and rain had been for some days telling upon him, and predisposed him to the disease." General Reed succeeded to the command, but he had been an invalid from the first, and soon resolved to retire. But for his wound—the bone of his left arm had been splintered by a grape-shot—Brigadier Chamberlain might have succeeded to the command; the army was, however, well prepared to receive Brigadier Archdale Wilson, who on the Hindun and at Budlee-Ka-Serai had given proof of his capacity. The new brigadier's appointment was signalled on the 18th by a desperate attack upon the British lines. The mutineers from Jhansi had arrived at Delhi, and, following the example of all the new comers, and intoxicated with their triumph at Jhansi, tried conclusions with the English batteries, but at the sight of British bayonets they retreated. With the exception of a desperate fight on the 23rd, the remainder of July passed in almost uninterrupted quiet. Up

to the 31st of July twenty-three battles had been fought ; twenty-two officers and two hundred and ninety-six men had been killed ; and seventy-two officers and nine hundred and ninety men wounded. The force at this date consisted of six thousand two hundred effective, and one thousand and sixty sick and wounded.

The time for assaulting had passed. There was nothing left but to hold on until the arrival of guns of sufficient calibre and range to silence those of the mutineers. There were indeed those who advocated the abandonment of the camp on the ground that the force could be better employed elsewhere. But for the arguments of Baird Smith, the chief engineer, this might have been ; the brigadier, however, could not resist the plea that "it is our duty to retain the grip which we now have upon Delhi, and to hold on like grim death till the place is our own." Meanwhile he set to work to maintain his position with the least possible loss, until his force could be so strengthened as to render an assault secure in its results. His troops had fought more than twenty battles ; many valuable lives had been lost in pursuing retreating rebels. An order was issued that when an attack had been repelled, no attempt was to be made to follow it up. The position was to be purely defensive. It was further strengthened by the erection of an almost unbroken line of breastwork along which the troops could pass in comparative safety. Discipline had suffered owing to the inroads of disease—one-fifth of the whole force were in hospital—and repeated and harassing attacks at all times of the day and night. Undisturbed rest was unknown. Worn out with exposure, the men were becoming reckless : some had blown out their brains because of their apparently hopeless position. The brigadier at once established a system of reliefs, insisted upon men turning out in their uniforms instead of in their shirt-sleeves, and introduced improved sanitary regulations. The health and tone of the camp quickly improved. News from the outside was also reassuring ; it was known that reinforcements were really on the way to share in the crowning assault. The prowess of Havelock's force

had reached the ears of the mutineers in Delhi. They heard of "demons" in petticoats (Highlanders), and broad-shouldered "fiends" (the Naval Brigade), who could carry the heaviest cannon on their backs. They were, moreover, rent by internal strife and dissension. Consequently at the beginning of August hope revived in the British camp. The tide had turned.

On the 7th of August Nicholson arrived in advance of his column to consult with the brigadier. On the 14th he went out to meet his force which was fast approaching, and marched into camp at its head. A few days later it was known that the siege-train was on its way down. The enemy resolved to intercept it. On the 25th was fought the battle of Nujufgurh; a conspicuously desperate struggle in which the mutineers were repulsed. The conquerors bivouacked on the wet field without food or clothing; next day they returned to the ridge. On the 4th of September, amid intense excitement, the siege-train arrived. It consisted of thirty-two pieces, twenty-four pounders and ten-inch howitzers and mortars. Now with fifty-four guns at their disposal the general and his engineers lost no time in setting to work. On the morning of the 7th the last reinforcements arrived—the 4th Punjab Rifles. The assault upon the city was now but a question of days. "Again the supremacy of the English race in India, obscured only for a little while, was to be reasserted and re-established; and there was not a white man in camp who did not long, with a great hunger of the heart, for the day when the signal would be given, and it would be left for our English manhood to decide for itself whether any multitude of natives of India, behind their walls of masonry, could deter our legions from a victorious entrance into the imperial city of the Mogul."

HOW MAJOR TOMBS AND LIEUTENANT HILLS WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

THE 9th of July witnessed a stirring incident in the camp on the ridge before Delhi. Some of the enemy's cavalry were treacherously brought in by a portion of the 9th Irregulars. As they slowly approached, the British pickets recognised their own men, and therefore withheld their fire. But the unaccountable increase in the 9th Irregulars excited suspicion. The field artillery on the spot were ordered to unlimber. Lieutenant Hills, in prompt obedience to orders, was straining every nerve to get his guns into action, but only succeeded in having one unlimbered, when the enemy were upon him. Rather than fly he charged the insurgents single-handed, so as to give his men time to load the gun. He fired four barrels of his revolver, killed two men, then threw his empty revolver in the face of another, who, stunned by the blow, fell prostrated from his horse. Two sowars immediately charged the gallant officer, who with his horse was rolled over, but thus escaped two slashes made at him, one of which, however, laid open his jacket just below the left arm. The rebels passed on, thinking their antagonist was slain, but presently Lieutenant Hills rose and looked about for his sword, which he discovered ten yards from the spot where he had fallen.

At once three of the enemy returned to attack him, two on horseback, and a third on foot. A desperate struggle ensued. The first man was wounded and unhorsed. The second charged with a lance, but received a fearful gash on the face; nothing daunted, he returned to the attack, only to fall a victim to the skill and daring of the Englishman. The third and

most formidable foe was yet to come ; he was young and active and unwearied by previous effort. The lieutenant was becoming exhausted ; moreover, his cloak had, by some means, fastened itself tightly round his throat, almost to suffocation. The two met in close conflict. The rebel seized the artilleryman's sword, and twisted it out of his grasp. A hand-to-hand fight ensued. The Englishman hit the rebel full in the face with his fist, but at this moment was cut down from behind. Another blow would have done for him, had not Major Tombs, his captain, arrived at the critical moment and shot the plucky mutineer.

Though his wound was severe, Lieutenant Hills was able to walk, and after a time returned with Major Tombs to secure the unlimbered gun. To their surprise, they encountered a mutineer who, they both supposed, had been killed, walking off with the revolver which Lieutenant Hills had thrown at his opponent's head. A brief but desperate fight ensued. Lieutenant Hills was again wounded, but his life was once more saved by Major Tombs, who cut down the mutineer.

Major Tombs afterwards became Major-General, and was made a K.C.B. ; Lieutenant Hills, Lieutenant-General Sir James Hills-Johnes, G.C.B.

THE ASSAULT AND RECAPTURE OF DELHI.

THE last reinforcements had arrived for the gallant band which looked down upon 'the formidable citadel of Hindustan. For months they had endured without a murmur pitiless rain, scorching heat, virulent disease, and severe privation ; but, despite their relatively feeble forces, burned to wipe out the stain which rested on England's fair fame so long as the imperial city was in the grasp of the mutineers. Hundreds must necessarily be slain before their task could be accomplished, but their ardour for the assault ran high ; a day or two more and they would be at close quarters with the foe. Before them was a city seven miles in circumference, filled with an immense fanatical population, garrisoned by forty thousand armed soldiers, with strong walls protected by a ditch twenty-five feet wide and twenty feet deep, loopholed for musketry and mounted with one hundred and fourteen pieces of heavy artillery.

The north face of the city which comprised the whole length of the wall between the Lahore Gate—which was to the right of the British position—and the river Junina, and contained the Moree, Cashmere, and Water-bastions, and the intervening curtains, was resolved on as the side for the assault. The British position along the ridge commanded it ; the intervening ground, although broken up with ruined houses and gardens, presented the only space by which an advance could be made ; at every other point along the land face, the suburbs of the city, covered with crumbling palaces and mosques and houses extending for miles, defied all advance. Towards this

face, therefore, the batteries were pushed forward. The engineers, directed by Colonel Baird Smith, and subsequently by Captain (afterwards General Sir) Alexander Taylor, worked with ceaseless energy and rare skill. Under fierce, relentless, and well-directed fire, in four days they erected four heavy batteries from which the British gunners, despite fearful losses and overpowering heat, poured the leaden hail upon the walls of the doomed city, and prepared the way for the coming assault. Soon fifty pieces of artillery were in full play. It was an exhilarating sight to watch the stonework crumbling under the storm of shot and shell, the breach getting larger and larger, and the eight-inch shells, made to burst just as they touched the parapet, bringing down whole yards of it at a time. But before the assault could be delivered it was necessary to examine the breaches that had been made. Two engineer officers, Medley and Lang, with six picked men, undertook this perilous task. At sunset, they proceeded stealthily to the edge of the ditch outside the walls, and slid down near the Cashmere bastion. But their movements had not been quite noiseless; they heard several men running towards the breach. They lay down and waited, hoping that the enemy would go away; but they waited in vain. It could be seen, however, that the breach was practicable, and the signal was given to return. The eight started up; immediately a storm of bullets whizzed about their ears, but they bore a charmed life and all arrived safely in camp. Two other engineer officers, Greathed and Home, with similar daring ascertained that the Water-bastion was practicable. At midnight the order flew through the camp that the assault would be delivered at daybreak on the following day, the 14th of September.

At three o'clock the troops were under arms. With a fixed determination to do or die, realising that the fate of India was trembling in the balance, inspired with an enthusiasm born not of mere military ardour, but of an unquenchable desire to deal out retribution to the ruthless murderers of innocent women and children, with war-worn faces and uniforms dyed dust-colour, they impatiently waited the signal for the attack.

To some officers and men at their own desire the chaplain had administered the Holy Communion; in some tents the Old Testament lesson for the day had been read. Upon the ears of those who listened fell the words, "Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and robbery . . . draw thee waters for the siege, fortify thy strongholds . . . then shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off, it shall eat thee up like the canker-worm."

The post of honour and danger was claimed by Nicholson. The assaulting force, which was composed of about five thousand men, was divided into four columns, and a reserve. The first, commanded by Nicholson, was to storm the breach near the Cashmere bastion; the second, under Brigadier Jones, was to storm the breach near the Water-bastion; the third, under Colonel Campbell, was to enter the city by the Cashmere Gate, which was to be blown open; the fourth, under Major Reid, was ordered to enter the city by the Lahore Gate; and the reserve, under Brigadier Longfield, was to follow the first column. The long-expected signal rang out; the heavy guns from the English batteries belched forth in reply to the heavy guns from the city, and with stern faces the British force marched down from the ridge as far as the ground opposite Ludlow Castle. There they halted. "Then Nicholson went to Brigadier Jones, who commanded the second column, and putting his hand on his shoulder, asked whether he was ready. The brigadier replied that he was. The guns ceased firing; the rifles with a loud cheer dashed to the front and opened fire; and the columns streamed after to the assault of Delhi." The engineer officers attached to the first column with their ladder men rushed to the breach, closely followed by the storming party. Exposed to a withering fire from the breach and the parapet walls, men fell fast. "Man after man was struck down, and the enemy, with yells and curses, kept up a terrific and unceasing fire, even catching up stones from the breach in their fury, and, dashing them down, dared the assailants to come on." But undaunted by the fiery avalanche, the British soldiers pushed on. Two of the

ladders were placed in the ditch ; instantly the officers—first among whom was Fitzgerald of H.M.'s 75th Regiment who was killed immediately afterwards—led their men down. Once in the ditch, to mount the escarp and scramble up the breach was the work of an instant. The enemy did not wait for a hand-to-hand fight, and feeling that the breach was lost, fled ; the supporting troops of the victorious column poured through the breach, and took up their position within the city walls.

Meanwhile the second column had started for the breach in the Water-bastion. They had to make a slight *détour* to avoid some water in the ditch, and were exposed to the full fury of an incessant and well-directed fire. The two engineer officers fell, severely wounded ; and out of the thirty-nine ladder men twenty-nine were struck down in a few minutes. But the survivors pressed on, planted their ladders, dashed through the breach, and, joined by the remainder of their column and some of Nicholson's men, swept the enemy before them, cleared the ramparts as far as the Cabul Gate, on the top of which a private of H.M.'s 61st Regiment planted the column flag which was presented to Her Majesty the Queen on January 1st, 1877, the day of the proclamation of Her Majesty's title of Empress of India.

The third column was preceded by an explosion party, who, with an audacity unsurpassed in military history, successfully achieved the task assigned to them of blowing up the Cashmere Gate. Through the breach thus made, in less than a minute after Bugler Hawthorne had sounded the bugle-call to announce the successful completion of the perilous undertaking, the third column, followed by the reserve, entered the city just as the first and second columns had won the breaches.

Upon the success of the fourth column under Major Reid much depended. The original intention was that he should enter the city by the Lahore Gate. His force consisted of eight hundred and fifty men, drawn from eight different regiments ; but he had only three guns, and these were

inadequately manned. To reach the Lahore Gate the column had to pass Kissengunge, in which it was known that a formidable body of the enemy was located with the view of turning the British flank, attacking the rear, overwhelming the camp, and murdering all the sick and wounded while the British were engrossed in the assault. So the advance of the fourth column, though unsuccessful, effected a twofold object—it acted as a feint by confirming the rebels in their expectation that the main assault would be at this point, and it saved the British rear and camp.

Before the column were two breastworks which the enemy had thrown up to protect Kissengunge ; these the Rifles and the Goorkhas cleared with a rush, and the enemy retired towards the city. Pressing on, the column began to cross the bridge spanning the canal, but were subjected to a galling fire from the loopholed walls of Kissengunge eighteen feet high. Reid, standing on the parapet of the canal bridge, observed thousands of rebels pouring out of the city down the dry bed of the canal, and was just about to feign an attack in front of the Kissengunge heavy batteries, whilst he should direct a real one in their flank and rear, when he fell over the parapet of the bridge, struck in the head by a musket-ball. Up to this time “all was going on admirably, the troops were steady, and well in hand.” His fall decided the fate of the fourth column. He knew every inch of the ground thoroughly, and there was no real successor to the command. The battle was lost. Officers could not make themselves heard, and gave conflicting orders ; some of the troops became panic-stricken and retreated in the direction of the ridge, followed by the enemy.

But the possibility of the failure of any one of the columns and a consequent counter-attack by the enemy had not been overlooked. A brigade of cavalry supported by horse artillery under Brigadier (afterwards Sir) Hope Grant was in readiness to act as circumstances demanded, and now moved to support the beaten column. From the houses near Kissengunge poured so deadly a musketry fire upon the cavalry that the Horse Artillery dashed to the front, opened fire, and drove the enemy

back to the city. Thereupon the guns from the Burn bastion opened on the cavalry. Drawn up for action, but compelled to remain inactive, by their presence they afforded immense aid to the infantry trying to make good their position in the city. For two hours they never moved, though officers and men fell fast. "Nine officers of the 9th Lancers had their horses shot under them. Conspicuous on either side of this gallant regiment were the scarlet-clad horse of Dighton Probyn and the Punjabis of John Watson in their slate-coloured garments." The carnage was terrible, but the intelligence arrived that the infantry had established their positions in the city, and Hope Grant withdrew his force, having prevented the rebels following up their victory over the fourth column, and very effectively diverted attention from the operations in the city.

But the repulse of Major Reid's column rendered the position of those which had gained an entrance into the city critical in the extreme. Nicholson was impatient to penetrate into the city, and pushed forward along the walls towards the Lahore Gate, hoping to receive the support of the fourth column. In his front was a lane, about ten feet wide, but narrowed to three feet in places by projecting buttresses or towers, all of which were strongly occupied by the enemy; the lane was further defended by two brass guns. On receiving the order his men dashed gallantly up the lane; took the first gun with a rush, and dashed at the second. Lieutenant Butler of the 1st Fusiliers ran past it up to the bullet-proof screen beyond. At the screen two bayonets were thrust at him which pinned him between them as if he were between the prongs of a fork. Firing his revolver down the loopholes he forced the men who were thrusting at him to withdraw their weapons. But the volleys of grape and musketry, of stone and round shot were so appalling that he received no support, and the men fell back behind the first gun. The retreat was but momentary; reforming their ranks they again dashed forward, spiked the first gun, and threw themselves on the second. As they rushed on, their leader, Major Jacob, of the 1st Fusiliers, was mortally wounded. With his dying

breath he urged his comrades forward. Six other officers were in turn struck down; men fell fast as the grape shot tore through their ranks. The shattered column were falling back a second time when Nicholson rushed to the front, and raising his sword above his head, with passionate appeal summoned them to follow where their general led. The next moment he fell back mortally wounded. Still he urged his men on, and insisted on lying where he fell till the lane was carried; but, without artillery, the enemy's position was too strong to be carried, and the column retired on the Cabul Gate, which for a time became the advanced position of the British force.

Gradually the fighting ceased; the troops were too exhausted to do more. Four out of the five columns were within the city walls, and had secured a base from which further operations could be carried on. But at what a cost! Sixty-six officers and eleven hundred and four men had fallen during the day. The next day no further advance was possible, for the mass of the troops were *hors de service* from intoxication. The enemy had designedly strewn the deserted streets with bottles of beer, wine, and spirits. The soldiers, parched with thirst after hours of fighting in a broiling sun, yielded to the temptation. But the enemy did not seize their opportunity, and General Wilson, in despair of restraining the men so long as the temptation was before them, ordered that every bottle of beer, wine, or spirits in the shops or go-downs should be broken. The number destroyed was almost *fabulous*. On the morning of the 16th the work of penetrating into the city recommenced. The magazine—the scene of Willoughby's heroism—was stormed and carried. On the 17th the “Delhi Bank House” was captured, though not without heavy loss. But the Burn bastion and the Lahore Gate still held out and kept up a heavy fire on the advanced positions. On the 19th, however, it became clear that the rebels were losing heart; crowds of Sepoys and townspeople were seen pouring out of the Lahore Gate in quick retreat. Moreover, on the 19th the Burn bastion was captured, and the next day the Lahore Gate, which had been deserted, and the Jumma Musjid. On the

20th the fort of Selimgurh was captured by a small party of Sikhs, and the gates of the palace itself were blown in: a few Ghazees who had remained in it were soon overpowered, and "the tread of English troops resounded in the deserted halls and ruined corridors of the palace of the Mogul." But the scum of the rebel army still lurked in the city. In dark corners of the city many British soldiers were basely murdered, but the summary execution of a band who were caught red-handed cleared the city, and thenceforward there was neither murder nor disturbance.

Meanwhile Nicholson was dying. So widespread and deep was the interest which centred in him—not in camp only, but throughout the Punjab—that with each day's bulletin of the progress of the troops was flashed up a report of his state. On the 23rd he died at the early age of thirty-five years. Like Wolfe at Quebec, Abercrombie at Acre, and Nelson at Trafalgar, he lived long enough to see the full success of the attack of which he was so gallant a leader.

The imperial city was once more under British rule. But, in addition to the many who died from disease and exposure, its recapture had resulted in a loss to the Delhi Field Force, in killed, nine hundred and ninety-two, and in wounded, of two thousand seven hundred and ninety-five.

DELHI—THE BLOWING IN OF THE CASHMERE GATE.

NO. 3 column in the assault advanced along the road leading to the Cashmere Gate, and halted while the explosion party went on to blow in the gate. This perilous undertaking was to have been performed at daybreak. Delay had, however, arisen, and it was broad daylight; the hazard was therefore fearful.

The party consisted of Lieutenants Salkeld and Home, of the Engineers; Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith, of the Bengal Sappers, and eight native Sappers to carry the bags of powder. Bugler Hawthorne of the 52nd Regiment also accompanied the party to sound the advance when the gate was blown in. Home advanced across the drawbridge with the bugler, deliberately laid his bags of powder at the foot of the great double gate, and then leaped into the ditch unhurt, as the splendid audacity of the act so paralysed the enemy that they only fired a few shots. Salkeld now advanced with four other bags of powder and a lighted port-fire. The enemy had now recovered from their amazement, and observing the smallness of the party and the object of their approach, poured a deadly fire from all sides upon the gallant Englishmen. Salkeld laid the bags, but was shot through the arm and leg and fell back on the bridge handing the port-fire to Sergeant Burgess. Burgess was instantly shot dead. Sergeant Carmichael then advanced, took up the port-fire, lighted the fuse, but immediately fell, mortally wounded. Sergeant Smith, seeing Carmichael fall, dashed forward, but, finding that the

fuse was burning, threw himself into the ditch where the bugler had already conveyed the gallant Salkeld. In another moment a terrific explosion shattered the massive gates. Above the din the clarion notes of the bugle were heard sounding the advance, and with a loud cheer the 52nd swept through the gateway.

Groping his way amid the dust and rubbish in the ditch, Smith found Lieutenant Home, who was unhurt. Together they sought Lieutenant Salkeld, who at first refused to be moved. Having full confidence in Smith and Hawthorne, Lieutenant Home joined his column, and the dying officer's head was placed upon a powder-bag, and his wounds bound up with improvised bandages torn from a puggaree. Eventually Salkeld, too feeble to resist, was placed on a stretcher and conveyed into camp. But human skill could do nothing to staunch the flow of his life's blood.

Thus was accomplished an act of daring almost unparalleled in military history. Salkeld, Home, Smith, and Hawthorne received the Victoria Cross. But Salkeld died of his terrible wounds; and the gallant Home, after his hair-breadth escape, met death accidentally soon afterwards, while blowing up the fort of Malagurh.

THE CAPTURE OF THE KING OF DELHI, AND THE MASSACRE OF THE PRINCES.

THE expulsion of the English from Delhi, and the restoration, for a time, of the dynasty of the Mogul family was an event of great political significance. Behaudur Shah, who was proclaimed "King of Delhi," was an old and withered man of nearly ninety years of age. It was he of whom Macaulay wrote: "There is still a Mogul, a pensioner of the Company, who is allowed to play at holding courts and receiving petitions within the confines of the palace at Delhi, where he may boast of possessing some of the outward attributes of royalty, but who has less power to help or harm than the youngest official in the Company's service." He was the second in descent from the Emperor Shah Allum, "whom, blind, helpless, and miserable, the English had rescued from the Mahrattas, when at the dawn of the nineteenth century the arms of Lake and Wellesley broke up their powerful confederacy, and scattered the last hopes of the French. Shah Allum was the great-grandson of Aurungzebe, the tenth successor in a direct line from Timour, the great founder of the dynasty of the Moguls."

But though "the great Mogul" was old and would have been well content to have ended his days in peace, the queen never ceased to cherish the hope that her son would restore the fallen fortunes of the House of Delhi. There is reason to believe that emissaries from the palace were untiring in their efforts to excite the Mohammedans against English rule, and it is a matter of history that when the mutineers from Meerut

up to the gate of the city. Hodson rode on a few paces and ordered the gate to be opened. The officer on duty asked simply as he passed what he had got in the carts. "Only the king of Delhi," was the answer; "on which the officer's enthusiastic exclamation was more emphatic than becomes ears polite." On proceeding to the general's quarters to report his successful return, and hand over the royal arms, he was received with the characteristic speech: "Well, I'm glad you have got him, but I never expected to see either him or you again!"

But Hodson was not satisfied with merely securing the king; he set to work to "get hold of the villain princes." Nicholson roused himself to urge their capture, but Wilson yielded a reluctant consent.

"Glad to have at length obtained this consent," wrote Hodson, "I prepared for my dangerous expedition. MacDonald accompanied me, and taking one hundred picked men, I started early for the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, where the three villains had taken sanctuary. I laid my plans so as to cut off access to the tomb or escape from it, and then sent in one of the inferior scions of the royal family (purchased for the purpose by the promise of his life) and my one-eyed Moulvie Rajab Alee, to say that I had come to seize the Shahzada for punishment, and intended to do so, dead or alive. After two hours of wordy strife and very anxious suspense they appeared, and asked if their lives had been promised by the Government, to which I answered 'Most certainly not,' and sent them away from the tomb towards the city under a guard. I then went with the rest of the sowars to the tomb, and found it crowded with, I should think, some six thousand or seven thousand of the servants, hangers-on, and scum of the palace and city, taking refuge in the cloisters which lined the walls of the tomb. I saw at a glance that there was nothing for it but determination and a bold front, so I demanded in a voice of authority the instant surrender of their arms. They immediately obeyed with an alacrity I scarcely dared to hope for, and in less than two hours they brought forth from in-

numerable hiding-places some five hundred swords and more than that number of firearms, besides horses, bullocks, and covered carts called 'Ruths.' I then arranged the arms and animals in the centre, and left an armed guard with them, while I went to look after my prisoners, who, with their guard, had moved on towards Delhi. I came up just in time, as a large mob had collected, and were turning on the guard. I rode in among them at a gallop, and in a few words appealed to the crowd, saying that these were the butchers who had murdered and brutally used helpless women and children, and that the Government had now sent their punishment. Seizing a carbine from one of my men, I deliberately shot them one after the other. I then ordered the bodies to be taken into the city and thrown out on the spot where the blood of their innocent victims still could be distinctly traced. There the bodies remained until, for sanitary reasons, they were removed. In twenty-four hours, therefore, I disposed of the principal members of the house of Timour, the Tartar. I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches. I intended to have had them hung, but when it came to a question of 'they' or 'us' I had no time for deliberation."

Hodson seems to have believed that he had a mission to extirpate the family who instigated and witnessed the shameless massacre of English women and children. Few men were more daring, more heroic, more capable of acting with decision in an emergency. But it would have been well if the record of his exploits had not included his massacre of the princes, an act of which few, even after a careful review of all the exceptional circumstances of the times, have approved.

THE STORY OF GENERAL NICHOLSON.

JOHN NICHOLSON was a born soldier. He came of parents both of whom displayed the integrity and devotion afterwards so manifest in the character of their son. His father, a Dublin physician, died a martyr to his profession at the age of thirty-seven, of a fever caught from a patient. His mother, a noble woman, and a true patriot, gave up four manly sons for the service of their country ; two of them died the death of soldiers, a third from the result of accident, while with his regiment in India, and the fourth was badly wounded at the assault of Delhi. John, the eldest of her boys, was born in Dublin on the 11th of December, 1821. Losing his father when but eight years old, he early acquired habits of self-reliance, and inspired by the wise counsel and beautiful example of his mother, exemplified manly character in child-life. "Don't fret, mamma dear," he would sometimes say, when his widowed mother, overborne by her sense of responsibility and the thought of her slender means, showed momentary weakness, "when I'm a big man I'll make plenty of money, and I'll give it all to you." Many another boy has said the same thing, and has as loyally redeemed his promise ; and happy is it for any boy whose young ambitions are fired at so pure a source. A story told of his younger years ought not to be omitted from this chronicle. When no more than three years old he was found by his mother, with a knotted handkerchief in his hand, striking at an invisible foe ; and on being questioned, he replied that he was trying to hit the devil, who wanted him to be bad. The story of his life is a record of self-conquest, and though

he afterwards became famous on the field of war, he was more than a soldier, for he who conquers his own proud spirit "is greater than he that taketh a city."

John Nicholson was educated chiefly under Dr. Darling at the college at Dungannon, where he made good progress, developing a strong mind in a healthy body. One incident of his boyhood may be mentioned. "During one of his vacations," says Sir John Kaye, "he was playing with gunpowder, when a considerable quantity of it exploded in his face and blinded him. He covered his face with his hands and made his way to his mother, saying to her, 'Mamma, the gunpowder has blown up in my face.' When he removed his hands, it was seen that his face was a blackened mass; his eyes were completely closed, and the blood was trickling down his cheeks. For ten days, during which he never murmured or expressed any concern except for his mother, he lay in a state of total darkness; but when at the end of that time the bandages were removed, it was found that God in His mercy had spared the sight of the boy and preserved him to do great things."

It is said that the Duke of Wellington on one occasion, when quite a lad, came similarly near to a fiery death. He was one of a party of reckless youths who, after the manner of the times, had been indulging until after midnight in the pleasures of the table. Unperceived by his companions, Arthur Wellesley quietly withdrew, went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. His absence was observed and his retreat discovered, and it was determined that he should return. One of the party, less sober than the rest, snatched up a pistol, and, withdrawing the ball with which it was loaded, proceeded to the bedside of the sleeper and discharged the weapon at his head. Young Wellesley was of course awakened, and was forced to get out of bed, dress himself, and rejoin the party. In the morning, however, it was found that the ramrod of the pistol had passed through the pillow close by where the head of the young sleeper lay. Though his assailant had withdrawn the ball from the pistol he had unconsciously left the ramrod in the barrel, and "but

that the same potations that confused his perceptions unsteadied his hand when he pointed the pistol at the young sleeper's head, that might have ended the career of Arthur Wellesley." Upon what a slender thread do the possibilities of the future often hang!

Through the influence of his maternal uncle, Sir James Hogg, John Nicholson obtained a cadetship in the Bengal Infantry in his sixteenth year. He reached Calcutta in the month of July, was attached to the 41st Native Infantry at Benares, and afterwards to the 27th Sepoy regiment at Ferozepore. In December 1839 he wrote his mother that he intended setting out for the latter station on the 1st of January, 1840, and that he expected to be three months upon the road. Arrived at Ferozepore, he soon found that a soldier's life at a remote outpost is not one of ease and comfort. The absence of household accommodation compelled him to live in a tent until such time as he could build a more substantial abode, and fever, enervation, and home-sickness naturally followed in rapid succession. But he was not long to be allowed the repose favourable to introspection and thought of self, for in October his regiment received marching orders, and in a short time the 27th had crossed the borders of Afghanistan. After rendering certain active service, the 27th proceeded to garrison Ghuznee, which, in 1841, it was forced to defend. Unable to hold his position, Colonel Palmer, who had command of the garrison, agreed to surrender under promise of honourable treatment for his men and safe conduct to Cabul. According to Lieutenant Crawford, on this occasion "Nicholson, then quite a stripling, drove the enemy thrice back beyond the walls at the point of the bayonet before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms. He at length obeyed, gave up his sword with bitter tears, and accompanied his comrades to an almost hopeless imprisonment."

During the captivity which followed, John Nicholson and his comrades suffered severe hardships. Confined in a small, ill-lighted, badly ventilated apartment, eighteen feet by thirteen, the floor of which they completely covered when they lay down

to sleep, they spent several months without change, during which they became covered with vermin, and their clothes rotted from their backs. In the following August the prisoners were transferred to Cabul, and on the 17th of September they were rescued by General Pollock, and once more restored to freedom. While returning to British territory Nicholson met his brother Alexander, who had followed him out to India, and who had marched into Afghanistan with his regiment. Unhappily the reunion was but for a short time ; for an attack being made on the rear, Alexander Nicholson was killed, and John, whose own fate had been the source of supreme anxiety at home, had to communicate to his mother the sad intelligence of his brother's death. A period of tranquillity now supervened. Nicholson was stationed at Meerut, and became adjutant of his regiment ; but the monotony and quietude of his situation was irksome to him, and he had another attack of home-sickness. He was not, however, destined to continue long an uneventful life. His fine character, and his soldier-like qualities had commended him to the notice of Henry Lawrence, and when opportunity offered, the chief did not forget the subaltern. Various responsible duties were confided to him, and discharged with satisfaction to his superiors and honour to himself.

To the ready man opportunities always come, and when Nicholson's first opportunity of distinguishing himself in command came to him he was quite ready, but not quite fit. He was serving under George Lawrence at Peshawur, and was lying prostrate with fever when it became known that the Sikh chief, Chuttur Singh, had thrown off the mask of loyalty to the British Crown, had raised forces in Hazareth, and contemplated the seizure of the fortress of Attock. Notwithstanding his condition, Nicholson insisted that he was fit for service, and announced his determination of starting the same night. "He made a forced march to Attock," says a brother officer, quoted by Sir John Kaye, "and arrived before the fort just in time to prevent that portion of the garrison which was hostile to us from closing the gate against him. He had travelled so fast that but few of his escort had been

able to keep up with him; but with these few he at once commanded the submission of all but the most desperate, and these he soon quelled by his personal prowess. A company of Sikhs in command of one of the gates were prepared for resistance; but he at once threw himself among them, made them arrest their own leaders, and in a few minutes was master of the position. This I learnt afterwards from eye-witnesses who served under me. Having made the place secure, he put in charge the persons whom he could best trust, lost no time in taking the field, and by his rapid movements for a long time checked the troops from Hazareth, preventing them from getting into the open country, and proceeding to join Shere Singh's army." Of Nicholson's movements at this time his own letters supply the best account.

"On my arrival at Abdal," he wrote to the Lahore Resident, "on the 12th of August, learning the 100 Goorchurras of Sirdar Mehtab Sing Majeetia here, had abused and expelled from camp their Commedan for refusing to join the Hazareth force, I paraded the party, and dismissed and confined the ringleaders on the spot. The remainder begged forgiveness, and having some reason to believe them sincere, and wishing to show that I was not entirely without confidence in Sikhs, I granted it. I shall of course keep a sharp look-out on them in future."

On the following day he wrote again, saying:—"After I had despatched my letter yesterday, I learned that Captain Abbott's regiment, stationed at Kurara, had deserted that post, and arrived, with two guns, at Rawul Pindee, intending to proceed thence to join the Hazareth force. I immediately sent orders to the levies *en route* to join me to concentrate at Margulla, with the view of stopping there the further progress of the mutinous regiment. I rode out myself early this morning and surveyed the position; it is not of any great strength, but I know not a more suitable one for my purpose."

The next morning Nicholson demonstrated the extraordinary power of the personality which so often awed his enemies into submission. He addressed the mutineers, who had the advantage of him in possessing two guns, inviting them to

return to allegiance within an hour, and threatening them with condign punishment if they declined his invitation. His address had the desired effect. In less than an hour the colonel had submitted to his terms, and offered to execute his orders.

Nicholson's responsibility for the fort at Attock, and the constant calls made upon him to take the field, made his position one of considerable anxiety, and one is not surprised that he should have suggested the appointment of another officer to take command of the fort, that he might render freer service outside. Of his difficulties in the field some idea may be gained from the following words of the fellow-officer already quoted. "It was during the thirty days' fast of Ramazan that some of his most arduous work was done, a time during which his followers were debarred by strict religious scruples from taking even a drop of water between sunrise and sunset ; but yet, so great was the command his example obtained for him over the minds of these men, that they cheerfully endured the terrible sufferings entailed by the long and rapid marches and counter-marches he was obliged to call upon them to make. He never spared himself, he was always the first in the saddle, and in the front of the fight. Apparently insensible to the calls of hunger, thirst, or fatigue, and really regardless of danger, his energies never failed, while his life seemed charmed, and the Mohammedan levies whom he commanded seemed to regard him almost as a demi-god. After a time, he found the calls upon him in the field so exacting, that he requested Major Lawrence to send him some trustworthy man to take command of the garrison in Attock, and Nizam-ood-dowlah Mahomed Oosman Khan, the father-in-law and formerly Wuzeer of Shah Soojah, was sent accordingly. Still Nicholson did not feel at his ease regarding the safety of the fort, and at length Sirdar Chuttur Singh making a forced march in the hope of taking the place by surprise, he obtained early information of the Sirdar's intentions, outmarched him by one of his wonderfully rapid movements, and entered the place before the enemy could reach it."

At Nicholson's suggestion, Major Lawrence now appointed Lieutenant Herbert to take command at Attock, and Nicholson himself took the field, secured the Margulla pass and arrested the progress of Sirdar Chuttur Singh. In the succeeding incidents of the Sikh war John Nicholson took an important part. His services at Chillianwallah and at the final victory of Goojerat were warmly acknowledged by the generals under whom he served.

On the annexation of the Punjab and the proclamation of peace, John Nicholson began once more to think of home. The accidental death of his brother William, who had joined the 27th at Sukkur, and who in a state of somnambulism had fallen down a steep declivity and sustained mortal injuries, determined John on making a visit to his mother; and so after ten years' service in India he returned to England, arriving in the month of April, 1850.

During his stay in Europe, Nicholson made the most of his opportunities for improving his knowledge of military systems. He visited different Continental centres, and was present at several National Reviews, and when he returned to India in 1851 it was with increased military knowledge and enlarged administrative experience. His expectations of appointment were not disappointed. He became a deputy-commissioner in the Punjab, and for five years devoted himself to the administration of a wild country and a lawless people.

In his new sphere of labour the extraordinary personality of John Nicholson manifested itself with marvellous results. His influence over the wild, rude race he was appointed to govern was such that fear gradually became awe, awe deepened into reverence, reverence begat loyalty and loyalty ensured devotion. Some idea of the power of his influence may be gathered from the following remarkable tribute from the pen of his friend and comrade, Sir Herbert Edwardes:—

"Of what class is John Nicholson? Of none: for truly he stands alone. But he belongs essentially to the school of Henry Lawrence. I only knocked down the walls of the Bunnoo forts. John Nicholson has since reduced the *people*

(the most ignorant, depraved, and bloodthirsty in the Punjab) to such a state of good order and respect for the laws, that in the last year of his charge not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not an *attempt* at any of these crimes. The Bunnoochees, reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Mohammedans of historic ages must have been just like 'Nikkul Seyn!' They emphatically approve him as every inch a Hakim. And so he is. It is difficult to describe him. He must be seen. Lord Dalhousie—no mean judge—perhaps summed up his high military and administrative qualities, when he called him 'a tower of strength.' I can only say that I think him equally fit to be commissioner of a division or general of an army. Of the strength of his personal character I will only tell two anecdotes. 1. If you visit either the battle-field of Goojerat or Chillianwallah, the country people begin the narrative of the battles thus—'Nikkul Seyn stood just *there*.' 2. A brotherhood of Fakeers in Hazareth abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism, and commenced the worship of 'Nikkul Seyn,' which they still continue! Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their Gooroo (religious or spiritual guide). He has flogged them soundly on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them; but the sect of the 'Nikkul Seynees' remains as devoted as ever. 'Sanguis martyrorum est semen Ecclesiæ.' On the last whipping, John Nicholson released them, on the condition that they would transfer their adoration to John Becher; but arrived at their monastery in Hazareth, they once more resumed the worship of the relentless 'Nikkul Seyn.'

But the time of the mutiny which was to crown and close his career was at hand. In May 1857 the news of the outbreak at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi spread dismay in the minds of many and sorrow in the hearts of all. Nicholson suggested the formation of a movable column which could patrol the country and be brought to bear upon any

point of need. This was agreed to, and Brigadier Neville Chamberlain took command. Nicholson at Peshawur removed the treasure from the centre of the cantonments to the fort outside, where the magazine was, and Brigadier Cotton placed a European garrison in it at once. "I think it must have been on the 16th of May," wrote Sir Herbert Edwardes in his official report, "that Sir John Lawrence consented to my raising one thousand Mooltanee horse; for before leaving Peshawur for Pindee that evening, I left orders with Colonel Nicholson, to be issued in our joint names. On the 18th of May, however, permission was given to raise two thousand; matters were growing worse each day, and it was now clearly understood by us, in the council assembled at Pindee, that whatever gave rise to the mutiny, it had settled down into a struggle for empire, under Mohammedan guidance, with the Mogul capital as its centre. From that moment it was felt that, at any cost, Delhi must be regained. Colonel Nicholson had endeavoured to raise levies, through the most promising of the chiefs of the district, to help the European soldiers in the struggle that was coming. But the time had passed, a great danger impended over the cantonment; a profound sensation had been made by the startling fact that we had lost Delhi. Men remembered Cabul. Not one hundred could be found to join such a desperate cause."

The position was now one of the gravest anxiety. Colonel Nicholson and Sir Herbert Edwardes were together at Peshawur, and slept in their clothes, under the conviction that the night could not pass without surprise. "At midnight," says Sir Herbert Edwardes, "the news of what had occurred at Nowshera reached us; and a most anxious council did we hold on it. It was probable that the 55th Native Infantry at Murdan would already be in open mutiny, and in possession of the fort. But to send a reliable force against them from Peshawur would only have been to give the native regiments a preponderance in the cantonment. Again, the news from Nowshera must soon reach the Sepoys in Peshawur, and probably be the signal for a rise. The advantage, therefore, must

bè with whoever took the initiative ; and we resolved at once to go to the general, and advise the disarming of the native garrison at daylight." This recommendation agreed to, was acted upon the following day, and so took the native regiments by surprise that the whole of them laid down their arms, without resistance. The mutiny of the 55th was then reported, and Colonel Nicholson accompanied Colonel Chute with a force of three hundred European infantry, two hundred and fifty irregular cavalry, and eight guns to the scene of disorder. On seeing these forces arrive panic seized the 55th, and a stampede followed ; all but about one hundred and twenty men left the fort and fled towards the hills. "Colonel Nicholson, with a handful of horsemen, hurled himself like a thunder-bolt on the rout of a thousand mutineers. They broke before his charge, and scattered over the country in sections and in companies. They were hunted out of villages, and grappled with in ravines, and driven over ridges all that day, from Fort Murdan to the border of Suwat, and found respite only in the failing light. One hundred and twenty dead bodies were numbered on their line of flight, and thrice that number must have borne off wounds ; one hundred and fifty were taken prisoners, and the regimental colours and two hundred stand of arms recovered. Colonel Nicholson himself was twenty hours in the saddle, and, under a burning sun, could not have traversed less than seventy miles. His own sword brought many a traitor to the dust."

"Colonel Nicholson with Colonel Chute's movable column returned to Cantonments in the second week in June," continues Sir Herbert Edwardes, "but we were soon to lose him. The death of Colonel Chester at Delhi called Brigadier-General Chamberlain to the high post of Adjutant-General, and Colonel Nicholson was instinctively selected to take charge of the Punjab Movable Column with the rank of Brigadier-General."

Nicholson took command of the movable column on the 22nd of June, and the 24th saw him upon the march. Two native regiments suspected of disloyalty were disarmed at the

outset, and then, with a reduced number, upon whom he could confidently rely, he set himself to deal with the mutineers of the surrounding country. A number of these from Jhelum and Sealkote were known to be on their way to join their comrades at Delhi, and Nicholson determined to intercept them. Receiving news that they were about to cross the River Ravee at Trimmoo Ghaut, he moved forward and gave them battle, and in less than half an hour forced them into full retreat, leaving between three and four hundred killed or wounded upon the field. Having no cavalry he was not able to follow up his victory, and so withdrew to Goordaspore, but hearing that the mutineers had re-formed on the other side of the river, once more marched to the Ravee, where he found the rebels in possession of an island in the mid stream upon which they had erected a battery. After two days' delay, caused by the want of boats, Nicholson brought his guns down to the water's edge and opened fire upon the battery, at the same time, unobserved by the enemy, leading his infantry along the bank, crossing the river at the further end of the island and attacking them in the rear. This manœuvre was a complete success, the rebels had no escape but the water, and that overwhelmed more than it aided.

After consulting with the authorities at Lahore, Nicholson now determined to march on Delhi without delay. On the 7th of August he reached Delhi in advance of his men, for consultation, and on the 14th, at the head of his column, he marched into the camp. The assault of Delhi was delayed yet a little longer for the arrival of the heavy guns necessary to the undertaking, and the enemy, taking advantage of the opportunity, made an attempt to get to the rear of the invading force. Nicholson was told off to counteract this manœuvre, and on crossing the ford near the town of Nujufghur found himself opposed in front and on his left by well deployed forces of insurgents. Four guns faced him on the left centre, and nine were posted in line between the others and the bridge. Directing his attack upon the left centre, a few rounds of artillery were fired, after which the infantry, led by Nicholson

in person, charged the centre and drove the enemy from their position, and then, to quote Sir John Kaye, "changed front to the left, swept along the whole line of guns, captured them, and put the whole brigade to flight."

After yet more delay, under which his eager spirit chafed, the assault was ordered and the duty of leading the storming columns was entrusted to him. It was on the 14th of September that the assault was made, for an account of which we must refer the reader to the chapter on the assault and recapture of Delhi. Suffice it to say here, that, in an attempt to reach the Lahore Gate through a narrow lane guarded by two brass guns, and covered by the fire of countless riflemen from innumerable windows, the column suffered so severely that, after spiking one of the guns, a moment's hesitation on the part of the rapidly thinning line caused Nicholson to spring to their head, and, waving his sword, to appeal to them to follow him to the attack.

It was his last aggressive act, for scarcely had he raised his sword to lead the way, when he fell back, mortally wounded, shot through the breast from the shelter of a window in a house close by. His own desire was to remain in the lane until the city was taken; but the victory was not yet, and at last he suffered himself to be removed into the camp, there to be laid side by side with his brother Charles, who was brought in about the same time with a shattered arm hanging loose in his sleeve.

Nicholson's death was the death of a hero and a Christian. There was no murmuring, though the pain was often great, and there was no anxiety, except a loving concern for the noble mother to whom he owed so much. His dear friend, Herbert Edwardes, was much in his thoughts, and one of his last utterances was:—"If at this moment a good fairy were to give me a wish it would be to have him here, next to my mother." In this wish he seems to have expressed a desire to have the two holiest influences of his life about him in the hour of death. Of his mother's influence there are many indications in their correspondence, of which the following is but one:

"What you say about our prosperous days being those of the greatest temptation is quite true," he says. "I have long felt it so, and prayed for grace to resist the temptation. I also fully agree in all you say about earthly distinctions. Believe me, I estimate them at their proper value." Of the influence of his best friend, the message that he sent him from his death bed is the best proof. "Tell him," he said to Neville Chamberlain, "I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both."

He died at the early age of thirty-five, on the 23rd of September, 1857, three days after the fall of the city, the assault of which cost him his life. He was buried in the new cemetery in front of the Cashmere Gate.

The recapture of Delhi was the saving of India, but the loss of Nicholson threw a gloom over the conquest which made thousands of hearts ache the while they beat quicker for the triumph. Of the sense of loss universally felt, Sir John Kaye, in the admirable memorial he contributed to *Good Words* in the sixties to which we are indebted for the facts of this notice, says :—

"But, when it was known that Nicholson was dead, there rose a voice of wail from one end of India to the other. No man was more trusted in life ; no man more lamented in death. There was not a tent or a bungalow in all the country in which there was not a painful sense of both a national and a personal loss. Nor was the feeling of grief and dismay confined to his own countrymen. In the great Province where he had served so long, thousands speaking in another tongue bewailed the death of the young hero. Few men have ever done so much at the early age of thirty-five ; few men, thus passing away from the scene in the flower of their manhood, have ever left behind them a reputation so perfect and complete."



LORD LAWRENCE.

THE DISARMING OF THE MUTINEERS AT LAHORE.

THE BALL AT MEAN-MEER.

BY THE REV. J. CAVE-BROWNE, M.A.

"THE SEPOYS HAVE COME IN FROM MEERUT, AND ARE BURNING EVERYTHING—MR. TODD IS DEAD, AND WE, HEAR, SEVERAL EUROPEANS—WE MUST SHUT UP"—was the last message flashed from Delhi on the fateful 11th of May. It electrified the Punjab. At Umballa, Lahore, Rawul Pindee, and Peshawur the authorities received it and kept silence. A few hours would either prove it false, or confirm it—and a few hours did more than confirm it. A runner from Meerut brought in tidings of the outbreak there; fugitives soon reached Kurnaul, and reported the horrors of the Delhi massacre.

"NEWS FROM DELHI VERY BAD—BLOODSHED—CANTONMENTS IN A STATE OF SIEGE."

"NEWS JUST COME FROM MEERUT THAT NATIVE REGIMENTS HAVE ALL MUTINIED—SEVERAL LIVES LOST—EUROPEAN TROOPS DEFENDING BARRACKS."

"A GENERAL MASSACRE OF ALL CHRISTIAN POPULATION HAS TAKEN PLACE AT DELHI—ALL COMMUNICATION CUT OFF BETWEEN THIS AND DELHI—TELEGRAPH CUT—THE MAGAZINE TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY THE MUTINEERS—NAMES: SIMON FRASER, DOUGLAS JENNINGS, MISS JENNINGS, BERESFORD, COLONEL RIPLEY, NIXON, WITH MANY, MANY NAMES, MURDERED"—were the messages which followed each other in

rapid succession along the wire from Umballa to the north on the morning of the 12th. Whatever there might have been of vagueness in the first, whatever room for hope, disappeared before the later ones.

Such tidings might well appal the stoutest hearts in the strongest and least exposed stations of India ; but in Lahore, where we will first follow them, they fell with portentous meaning. This vast city—the political capital of the Punjab, peopled by hereditary soldiers, Sikh and Mohammedan, from the former of whom the spirit of their *Singh Gooroo*, and the “baptism of the sword” had not wholly passed away ; while of the latter class, rising up under British protection and favour from the degradation and thralldom to which the Sikh rule had reduced them, and waiting only the opportunity to change their present state of seeming content and quiet into a more genial course of marauding and bloodshed—this city, with its ninety thousand inhabitants, could, at a word, give forth hundreds who would be only too ready to emulate the atrocities of Meerut and Delhi. Nor was it from the city alone that danger was to be apprehended. At the military cantonment of Mean-Meer, six miles off, were quartered four native regiments—three of infantry, and one of cavalry ; while there was but comparatively a small force of Europeans, consisting of the Queen’s 81st, with two troops of horse artillery, and four reserve companies of foot artillery. Such was Lahore.

Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner, was absent at Rawul Pindee ; on Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner, consequently devolved the duty of meeting the danger. He at once saw its urgency, and assembled his colleagues, all of whom concurred in his opinion that nothing but a prompt, vigorous course could save the city and prevent an *émeute* among the Mean-Meer Sepoys. He drove over to the cantonments to consult Brigadier Corbett, who, on learning the nature of the telegraphic messages, saw that decisive steps would alone avail.

The plan at once formed was to deprive the native troops of their ammunition and gun-caps, and to throw additional

Europeans into the fort. As the day, however, advanced, intelligence was received that gave to the impending danger a still more formidable character. An intelligent Sikh, a non-commissioned officer in the police corps, had discovered that a deep-laid conspiracy had been formed by the Mean-Meer native troops, which involved the safety of the Lahore fort and the lives of all the European residents in the cantonments and the civil station of Anarkullee.

To make the character of the conspiracy intelligible, a few explanatory remarks are necessary. The fort, which is within the walls of the city of Lahore, was ordinarily garrisoned by one company of the European regiment, one company of foot artillery, and a wing of one of the native regiments from Mean-Meer; the chief object of this force in the citadel being to keep a check in the city, and to guard the Government treasury. During the early part of May the 26th Light Infantry had furnished the wing on guard, which was in due course to be relieved on the 15th of the month by a wing of the 49th Native Infantry. The plan of the conspiracy was, that while the wings of both regiments were in the fort together in the act of relief, amounting to some eleven hundred men, they were to rush on their officers, seize the gates, take possession of the citadel, the magazine, and the treasury; to overpower the small body of Europeans, some eighty men of H.M.'s 81st, and seventy of the artillery—not above one hundred and fifty in all; and to fire an empty hospital in the deserted lines at Anarkullee, close by, as a signal to their comrades at Mean-Meer that their plot had succeeded. The rise was then to become general in cantonments, the guns to be seized, the central jail forced, its two thousand prisoners liberated, and a promiscuous massacre of the Europeans to crown their triumph! Such was the nature of the conspiracy, then partially disclosed, and subsequently discovered in its fuller details.

To what extent this well-planned scheme might have succeeded it is not necessary now to conjecture. Its timely discovery alone saved hundreds from the snare thus laid for

them ; for the seizure of the fort and the magazine, the co-operation of the budmashes of the city, and the massacre of the great body of Christian residents in the unprotected civil station of Anarkullee, would most probably have been effected ; and the only hope for the force in cantonments lay in the possibility of the 81st Queen's and the artillery being able to intrench and fortify themselves in some post of the station until the arrival of succour from without. Nor, as has been subsequently discovered, was this conspiracy confined to Lahore. It was as widespréad as it was deeply laid. Ferozepore, Philour, Jullundhur, Umritsur, were included, as it is now confidently believed. The 45th and 57th Native Infantry at Ferozepore were to effect the seizure of that magazine, with its munitions of war ; Philour fort, with its not inconsiderable magazine, and, what was even of more importance, a position on the banks of the Sutlej of such strategical value as to entitle it fully to the description of 'it by Sir Charles Napier, that it was "the Key to the Punjab," was to be taken possession of by the 3rd Native Infantry. Thus it was planned, that the morning of the 15th of May was to see the chief British strongholds from the Ravee to the Sutlej in the hands of a mutinous army, and the life of every Englishman at their mercy. But we have anticipated. The danger, even to the extent then discovered, was imminent, for on the issue of the struggle between order and mutiny at Lahore it was felt that the peace of the whole Punjab probably depended ; and only a few hours remained in which it would be possible to counteract the plot and arrest the catastrophe. In this emergency the original qualified measures agreed on in the morning appeared to Brigadier Corbett to be wholly ineffectual ; and in spite of the jealousy for the good name of their regiments, which, not unnaturally, perhaps, led their respective commandants to doubt the truth of the rumoured conspiracy, or to repudiate for their own men the charge of complicity, the brigadier resolved on the bold, almost desperate, and unprecedented step of *disarming the whole of the native troops* of the station. To arrange for this

coup d'état with the strictest secrecy, lest a whisper of the plan should betray and ruin all, was the anxious work of that afternoon.

It so happened that the gay world of Mean-Meer, in the enjoyment of a fancied security, had selected that evening (the 12th of May) for a large ball, which was to be given by the station to the officers of H.M.'s 81st Regiment, in acknowledgment of their proverbial hospitality. The discovery of this conspiracy made some of the authorities suggest the postponement of the ball; but it was wisely overruled, as any such change might have led the Sepoys to infer the detection of their plot. So the ball took place; but it could scarcely be said of it, as of the far-famed ball at Brussels which preceded the battle of Waterloo, that

"All went merry as a marriage-bell;"

for, not to mention an air of anxiety and gloom which the most devoted and lightest-hearted of the votaries of Terpsichore could not altogether shake off, the room itself betrayed signs of preparation.

"For in each corner
The eye on stranger objects fell;
There arms were piled!"

and every officer knew where to find his weapon in case of need. The evening, however, passed over undisturbed, and dancing was kept up till two in the morning, when the scene changed, with short interval, from the ball-room to the parade-ground.

Never had such a parade been held before. The whole brigade of all arms, European and native, were turned out, *avowedly* to hear the general order for disbanding the seven companies of the 34th Native Infantry at Barrackpore, *really* to enact a drama, which for originality and boldness of design was without precedent in the annals of Indian history. Anarkullee sent forth all her leading civilians to witness it, and their eager faces betokened the keen anxiety with which

they watched its issue. The troops were thus drawn up ; on the right were the two troops of horse artillery, next to them came six companies of H.M.'s 81st, then the native infantry regiments in their order—the 16th, 26th, and 49th, with the 8th Cavalry on the left. The general order was read at the head of each regiment ; the word was then passed for the native regiments to change front to the rear. While they were occupied in this manœuvre, H.M.'s 81st also changed front and marched round, left shoulders forward, so as to present a line along the new face of the native corps, the artillery beyond and behind them also moving round, and *loading as they went*, unobserved by the Sepoys.

Then came the critical moment. Lieutenant Mocatta, adjutant of the 26th Light Infantry, advanced and read an address, explaining that the mutinous spirit which pervaded so many regiments down country had rendered it necessary to adopt measures, not so much for the peace of the country, which the British could maintain, as for the sake of preserving untarnished the names of regiments—the 16th Native Infantry were among General Nott's noble Sepoys at Candahar and Ghuznee, and the 26th and 49th Native Infantry had done good service—whose colours told of many glorious battle-fields ; and that it had therefore been determined by the brigadier to take from them the opportunity of ruining their own characters, should designing malcontents attempt to involve them in mutiny and its ruinous consequences. The order was then given to “pile arms.” A slight hesitation and delay were perceptible among the 16th, to whom the order was first given ; but it having been previously arranged that while the address was being read to the Sepoys the 81st should form into sub-divisions and fall back between the guns, the 16th found themselves confronted, not by a thin line of European soldiers, but by twelve guns loaded with grape, and port-fires lighted. The clear voice of Colonel Kenny, “*Eighty-first, load !*” and the ominous ring of each ramrod as it drove home its ball-cartridge, carried conviction to the hearts of the waverers—they sullenly piled arms ; the 49th

Native Infantry, and the portion of the 26th Light Infantry followed the example, while the 8th Cavalry unbuckled and dropped their sabres.

A company of the 81st now advanced, collected the arms, piled them in carts brought for the purpose, and escorted them to barracks. Thus were some 2,500 native soldiers disarmed in the presence of scarcely 600 Europeans, and marched off to their lines comparatively harmless.

Nor was this all that had been passing that morning. The fort, with its traitorous Sepoy guard and the handful of Europeans had not been forgotten; and there simultaneously were equally decisive measures taken, and with the same happy results. The Sepoys, to their utter dismay, were relieved of their guards, and then ordered to lay down their arms. Out-plotted, out-matched, and conscience-stricken, they obeyed; and were marched off to their lines in Mean-Meer, there to find their comrades in similar plight.

Thus had the immediate danger been averted; but the future had also to be provided for. Strong pickets of Europeans were posted in different parts of the station—one in the 81st lines, a second on the artillery parade-ground, and a third, the strongest of all, in an open space in the centre of cantonments, where the brigadier and his staff slept every night. The ladies and children were accommodated with quarters in the barracks, where, in the event of any rise, they might be in greater security; and the officers of the several regiments were required to sleep in particular houses in their respective lines, which admitted of more ready defence against attack.

That night also messengers and troops were on their way to other points where danger might threaten. A company of H.M.'s 81st were posting off in native carts to strengthen the fort of Govindgurh at Umritsur; and a company of foot artillery to occupy the fort of Philour; while a messenger was hastening to Ferozepore to apprise Brigadier Innes of the danger, another to Mooltan to put the commissioner on his guard, and a third to Major Lake at Kangra.

But the die was cast at Lahore. The disarming there was the first move in the game which saved the Punjab—if not India. With Lahore seized, the fort mastered, the European troops surrounded and powerless, the whole Punjab *must have gone*, and perhaps all India, for a time ; but, with the Sepoys disarmed, the fort safe, and the Europeans free, Government had the mastery, which from that hour it was never to lose.

THE PUNISHMENT PARADE AT

THE loss of the frontier station of Peshawur facing the celebrated Khyber Pass might have involved the loss of the Punjab. "What news from Peshawur?" was often the burden of men's thoughts; and not without reason. Beyond the Pass were hordes of predatory Afghan tribes ready to sweep down like a mountain torrent upon the Feringhees. There were ten thousand native troops in the Peshawur valley, only a small portion of whom could be relied on, while the European force numbered but two thousand five hundred. Moreover, the population of Peshawur itself was one hundred thousand. A general revolt would have led to the massacre of every European in the place, and the Punjab would have been at the mercy of the mutineers. But Herbert Edwardes, Sydney Cotton, and John Nicholson were at Peshawur; at no great distance was Neville Chamberlain, who commanded the Punjab Irregular Force: with such men, strangers to indecision or vacillation, and with John Lawrence at Rawul Pindee, the Punjab was safe.

Immediately the fatal news from Meerut and Delhi reached Peshawur a council of war was held, and precautionary measures taken, based upon the idea that there was no reason to suppose that the regiments at Peshawur would prove more loyal than the others. It was further decided at once to organise a movable column to operate at any point where danger threatened. Day after day came news of fresh rebellion, of cowardly murders, of foul atrocities that filled the heart of

every European with a passionate craving for retributory vengeance.

On the 21st the native regiment at Nowshera, twenty-five miles from Peshawur, mutinied; and it was discovered—by correspondence intercepted by the post-office officials—that, on the 22nd, the faithful and loyal Sepoys of Peshawur had arranged to massacre every European man, woman, and child in the station.

No time was lost. On the morning of the 22nd every native regiment was paraded simultanedusly on its own private parade-ground. The European troops, with artillery ready, were so disposed as to make any resistance hopeless. Each regiment was taken by surprise; there was no opportunity of simultaneous action, as the guns at any moment could sweep many of them to destruction. Therefore, when ordered to surrender their arms, they were perforce obliged to obey. Four native infantry regiments and one cavalry were thus disarmed. Any mismanagement of the distribution of the European troops would have been fatal. That night many Sepoys deserted, intending to make common cause with the mutineers at Delhi; they were pursued, brought back, and placed in irons to await trial.

Meanwhile, the 55th Regiment of Native Infantry had mutinied at Murdan, thirty-seven miles from Peshawur, whither the tidings came that the colonel of the regiment had died of sheer anxiety, and the lives of the other officers were in great jeopardy. A force under Nicholson was despatched to Murdan. On hearing of this the 55th, after plundering the treasure-chest and the magazine, fled to the hills; one hundred remained faithful and saved the lives of the officers. The fugitives were pursued, two hundred were killed and one hundred were taken prisoners. Seven of the ringleaders were shot on the spot and the remainder taken to Peshawur for trial.

The work of retribution then began. Court-martials sat all day. The first to be tried were the Sepoys, who deserted during the night after disarming. Of these, one native officer and twelve non-commissioned officers and men were hanged

in sight of the whole force ; the remainder were sentenced to imprisonment. The mutineers of the 55th were next tried ; they had been caught in the act of mutiny with arms in their hands, though they had solemnly sworn fidelity to their officers. They were all sentenced to be blown away from guns. A terrible example, one which would strike fear into the hearts of all possible mutineers, was demanded by the exigencies of the times.

But though the rebels deserved little mercy, Lawrence was anxious that public sympathy should not be on the side of the condemned, and that the Sepoys should see that the punishment was intended as a deterrent and not as vengeance. It was, therefore, resolved that only one in three should be executed. Forty men were to be blown away. The whole garrison of Peshawur was drawn on parade, forming three sides of a square ; the Europeans with arms loaded, the officers grasping their revolver pistols. On the fourth side of the square were drawn up ten 9-pounder guns. 'Thousands of spectators had poured in from the surrounding districts to witness the terribly impressive scene. The forty condemned were brought out manacled, and under a strong European guard ; their crimes and sentences were read out ; then they were marched up to the guns. The first ten were picked out, their eyes were bandaged, and then they were tied to the guns, their backs leaning against the muzzles, and their arms fastened to the wheels. The guns were fired. "It was a horrid sight that then met the eye : a regular shower of human fragments of heads, of arms, of legs, appeared in the air through the smoke, and when that cleared away, these fragments lying on the ground—fragments of Hindoos, and fragments of Mussulmans, all mixed together—were all that remained of those ten mutineers." Three times was this terrible drama enacted. The native spectators gazed with awe at the spectacle of death in the only form in which it was terrible to them. But the mutineers met their fate with a heroism worthy of a better cause. Only two showed the slightest fear, and these were bitterly reproached by their comrades,

One native sergeant, who had been convicted of seditious correspondence, was offered his life if he would turn Queen's evidence. His back was against the muzzle of the gun; the port-fire was lighted. He hesitated for one moment, but the feeling of loyalty to his comrades overcame the fear of death, and he indignantly refused to reveal anything. The next minute he was dead. Thenceforward Peshawur was free from much excitement, and troops from the Punjab were despatched to reinforce the army on the Ridge before Delhi.

THE STORY OF LORD LAWRENCE.

THE display of great gifts often discourages as many as it inspires, but the record of high achievements made by ordinary men under extraordinary circumstances is an unfailing stimulus to all. Brilliant powers are the coveted possession of the few, and genius often dismays as well as dazzles ; character, integrity, and sound sense are among the common possibilities of the many, and triumphs wrought by plain men of high principle are of universal inspiration and appeal. The career of Lord Lawrence presents a wholesome example which stimulates without discouraging, for though he can scarcely be called an ordinary man (genius other than that of hard work has never been claimed for him), his distinction was due to the possession of ordinary qualities in an extraordinary degree of development, and efficiency, based upon fine character, unswerving integrity, and an energy which was little less than magnificent.

John Laird Mair Lawrence was born at Richmond, Yorkshire, on the 4th of March, 1811. His father was Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Lawrence of the 19th Foot, an officer of much service, but ill requited ; his mother was the daughter of a clergyman stationed in Donegal, and a descendant of the famous Scotch reformer, John Knox. John Lawrence was the sixth son, and the eighth born of a family of twelve children, and the younger brother of Henry and George Lawrence, both of whom became prominent in Indian government ; all three brothers attaining to the honour of knighthood by distinguished service. John was educated at Bristol and at the Free Grammar School, Londonderry, presided over by his uncle, the Rev,

James Knox, and since called Foyle College, and later at Wraxall Hall, near Bath. His school days were undistinguished by any indication of future greatness. At Bristol he experienced the brutal treatment at that time so common in boys' schools, referring to which in after years, he said, "I was flogged every day of my life at school except one, and then I was flogged twice." At Foyle, which he entered at the age of twelve, he had for his companions his brothers Henry and George, and Robert Montgomery, afterwards associated with them in Indian affairs. Here he was known as "English John," from which we may surmise that he displayed some individuality of character and some nationality of trait. In later life he himself bore testimony to the influences of the historic associations of Ulster, and to "the memories of Londonderry as nerving Britons in other lands to stubborn resistance."

After a short time spent at Wraxall Hall, he was offered a civil appointment in India by Mr. John Hudleston, a director of the East India Company, and a friend of the family, who had already found military appointments for three of his brothers. John was greatly disappointed that the offer was not one of military office, and showed every disposition to decline the offer; but wiser counsels, in the end, prevailed, and he went to Haileybury, near Hertford, to serve the usual term of two years at the college of the East India Company. "He was a fairly good student," says Sir Richard Temple, "but was not regarded by his compeers as remarkable for learning, or for prowess in games." He, however, carried off the prize for Bengali, and in May, 1829, passed third for service in the presidency of Bengal. In September of the same year, at the age of nineteen, he sailed for Calcutta by the Cape route in company with his brother Henry.

Travelling was slow work in the twenties, and the voyage out occupied five months, so that it was February, 1830, before the Lawrences landed on Indian soil. At Calcutta John passed an examination in the vernacular of Upper India, and asked for, and obtained, an appointment at Delhi, which city

he reached after a three weeks' journey, travelling eleven hundred miles in a palanquin. Here, with Sir Charles Metcalfe at the Residency, he became assistant-magistrate and collector for the city; an office he held for nearly four years, until in 1834 he was placed in charge of the Paniput Division of Delhi, a position in which he was called upon to perform similar duties upon a larger scale, with the added responsibilities of a principal. Thus in four years, when little more than a lad, his administration had been such that he had gained the confidence of his superiors, and had made his influence strongly felt among the natives with whom he had to deal. At Paniput he soon showed himself equal to his enlarged responsibilities, throwing himself heart and soul into the duties of his office, and proving his supreme qualification for his post by "doing justly and loving mercy."

His extraordinary capacity for the acquisition of knowledge of almost every kind stood Lawrence in great service at every point of his career; and gave him an immense advantage in dealing with native needs. In his mastery of the vernacular he well-nigh forgot his native tongue; but he acquired exceptional facility in gaining knowledge of native views, hopes, fears, struggles, and necessities, and in influencing native thought and feeling. His complete knowledge of the topography of his district, too, was of immense service in its administration, and of incalculable value during the fiery experiences of subsequent history.

"In these days," says Sir Richard Temple, "he practised himself much in horsemanship, becoming a strong rider and a good judge of horses; it was truly to be said of him *gaudet equis canibusque*. He was a keen observer of steers and heifers, of bullocks for draught and plough. Being fond of animals generally, he studied their breeding, nurture and training, their temper, habits, and capabilities. Though a stranger to botany as a science, he knew the local names of every tree and plant. He had a discriminating eye for the varieties of soil, the qualities of growing crops, the faults and merits of husbandry. Though not versed in the theory of

economic science, he had an insight into the causes affecting the rise and fall of prices, the interchange of commodities, the origin and progress of wealth, the incidence of taxation. He had hardly, indeed, mastered the technicalities of finance, yet he had a natural bent for figures, and was a financier almost by instinct."

This wide and variously acquired miscellaneous knowledge was at all times employed by Lawrence in the conscientious discharge of the duties of his office, with the result that he impressed all with whom he came in contact as being a strong man of wide resource and high principle, though no one in these early days would have dared to prophesy that in a future crisis he would become the saviour of the Empire. Once more to quote Sir Richard Temple: "The area being extensive, and rapidity of movement being essential to the maintenance of a personal control over affairs, he used to ride on horseback over his district from end to end. Every arduous or dangerous case, fiscal or criminal, he would keep in his own hands; though even in these early days he trusted his subordinates when trustworthy, and made them do their duty as he did his. He did not, indeed, adorn all that he touched, but he stamped on it the mark of individuality. The natives soon learnt to regard him as the embodiment of British justice. The various sections of the population, the evil-disposed or the industrious, the oppressor or the oppressed, the suppliant for redress or the hardened wrong-doer,—all in their respective ways felt his personality."

After serving three years at Paniput he was transferred to Gurgaon—from the northern to the southern district of Delhi, where he had to deal with lawless classes, and with the terrible scourge of drought. In 1838 he became settlement officer of Etawah, a district lying between the Jumna and the Ganges, to the south-east of the imperial city. Here he had to administer land law, assessing taxation, settling disputes, registering tenure, and regulating systematic survey—an office to which he brought exceptional qualifications, and in which he gained invaluable experience. At Etawah he had his

first taste of fever, and a year after his appointment he had to be invalided to Calcutta. In 1840, after ten years' Indian service, he was invalided home.

During his stay in Europe John Lawrence married Harriette, daughter of the Rev. Richard Hamilton, a clergyman of Donegal, and spent some months in travel. He visited Bonn, Switzerland, and Italy; and while in Naples heard of the disasters attending the war in Afghanistan, and the captivity of his brother George. The news brought him hurriedly to London, where he suffered from a relapse of health of so grave a nature that his doctor forbade his return to India. "If I cannot live in India," was the characteristic reply, "I must go and die there," and he started with his wife, by the overland route, for Bombay, on the 1st of October, 1842. On reaching Delhi he acted as civil and session judge for a time, after which he was appointed to Kurnaul, and later took up his old duties of magistrate and collector of Paniput and Delhi.

In 1845 he met the governor-general, Lord Hardinge, when he was passing through Delhi on his way to join the army then gathering at the Sutlej for the prosecution of the first Sikh war. This meeting was of great importance to Lawrence and to India. Lord Hardinge was much impressed by his character, spoke of him as an ideal civil officer, and very soon showed that he meant what he said by putting his qualities to the test. After the battle of Ferozepore, provisions, ammunition, and guns were required at the front, and transport service needed to be organised. Lord Hardinge wrote to Lawrence for assistance, and the manner in which he executed the duty won for him an acknowledged place in the forefront of Indian administrators. In a district regarded as almost depleted of means of transport, he organised a service of four thousand carts, which, with wise forethought, he arranged should be driven by the men from whom they were hired, for wages part of which were paid in advance. These were loaded from the magazines and stores of Delhi with remarkable speed, and despatched in perfect order for the seat of war, reaching the Sutlej without straggling or desertion—as Sir Richard Temple

puts it, "without the failure of man, or wheel, or a bullock, in time for the battle of Sobraon." This admirable service was suitably acknowledged at the close of the war, when John Lawrence was made commissioner and superintendent of the Trans-Sutlej states.

As commissioner of the newly acquired territory, known as Jullundur Doab, John Lawrence found himself face to face with questions of great difficulty requiring especial delicacy of treatment. The Trans-Sutlej states comprehended thirteen thousand square miles and two and a half millions of people. "He was obliged at once," says Mr. J. A. Hamilton, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," "to deal with the intricate questions of the treatment of the feudatories or jagheerdars of the dispossessed Sikh government in the Trans-Sutlej provinces, and settle it to the satisfaction both of suzerain and feudatory by commuting the obsolete feudal services for a money payment, and by reducing the fiefs of the jagheerdars in proportion." This and many other questions naturally arising at such a time and under such circumstances closely occupied him for a long while, but in August 1846, and again a year later, he had to relieve his brother Henry at Lahore for a time, undertaking duties which involved him in even greater responsibility. In a few months Sir Frederick Currie succeeded Henry Lawrence at Lahore, and Lord Dalhousie followed Lord Hardinge as governor-general. Returned to the Trans-Sutlej states a new anxiety confronted him in the form of a rebellion which broke out at Mooltan, and which, rapidly spreading, became known as the second Punjab war. In these circumstances he showed characteristic energy and wisdom, and on the annexation of the Punjab at the close of the war, when a board of three commissioners was organised to undertake its administration, Henry Lawrence, John Lawrence, and Charles Greville Mansel were chosen for the duty, and of these Henry Lawrence was appointed president.

"With singular success, and in the most thorough detail," says Mr. Hamilton, "this board during the next four years, throughout a newly conquered and warlike country as large as

France and destitute of the machinery of civil government, created and established a system of administration complete in all its branches, military, civil, and financial, provided roads, canals, and gaols, put an end to dacoity and thuggee, codified the law, reformed the coinage and promoted agriculture. In this work a large share of the credit, and the largest share of the labour belonged to John Lawrence, whose experience in all details of civil administration surpassed that of the other members of the board." In the division of labour Henry Lawrence took charge of the political and military departments, John the fiscal and financial, and Montgomery the judicial.

The splendid work accomplished by the Punjab board, as recorded in the first Punjab report issued in 1852, was a model of wise and laborious administration and demonstrated that the men responsible for its several departments were born rulers, in every way worthy of the great work entrusted to their hands. Differences, however, arose between the brothers Lawrence as to certain points of policy, and a vacancy occurring at the Residency at Hyderabad in 1852, both brothers applied for the appointment. Lord Dalhousie abolished the board as then constituted, appointed Henry to the Rajputana agency, and made John chief commissioner of the Punjab with two commissioners (one financial, and the other judicial) under him. In this position John continued to work during the next six years; by wise administration and good government conciliating opposition and consolidating rule. Various matters concerning Afghanistan occupied his attention during this time; and in March 1857, having visited Jumrood to confer with Dost Mohammed, the Ameer, he returned to Lahore and applied for leave of absence on the score of health.

In May, 1857, Lawrence was at Murree, his Himalayan retreat, worn out by neuralgia, when he received a telegram from Delhi, probably the last that flashed along the wires before they were broken by the mob, telling him, within a few hours of their occurrence, of the outbreak, the overthrow of British rule, the

assumption of authority by the King of Delhi, and the massacre of Europeans.

At the outbreak of the mutiny John Lawrence was immediately cut off from communication with his only chief, and in the emergency he had to act without instructions and without authority.

"He was not the governor of the Punjab," says Sir Richard Temple, "for the government of that province was administered by the governor-general in council in Calcutta. Vast as was his influence, still he was only chief commissioner, a chief executive authority in all departments, and agent to the governor-general. Subject to the same control, he had under his general command and at his disposal the Frontier Force, an important body indeed but limited in numbers. In the stations and cantonments of the regular army, European and native, he had the control of the barracks, the buildings, and all public works. But with the troops he had nothing to do, and over their commanders he had no authority." Still in the face of danger altogether unanticipated, he had to assume authority and incur responsibility from which a strong man might have honourably shrunk.

"He had to incur on his responsibility a vast outlay of money, and even to raise loans financially on the credit of the British Government, to enrol large bodies of native soldiers and appoint European officers from the regular troops to command them; to create and allot salaries temporarily to many new appointments—all which things lawfully required the authority of the governor-general in council, to whom, however, a reference was impossible during the disturbance."

Of the way in which Lawrence rose to the occasion a volume might easily be written, and it speaks great things for him and for the military officers with whom he had to deal, that these latter, who were in no way subject to his authority, should have shown so much deference to his wishes as to almost give him supreme powers. He had no immediate fears for the Punjab. Years of good, sound, and wise government had strengthened British rule and turned its enemies into

friends, and nothing but a serious blow to British prestige would be likely to arouse disturbance there. But was British prestige about to receive a severe blow? The answer to this question, in the eyes of Lawrence, depended upon the fate of Delhi. If Delhi should be speedily recaptured, danger would diminish; if it should long hold out, danger would correspondingly increase. To the re-conquest of Delhi therefore he bent his own aims and urged the energies of others. But Delhi was held for four weary months, and the task of maintaining peace in the Punjab, and keeping up supplies at the seat of war, devolved upon the chief commissioner.

Lawrence's first care on hearing of the outbreak was to anticipate the news throughout the Punjab and make it clear that when the facts of the mutiny became known the Government were cognisant of them and were taking vigorous repressive measures; his second care was to urge upon all the military officers within his reach the necessity of disarming the Sepoy regiments under their charge before the news of the Meerut rising should reach them. The former was effected by immediate and rapid posts, and the latter by surprise, and in many cases without bloodshed, by the prompt action of English troops. The organisation of the Punjab Movable Column, said to have been suggested by John Nicholson and Herbert Edwardes, and first led by Neville Chamberlain, and afterwards by Nicholson himself, was another powerful means employed by Lawrence for the maintenance of order and the final overthrow of the imperial city. "It is true," says Mr. Hamilton, "that he was served by an admirable and devoted body of subordinates, and that his function was more to harmonise and consolidate their efforts, than to execute or even to designate plans himself. Yet it is the opinion of the persons best qualified to judge that it is he, and none of his subordinates, who can be said to have saved the Punjab. It was the support which he was actually able to give, and still more the confidence which his administration of the Punjab as the base of supply for the Delhi field force inspired, that enabled the small army before Delhi for months

to hold its own upon the ridge above the city. So close were his relations with the force and its commanders, that he may almost be said to have directed its operations."

The story of the siege and fall of Delhi is told in other chapters of this work, and there will be no gain in repeating the circumstances here. Of John Lawrence's part in that event it will suffice to quote the minute of Lord Canning in this connection: "Through him Delhi fell, and the Punjab, no longer a weakness, became a source of strength. But for him the hold of England over Upper India would have had to be recovered at a cost of English blood and treasure which defies calculation. It is difficult to exaggerate the value of such ability, vigilance, and energy at such a time."

"His position during the crisis," says Sir Richard Temple, "resembled that of the Roman Senate after the battle of Cannæ, as set forth by the historian with vivid imagery—'The single torrent joined by a hundred lesser streams has swelled into a wide flood; and the object of our interest is a rock, now islanded amid the waters, and against which they dash furiously as though they must needs sweep it away. But the rock stands unshaken; the waters become feebler, the rock seems to rise higher and higher; and the danger is passed away.'"

On the suppression of the mutiny, Lawrence used all his influence to moderate the vengeance of the victors, and with this view visited Delhi and urged upon all in authority the danger of driving the insurgents to the resistance of despair. He re-established the police authority and the civil courts, and organised special tribunals for dealing with cases arising out of the rebellion, ensuring to every man as immediate and fair a trial as the circumstances allowed. He then held an inquiry into the causes of the mutiny, and elicited the fact that the Sepoys had been tempted to join in the conspiracy by the absence of European troops and the ease with which the ancient capital city in which their titular sovereign resided might be occupied by them. After this he turned his attention to paying off the temporary loans he had raised to provide the munitions of war, and to rewarding those native chiefs who

had stood by the Government in their hour of need. This latter he effected with the consent of the governor-general by handing over to the loyal chiefs the estates forfeited by the leaders of the rebellion.

Retiring once more to the Murree Mountains in May, 1858, he drew up, with the assistance of his subordinates, a report of the events of the Punjab for the eventful year which had just passed away, meting out to each and all with a just and willing hand the measure of praise and acknowledgment he deemed their due. In this he set forward his view that the cause of the mutiny was the consciousness of superior power on the part of the Sepoy army, and pointed out the necessity of maintaining at all stations a superior show of physical force.

Due honours were not long withheld him. He was made a Baronet and a member of the Privy Council, and was granted an annuity of £2,000 per annum by the East India Company. He also received the emoluments but not the status of a lieutenant-governor, and the Freedom of the city of London was conferred upon him.

In February, 1859, Sir John Lawrence left Lahore, homeward bound, and in the spring of the same year took up his residence in London, and assumed his seat as a member of the council of India. In 1860 he was offered the governorship of Bombay, which he declined, and in 1863 the viceroyalty of India, which he accepted, starting ten days later for Calcutta.

Of his career as Viceroy of India it is not necessary to speak at length. He carried out many reforms, and by his abolition of abuses and policy of retrenchment made enemies and excited opposition. He was hampered by the financial difficulties, incident to a stationary income, and an increasing expenditure at a time when large outlays were needed for public works. He, moreover, had to deal with the terrible famine in Orissa during which a million of our fellow-subjects were starved to death, and to settle the disputes between the talukhdars and the ryots of Oudh. He promoted railways and other public works, created an Indian

Forest department, and began a comprehensive system of irrigating canals in different parts of India. At the end of his term of office he was asked to continue for a fifth year, a request with which he complied ; but on the 12th of January, 1869, he handed over the responsibilities of government to Lord Mayo, his successor, and once more returned to his native land.

"The night before the arrival of his successor," says Sir Richard Temple, "he attended the farewell banquet given in his honour by some two hundred and fifty gentlemen representing the European community of Calcutta. His public services were reviewed by the chairman, Sir William Mansfield (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), the commander-in-chief, in statesman-like and eloquent terms. When he rose to reply his voice was not resonant, and his manner seemed hesitating, but the hesitation arose from the varied emotions that were surging in his breast, and the counter trains of thought that were coursing through his mind, as 'the hours to their last minute were mounting' for his Indian career. Doffing his armour after a long course of victory, and arriving at that final end which entitles the victor to be called fortunate, he might well have been cheerful ; but, on the contrary, he was somewhat melancholy—and his bearing then, compared to what it was when he landed in Calcutta, showed how heavily the last five years had told upon him. His speech was characteristic, as might have been expected. He reviewed his own policy in a concise and comprehensive manner ; he said a good word for the inhabitants of North-Western India, among whom his laborious lot had long been cast, attributing much of his success to the officers, his own countrymen, who had worked with him ; and, as a peroration, he commended the natives of India to the kindly sympathies of all whom his words might reach."

He was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Lawrence of the Punjab and Grately, and spoke from his seat in the House of Lords upon Indian questions from time to time. He was elected a member of the first London School Board, and became its chairman, entering with his usual thoroughness

into the details of his office, and rendering valuable services in the early days of national elementary education. On the 19th of June, 1879, he made his last speech in the House of Lords on the Indian Budget, and on the 26th of the same month he died.

Posthumous honours were not wanting. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, on the 5th of July, 1879, with every mark of affection and esteem. A statue was erected to his memory opposite the Government House at Calcutta, and another in Waterloo Place, London, side by side with one of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. Of his work in and for India this volume gives some indication, but no adequate account ; of his character the same may be said. "The impression which he produced on those who knew him," says Mr. Hamilton, "was happily expressed by Lord Stanley, who said that he possessed a certain 'heroic simplicity.' He was essentially a man of action and of prompt and vigorous action, not a man of speech. Of a quiet but intense practical piety, he was always reserved about religious doctrine; always outspoken about the obligations of Christian duty. Vigorous as he was in action, his leading mental characteristic was caution, and his prompt action was generally the result of mature deliberation. He was masterful in temper, intolerant of discussion and debate, and though considerate and generous to a loyal and energetic subordinate, he exacted from his subordinates the same unflagging zeal and the same prompt obedience which he displayed himself to the public service and to his official superiors. Blunt truthfulness was his chief moral trait. His personal habits were modest and economical in the extreme, but his charities were at once wise and munificent." His heraldic motto was "Be ready," and in this he expressed one of the great lessons of his life ; no less characteristic and no less exemplified in his career would have been the lesson embodied in the words, which but for modesty he might have added, "Be True."

THE OUTBREAK AT GWALIOR.

GWALIOR is a native state in political relationship with the Central India Agency and the Government of India. It includes the city and fortress of Gwalior, and the British cantonment of Jhansi. The Maharajah Sindhia died in 1843 without heirs, and without having expressed any wish in regard to the succession, though repeatedly urged to do so by the Resident. His widow, with the concurrence of the chief nobles, adopted Baghirat Ráo, a lad eight years of age, belonging to a distant branch of the family. The British Government recognised the adoption. Early in the regency, disturbances took place, and the advance of British troops on Gwalior became necessary to restore order. Two battles—Maharajpore and Punnair—were fought on the 29th of December 1843. In both the insurgents were defeated, and the young chief was replaced in power by the British Government. The Gwalior army was disbanded, and the force was reduced to five thousand cavalry, three thousand infantry, and thirty-two guns. Thus matters continued until the Mutiny.

On the revolt at Delhi becoming known at Gwalior, the Maharajah at once resolved to cast in his lot with the British; he sent his body-guard, men of his own Mahratta clan, to Agra, where they were most successfully employed. But it soon became evident that the causes which had induced our own native army to mutiny had infected the Sepoys of the Gwalior contingent with the virus of revolt. On the 14th of June those remaining at Gwalior rose in the night and massacred their officers. For these calamities the Maharajah

was in no way to blame; the mutineers were not Gwalior men; they came from Oudh and had been enlisted by the British. In June, 1858, he was deserted by his troops on the approach of the rebels under Tantia Topi, and he and his minister fled to Agra. Gwalior was, however, retaken by Sir Hugh Rose, and the Maharajah was re-established. A most graphic account of the situation at Gwalior in May and June 1857, is given by the Rev. G. W. Coopland, M.A., the Chaplain, who himself was a victim, and whose widow's escape forms a most thrilling chapter in the history of the Mutiny. Writing in June, 1857, Mr. Coopland said, after referring to the rumours which had reached Gwalior regarding other parts of India:—

“But now to come to ourselves. Two regiments and the cavalry having been lately sent off to other places, there are now here two regiments of infantry, two companies of artillery, and perhaps a hundred cavalry. The English community consists now of eleven officers, mostly with wives and children, three surgeons, the wives and families of four officers who have been sent off with their regiments, and four sergeants with wives and children. It seems that on Wednesday last, and during Thursday, the most dreadful reports kept coming in to the brigadier and the political agent, that the whole of the troops here were to rise simultaneously on Thursday evening, at eleven o'clock, and burn down all our houses, and murder us; of course, none of these reports ever reached us, and about half-past five on Thursday evening Captain Murray rushed into our house and asked to see me alone. He told me that he had been sent by the brigade-major to inform me that the troops were going to rise at eleven o'clock that night and make wholesale burning and slaughtering; that every woman and child either had fled, or must at once make off to the Residency—a large house between seven and eight miles off, where the political agent at the court of Gwalior lives. It was of the utmost importance that our flight should be unobserved; we must wait till the usual time of our evening drive, and pretending that we were

going out as usual, must slip off on the road to the Residency ; we must not take anything with us, for fear of exciting suspicion.

"This was all said in a few moments, and the officer hurried away. You may imagine our feelings, not knowing how many had escaped, nor whether we should succeed in doing so, or should be stopped on the road. We hastily dressed, and ordered our buggy to be ready, not without many fears that perhaps the groom had run away, or the horse would be found lame ; we took each a night-dress, gave a last look at our nice drawing-room, my wife played on her piano, probably for the last time, and then about half-past six we got into our buggy and drove off, leaving our money and everything we had, just as if we were going out for our customary evening drive. The road was frightfully bad. At last we reached a large encampment of Mahratta horse and infantry surrounding a large stone house, which we were glad to find was to be our place of refuge. You must imagine thirteen ladies, almost all with one or two children, and four sergeants' wives with their children, crowded together, having just left their husbands, as they supposed, in the greatest danger, and expecting that the houses, and all that they had, would in a few hours be in flames, and a birth and a death both expected to happen any time ; no beds, no change of dress, and suffocatingly hot ; and then an order that every one should be ready to start at a moment's notice, for perhaps we might have to hurry off towards Agra. The political agent, a son of one of our officers, and an invalid soldier, were the only white men present. You must imagine what a night we passed, entirely in the hands of the Rajah's troops, and expecting to hear the officers that might have survived come galloping in with news that all was over. But news came at last that the officers had gone among their men, that the dreadful hour was passed, and no outbreak had been made ; the storm had passed for the present—to burst out on another opportunity. Early in the morning we were told that the Rajah had intimated that he could not afford to guard us at that distance ;

we must come down to one of his palaces. Of course we were obliged to submit ; and before long the natives of Gwalior crowded to a sight such as never had been seen in their streets before—fifteen or sixteen carriages dashing through, surrounded by hundreds of wild Mahratta horsemen, and filled with English ladies and children. A gallop of four or five miles, through heat and dust, brought us to the Rajah's palace.

“After waiting some time in the courtyard, we were conducted up a long flight of steps to the top of one part of the palace. Such misery I have seldom seen : poor little children crying, ladies half dead with heat and fatigue, some in tears ; nothing to defend us from the heat ; one mother weeping over a child supposed to be dying, without medical aid or necessaries of any kind. The Rajah, however, did what he could—sent in some old English chairs and a table which he happened to possess, and two or three native beds ; and even had frames, filled with thorns, put in where there were no windows, in order that water might be thrown upon them to keep us cooler. The heat, however, was terrific. The excitement in the native city below us was immense—the people crowding round the palace and gathering on the tops of the neighbouring houses to get a glimpse of the English prisoners. An immense number of troops was brought up to guard us, and large cannon without end.

“After another miserable night—I never got water to wash my face, or changed my linen—we were told a messenger had arrived from the brigadier to the effect that we were to return at once to the station. It appeared that the men had determined to remain faithful for the present, and that the native officers had gone to the brigadier, and explained that they were offended at the departure of the ladies and at their being placed under the care of the Rajah, that their men would remain faithful and we had nothing to fear.

“About 6 a.m. we bade farewell to the Rajah's palace, and returned to our own houses. But our condition is very pitiable. We cannot escape ; the roads are unsafe, even if the

climate spared us. . . . I hope now Delhi is taken things will take a turn for the better."

The day after Mr. Coopland wrote this letter (the last he ever wrote) the news came that *Delhi had not been taken*; it was a mistake in the telegram. The subsequent course of events is very vividly depicted by Mrs. Coopland:—

"Gwalior was one of the worst places in India to effect an escape from. The houses were in rows on each side of a long road, a mile in length; behind them, on one side were the lines of the cavalry and artillery, and branching off from them were the lines of the infantry regiments. On the other side, behind the houses, was the nullah (a river stream). The only people who escaped on the night of the 14th lived on this side. On the first alarm, they instantly rushed across the nullah. Had the guards of their houses resisted their escape, nothing could have saved them; had soldiers been placed there to stop them, it would have been useless to attempt it; but for the first ten minutes the nullah was left unguarded. Our house was some distance from the nullah, and we had not been long enough in Gwalior to know the locality exactly. Besides, almost immediately after the alarm, the banks of the nullah were lined with Sepoys, hunting for those who had already crossed. I believe the brigadier lay hidden under the bridge whilst they were passing over it and searching for him.

"At one end of the long street was a small bazaar, the natives of which were instantly up in arms. Our house was near this end of the street, and at the opposite end was a cemetery, a parade-ground, and gaol. At the back of the house and lines were the cavalry stacks, the course, the magazine, and a small place where elephants were kept.

"I was much struck with the conduct of our servants—they grew so impertinent. My ayah evidently looked on all my property as her share of the plunder. When I opened my dressing-case, she would ask me questions about the ornaments, and inquire if the tops of the scent bottles were real silver; and she always watched where I put my things. My husband heard the punkah coolies outside talking about us,

and saying those Feringhis would soon have a different home, and *they* would then be masters; and that the Feringhis were quite different in the cool weather, but were now such poor creatures as to require to be punkahed and kept cool.

“Our last consolation was now taken away, for the telegraph between us and Agra was destroyed, and we were dependent upon rumour for intelligence. We heard dreadful reports from Jhansi. On Friday and Saturday we lived in a state of dread uncertainty. My husband seldom undressed at night, and I had a dress always ready to escape in. My husband’s rifle was kept loaded (I learnt to load and fire it), as we were determined not to die without a struggle. Oh! the misery of those days! After breakfast on Sunday morning we bathed and dressed, and whilst my husband was resting, and I playing one of Mozart’s ‘Masses,’ we heard a tremendous noise in our garden. My husband went out and found one or two Sepoys again disputing with our servants. He ordered them to be quiet; but it was of no use, they did not now care even to keep up appearances. At last they settled the dispute among themselves, and for two hours there was perfect silence—not a sound was heard; it was a dread foreboding stillness.

“I hope few will know how awful it is to wait quietly for death. There was now *no* escape; and we waited for our death-stroke. The dread calm of apprehension was awful. We indeed drank the cup of bitterness to the dregs. The words, ‘O death in life, the days that are no more,’ kept recurring to my memory like a dirge. Silence still reigned, and I was again reading home letters—one from my sister on her wedding tour—when in rushed some of the servants, calling out that the little bungalow where we had formerly lived was on fire, and that the wind was blowing the flames in our direction. All the residents began to take the furniture out of their houses and pour water on the roofs; and my husband, at the head of our servants, instantly took similar precautions with our house. The heat was dreadful, the wind high, and the next house was soon also a mass of flames.

"The road was crowded, the air filled with smoke, and I heard the crackling and roaring of the flames; it was a great contrast to the dead calm that had reigned before, but scarcely more awful. At last the wind fell and the fire was extinguished; but not till the mess-house, the large bath-house adjoining, and little bungalow were burnt to the ground. My husband came in, greatly exhausted with his exertions. He advised me to put on a plain, dark dress and jacket, and not to wear any ornaments or hide anything about me, that the Sepoys might not kill me for the sake of my dress or trinkets; we then sat down in silent suspense. I finished a letter for home, which never went, as it was burnt in our house. After coffee we received a note from a Major Sherriff, saying he wished he could see my husband; at five o'clock he came, and they had a long talk together. He said it was hard that we should stay to be butchered like sheep; for now there was no doubt but that such would be our fate. My husband now sent for all the servants and gave them each handsome presents in money; to his bearer and my ayah he gave double; he also rewarded his guard of six Sepoys who had come to guard our house when the fire broke out. We then drove out. We saw scarcely any one about; everything looked as it had done for days past; but as we were returning we passed several parties of Sepoys, none of whom saluted us. We met the brigadier and Major Blake, who were just going to pass a party of Sepoys, and I remember saying to my husband, 'If the Sepoys don't salute the brigadier, the storm is nigh at hand.' *They did not.* The brigadier and Major Blake turned and looked at them. We found our guard still at our house, but they also took no notice of us. We then had tea, and sat reading till gun-fire; and at nine we retired to rest.

"My husband went into his dressing-room, and I, after undressing and dismissing my ayah, arranged my dress for flight, and lay down. A single lamp shed a ghostly glimmer in the room. Soon afterwards the gun fired—instantly the alarm bugle rang out its shrill warning on the still night. Our guard loaded their muskets, and I felt that our death-knell had

sounded when the butts went down with a muffled sound. My husband opened his door and said, 'All is over with us ! dress immediately.' The ayah and bearer rushed in, calling out, 'Fly ! the Sepoys have risen, and will kill you.' I put on a morning wrapper, cloth jacket, and bonnet, and snatched up a bottle of aromatic vinegar and another of opium, but left my watch and rings. We opened my bath-room door and rushed out.

"Fortunately it was very dark. I said, 'Let us go to the Stuarts, and see what they are doing.' We soon reached their house, and found Mrs. Stuart in great distress, as her husband had just ridden off to the lines. Suddenly a horse dashed into the compound, and Mrs. Stuart cried out, 'Oh ! they have killed my husband !' I returned to her, as my husband went out to speak to the syce (groom). I held her hand, and never can I forget her agonised clasp ! The syce told my husband that the Sepoys had shot Captain Stuart ; he also brought a message from Major Hawkins, directing his wife and children to go to the lines. So Mrs. Hawkins was carried out on a bed, followed by the nurse with the infant, and a large party of servants carrying the other four children. They all went to the artillery lines, as the artillery had promised to remain faithful. Mrs. Stuart also set off in her carriage with her children.

"Our syce now appeared with the buggy, accompanied by our kitmaghur (butler) ; the latter appeared very much excited and had a sword in each hand. He advised us to cross the bridge leading to the Lashkor ; but the syce said it was guarded with guns and sentries. At first we thought we would follow Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Hawkins to the artillery lines, as the artillery were thought to be better inclined towards us ; it was the 4th we dreaded, for they had often let fall suspicious and mutinous words. It is believed they committed, that night and the following morning, most of the murders at the station. Just as we were going to turn towards the artillery lines a Sepoy came running towards us, weeping and sobbing. He called out, 'They have shot the sahib !'

THE ESCAPE FROM GWALIOR.

“ALL this time we heard volleys of musketry, bugles, shots, and terrible shrieks, and saw some of the houses burning. It was now ten o'clock. Now it seemed utterly impossible to escape; every road was guarded and planted with guns, and cavalry were riding about. After a short time, passed in terrible suspense, the guard of the house suggested that we had better hide in the garden, as the Sepoys would soon be coming to 'loot' the house, and would kill us. We followed the advice and went into the garden, where we remained some time. Mrs. Blake's kitmaghur, Muza, who remained faithful, now took us to a shady place in the garden, where we lay concealed behind a bank well covered with trees. He told us to lie down and not to move, and then brought a large dark shawl for my husband, who was in a white suit. It was now about eleven. The guard still remained faithful, though they took no active part in helping us. They told us that Mrs. Campbell was lying dead in her compound; that the brigadier was shot on the bridge, and Dr. Mackeller near one of the hospitals, and that Major Blake was killed.

“At last about a hundred Sepoys came to attack Mrs. Campbell's house. We heard them tearing down the doors and windows, and smashing the glass and furniture; they then set fire to it, and the flames shot up into the clear night air, their wild shouts of laughter mingling with the crackling of the flames. The moon looked calmly down on our misery and lighted the heavens, which were flecked with myriads of stars only occasionally obscured by the smoke of the burning

houses. We heard them looking for us ; they came into the garden and made a diligent search. I saw the moonlight glancing on their bayonets as they thrust aside the bushes, and they passed so close by us that we might have touched them. But they were unsuccessful, and we were again left to wait a little longer in bitter suspense, the flames and smoke of burning houses sweeping over us.

"Our faithful Muza now crept to us, and said we were no longer safe where we were, but that he might hide us in his house, and perhaps get us some native dresses to disguise ourselves in. His house was a low, small hut, close to the garden. Mrs. Blake, in her hurry, fell and hurt her head and shoulder. We crouched down in the hut, not daring to move, and scarcely to breathe. I remember asking Mrs. Blake to take off her silk cape, as it rustled, which she did. Muza then barred the door, and fastened it with a chain. After half an hour the Sepoys returned, more furious than before ; they evidently knew we were somewhere about. They entered the kitchen of the house, which was only separated from the room we were in by a thin wooden partition. Muza then went out. Had he deserted us ? The Sepoys talked and argued with him ; we heard them count over the cooking vessels and dishes. After dividing the spoil, we heard them again ask Muza if we were in the house, and say they must search. They asked him, 'Have you no Feringhis concealed ?' and he swore that there were none in his house. This did not satisfy them ; they forced open the door with the butts of their muskets, the chain fell with a clang, and, as the door burst open, we saw the moon glistening on their fixed bayonets. We thought they were going to charge in upon us ; but no, the hut was so dark that they could not see us. They called for a light ; but Muza stopped them, and said, 'You see they are not here ; come, and I will show you where they are.' He then shut and fastened the door and they went away. Muza then took us to the bearer's hut. He opened the door and we went out.

"Day was beginning to dawn, and the air felt cool after the

close atmosphere of the house we had been in for so many hours. The bearer's hut was one of a cluster of huts built of mud, and very low and small. We lay on the ground, worn out with watching and terror; our lips were parched; we listened intently to hear the least sound; but a brooding silence prevailed. We were soon joined by Mrs. Raikes, with her baby and ayah, the poor baby crying and fretting. It was now nearly six o'clock, and grew gradually lighter, when the Sepoys again returned howling and raging like wild beasts. They came round the hut. The baby cried, and we heard them ask, 'Whose child is that?' One of the women replied they did not know; they called, 'Bring it out'; when Mrs. Raikes exclaimed in an agony of fear, 'Oh! they will kill my child.' When the woman carried it out, the Sepoys yelled, 'Feringhi, hi: kill them!' and I saw through the doorway a great number of them loading their muskets.

"We all stood up close together in one corner of the hut; each of us took up one of the logs of wood that lay on the ground, as some means of defence. I did not know if my husband had his gun, as it was too dark in the hut to see even our faces. The Sepoys then began to pull off the roof. When they had unroofed the hut, they fired in upon us. At the first shot we dropped our pieces of wood, and my husband said, 'We will not die here; let us go outside.' We all rushed out, and Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Raikes, and I, clasping our hands, cried, 'Do not kill us.' The Sepoys said, 'We will not kill the mem-sahibs, only the sahib.' We were surrounded by a crowd of them, and as soon as they distinguished my husband, they fired at him. Instantly they dragged Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Raikes, and me back; but not into the bearer's hut; the sweeper's was good enough for us, they said. I saw no more; but volley after volley soon told me that all was over.

"We lay crouched on the ground; the stillness was such that a little mouse crept out and looked at us with its bright eyes. Mrs. Campbell came rushing in with her hair hanging about; she wore a native's dress, her own having been torn off her; she had been left alone the whole night. Then Mrs. Kirke,

with her little boy, joined us ; she had that instant seen her husband (Dr. Kirke) shot before her eyes ; and on her crying, 'Kill me, too !' they answered, 'No, we have killed you in killing him.' Her arms were bruised and swollen ; they had torn off her bracelets so roughly : even her wedding-ring was gone. They spared her little boy ; his long curls and girlish face saved his life. The Sepoys soon returned and crowded in to stare at us. Making the most insulting remarks, they seized our hands, and dragged us along very fast towards the lines. No words can describe the hellish looks of these armed human fiends ; they had rifled all the stores, and were intoxicated. Some were evidently the prisoners who had been let out from the gaol the night before. After they had dragged us to their lines, they took us from house to house, and at last placed us on a native bed under some trees. Mrs. Gilbert and her child now arrived, and Mrs. Procter, who had just seen her husband killed. All our horses and carriages were drawn up in a line under some trees. Hundreds of Sepoys came to stare at us, and thronged round us so densely we could scarcely breathe. They mocked and reviled us with the most bitter language, saying, 'Would you like to see your sahibs *now* ?' We said we wished to go to Agra, and after using insulting language for some time longer, they said we might go where we liked, and gave us *one* carriage—a large landau.

"The horses were very spirited and plunged a good deal ; the morning before they had broken the traces. How we all got in I can't say. There were Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Raikes, her baby and ayah, Mrs. Kirke and her little boy, Mrs. Campbell and myself ; and some sergeants' wives clung to the carriage.' The Sepoys threw into the carriage one or two bottles of beer, and a bottle of camphor-water. Muza drove. A little way from the station we came up with some more sergeants' wives and children ; some of them nearly naked—some had seen their husbands shot. We proceeded on our way, expecting every instant to be torn out of the carriage and killed, as the people yelled and shouted after us. The carriage

was taken from us, and native carts given us instead. They were miserable things, without springs and without any protection from the sun. We had now almost lost the power of thinking and acting, for we had been many hours without food, water, or rest ; and our minds were tortured by grief and suspense. The bullocks moved very slowly ; the sensation of horror and helplessness oppressed us like a nightmare ; for all this time we were only a few miles from Gwalior, and could even hear the shouting there.

“ We toiled slowly onwards the whole of that long, hot afternoon, the dust rising in clouds and the hot winds parching us. The bullocks hardly moved. We mixed a few drops of the camphor-water with the water which Muza occasionally brought us from the wells. As the shades of evening were drawing on, Muza informed us that some sowars were pursuing us—we were on a flat sandy plain with no shelter. We heard them coming quickly on. At last five sowars appeared, armed with matchlocks and swords. They asked for all the ornaments we had. Mrs. Blake was the only one who had any ; the others had been stripped of theirs and I had left mine behind. I instantly took off my wedding-ring and tied it round my waist, as I was determined to save it if possible. They threatened to kill us, evidently not believing our story, but just then we heard the tramp of a large body of horse and the clang of arms. They proved to be a party of the Rajah's body-guard returning from escorting the Resident and his party. They stopped, and we entreated them to escort us, but they refused because they had not the Maharajah's command. However, the sowars did not again molest us. Very early next morning we set out. Muza got us some ‘ gram ’ for food, like vetch, which the animals live on ; it was very dry, and this, with a little water mixed with the camphor-water, was all we had to eat.

“ About noon on Tuesday we reached the second dāk bungalow to Agra. Here we halted an hour or two. The servants at the bungalow pressed us to stay, saying we should all be killed if we went on. We then partook of a little pulse and rice, the first food we had tasted since Sunday night

excepting the gram. My foot was very painful and inflamed. We were all covered with 'prickly heat,' a very painful and irritable eruption ; and we could not rest, as crowds of natives would continue thronging in to stare at us and brandishing their firearms. Here we were joined by Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Procter, and Mrs. Quick, a sergeant's wife ; they had been very ill-treated. Our faithful Muza procured us some large veils in which to disguise ourselves as well as we could. The natives let us start, thinking probably that we should only die a lingering death on the way ; or that if we did reach Agra we should only find it in ruins. At night we were obliged to get out of the carts and lie on the ground, huddled together in the midst of a dusty road ; the villagers collected to stare at us, and brought torches to aid their scrutiny, which was accompanied by gross insolence. Worn out with fatigue, we slept, and the next morning (Wednesday) we continued our journey.

" We passed through the town of Dholepore, which is built on each side of the Chumbul. The natives, a fierce, rude set, would not let us cross, and threatened to kill us, and probably would have done so, but for the thought that we were under the Rajah's protection. In the oppressively hot afternoon Muza announced that he had got a boat for us. We descended to the ford, where we saw a sort of raft, or rough native boat, at some distance from the shore ; we had to wade the stream before we reached it, and scrambled in wet as we were. Just as the boat began to move, some natives dashed into the water, and tore a piece of wood out of the side, so that the water rushed in. The river was very broad, but we neared the opposite shore, jumped out, and waded through a large margin of wet sand and *débris*. We were followed by at least twenty horrid, savage-looking men, armed with rusty old matchlocks and swords. For an hour we sat surrounded by these men, who every now and then drew out their swords, and slowly polished them. They watched us closely ; one man especially, with only one eye—and that had a horrid basilisk expression in it—watched me the whole time. They

occasionally left us, and then returned, as if purposely keeping us in suspense.

“At last a camel sowar rode up, and gave Mrs. Campbell a note. It was one written by Captain Campbell to the Maharajah, requesting him to have all the bodies of the killed at Gwalior buried, and particularly his wife. *This she herself read!* The sowar said he would take her to Captain Campbell, who had come a few miles out of Agra, not daring to come farther, as he feared an ambush. Mrs. Campbell did not like to trust herself with the sowar, and, therefore on the back of the note pricked with a pin the words, ‘We are here, more than a dozen women and children; send us help.’ The sowar delivered the note to Captain Campbell. Muza said we had better walk on a little way till he could procure some more carts; so we walked on under the burning sun, our wet clothes clinging to us. Some of the women had no shoes or stockings, and one tore off pieces of her dress to wrap round her bleeding feet. Mrs. Kirke and Mrs. Campbell, who had no bonnets, put part of their dresses over their heads, to protect them from the burning rays of the sun. Mrs. Gilbert could hardly walk; some of the women helped her; others carried the children. At last Mrs. Quick fell down in an apoplectic fit; some of the ladies stayed with her, but in a quarter of an hour she died. At last, to our intense joy, a native mounted policeman, riding Captain Campbell’s horse, came up and told us that Captain Campbell had sent him with instructions to us to rest at the next dâk bungalow. It seemed strange to see this man, and hear him speak so kindly to us: he also procured some carts and an elephant from the Rajah of Dholepore. About noon the next day we came in sight of the bungalow where Captain Campbell was; he had sent on a buggy for his wife, so she and Mrs. Gilbert preceded us in it.

“We soon arrived, and never shall I forget Captain Campbell’s kindness. He bathed our heads, fanned us, and procured us fowls and rice; we were utterly worn out. Here Mrs. Gilbert’s baby was born, and we halted till evening. Captain Campbell

had a small charpoy (native bedstead) covered with carpet for Mrs. Gilbert and the infant to be carried in. He had twenty horsemen with him, but could not trust them. We started about 4 p.m., and travelled all night, through by-lanes; and thus, it being dark, we avoided an ambush, as the rebels were collecting to attack us. Poor Sergeant Quick now joined us, and was told of the death of his wife.

“At six the next morning we reached Agra. It seemed so strange to see faces not haggard and sorrowful. Life was a blank for many days. I lay all day in a room with a wet towel round my head, utterly stunned: everything seemed like a fearful dream. I had nothing in the world but what I had escaped in.”

THE OUTBREAK AND MASSACRE AT JHANSI.

THE town of Jhansi, capital of the province of the same name, lies one hundred and forty-two miles south of Agra. On the downfall of the Peishwa in 1817 his territories were ceded to the British, who, in consideration of a yearly tribute, agreed to recognise its existing ruler and his posterity as hereditary princes, and fifteen years later raised the title of the ruler from that of Subadar to Rajah. In 1854 the last male descendant of the family died, the succession of the Rane's adopted son was refused, and the state declared to have lapsed to the British Government. The Rane was induced to accept an annual allowance of £6,000, but her indignation was terrible when she discovered that out of this, to her, paltry allowance she was expected to pay her husband's debts. A woman born to command, tall of stature and powerful intellect, she resolved, with the cunning of her race, to wait the time when revenge would be sure and terrible. The symptoms of disaffection early in 1857 were therefore hailed by her with intense delight. Her opportunity had arrived sooner than she had dared to hope, and she at once began, by means of confidential envoys, to intrigue with the garrison.

The garrison was composed entirely of natives, part of the 12th Infantry, a detachment of Artillery, and a wing of Irregular Cavalry. The Rane determined to simulate loyalty to the British, and even asked permission to enlist a body of armed troops for her own protection against the Sepoys. The permission was granted, and she at once rallied round her

the old soldiers of the State, and secretly unearched the heavy guns which had been buried when the Rajah died.

So credulous was the English commissioner, that, as late as the 30th of May, he wrote to Agra, "All continues quiet here, and the troops staunch."

Yet, early in June, some bungalows were fired—the usual precursor of revolt. On the 5th firing was heard from the direction of the Star Fort, in which, as a precautionary measure, provisions and ammunition had been stored, but which was held by a Sepoy guard, who announced their intention of occupying it on their own account. The Mutiny had commenced. All the non-combatants with their families fled to the Town Fort, but the officers remained among their men, whose demeanour was still respectful, and who declared that they had no sympathy with their deluded brethren who had occupied the Star Fort. For themselves, they would be true to their salt. Next morning a parade was held. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery swore solemnly that to the last they would stand by their officers.

The same afternoon they all revolted, and killed Captain Dunlop and Ensign Taylor. The Irregular Cavalry scoured the plain with loaded carbines, and shot two officers of the 12th. They then made a rush at Lieutenant Campbell, their commanding officer, who, well mounted, was making for the Fort. They wounded him, but he reached the Fort in safety, and five or six of his pursuers were killed by marksmen on the ramparts. Only one officer, Lieutenant Turnbull, of the Artillery, now remained outside the Fort, and he was unmounted. Escape seemed impossible, and unseen, as he believed, he climbed a large, leafy tree, midway between the Fort and cantonment. But a miserable townsman had seen him, pointed him out to the sowars, who at once shot him down.

The prisoners were released from the gaol, and with the mutineers proceeded to invest the Fort, in which there were only fifty-five Europeans, including women and children. The scene in the cantonments had warned those in the Fort, who

at once prepared to make what preparations were possible for the defence. Rifles were distributed; some of the ladies were told off to cast bullets; piles of stones were heaped up to barricade the gates. But guns were wanting; of provisions and water the supply was scant. The second day the Ranee sent her guns and elephants to help the besiegers. It then became evident that a successful defence was quite impossible.

A council was therefore held, at which it was resolved to send three of the garrison to treat with the Ranee for the safe conduct of the men, women, and children in the Fort to a place of security within British territory. On the morning of the 7th the three Europeans, Messrs. Andrews, Scott, and Purcell, started on their mission, and were conducted by the rebels to the Ranee, who, declaring that "she had no concern with the English swine," handed them over to the Irregular Cavalry. They were then dragged out of the palace and slaughtered.

The attack on the Fort was then renewed, but without success. Not a single brick was displaced by the rebel guns, though Captain Gordon was killed by a chance shot. But the defence was so spirited that the rebels kept aloof from the gates. Treachery by native servants, who had been admitted to perform menial offices, added to the peril of the besieged. Two were discovered in the act of opening one of the gates. Lieutenant Powys, who saw them, shot one dead, but was immediately cut down by the other. Captain Burgess avenged his brother officer in a second, and the traitors lay side by side in the ditch.

Attempts were made to open communication with Gwalior, but those who made the attempts were invariably intercepted and slain. Provisions were failing; the ammunition was nearly exhausted; outside succour seemed possible. Just at this moment the Ranee, not knowing their straits, but with full knowledge of their valour, sent messengers to say that she only wanted the Fort—that if the Europeans would only lay down their arms and surrender they should be escorted to a place of safety. This promise was affirmed by the most

solemn oaths of the Ranee and of all the troops. As under no circumstances could the garrison hold out another day, Captain Skene, on their behalf, accepted the terms, which seemed to offer the only chance of life. Better had they died fighting.

So they passed out of their place of refuge two by two. When all had come out, the rebels fell upon them, bound them, and led them through the town to a garden. Resistance was impossible; like sheep they were led to the slaughter. The word was then passed for the massacre. The helpless prisoners were ranged in three lines. The first contained the adult males, the second, the adult females, the third, the children. Suddenly, one of the executioners raised his sword and cut down Captain Skene, then Captain Barrow, with a book of Common Prayer tightly held in his hands, and the remainder of the adult males were decapitated. The children were seized and cut in halves before the eyes of their mothers; and last of all, the ladies were pitilessly hacked to death. Not a man, woman, or child survived the butchery. For three days the bodies of the murdered were left unburied; afterwards they were thrown into a gravel pit.

When, on the 6th of the following April, the blood-stained city was recovered after a desperate siege by the force under Sir Hugh Rose, the resting-place of the slain was sought out, and over it was read the Service for the Burial of the Dead.

THE STORY OF THE DEFENCE OF ARRAH,

AS TOLD BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

TO thousands of Englishmen Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore are household words; but comparatively few have heard of Arrah, a few miles west of Dinapore. Yet the defence and relief of Arrah was admittedly one of the most striking incidents of the Mutiny.

Having reached Arrah, the Dinapore mutineers released the prisoners from the gaol (27th of July), plundered the treasury, and then set forth to slaughter the European residents. But in the attempt to prosecute this part of their scheme they met with an opposition on which they had not counted.

The residents of Arrah, in fact, had not awaited in idleness the visit which they had deemed always possible, and which, since the 25th, had been certain. One of their number, Mr. Vicars Boyle, a civil engineer connected with the railway, had, from a very early period, regarded it as quite a possible contingency that the station might be attacked by the mutineers. He, therefore, despite the jeers of some, and the covert ridicule of others, had fortified the smaller of the two houses in his compound in a manner which would enable it, if defended, to resist any sudden assault. This house was a small detached building, about fifty feet square, having one storey above the basement, and surmounted by a flat roof. As soon as a message from Dinapore brought the information of the successful rise and departure of the Sepoys, the residents resolved to take advantage of Mr. Boyle's prescience, and to defend them-

selves in his house against the enemy. Supplies of all kinds, —meal, wine, beer, water, biscuit, and sheep—had been gradually stored up by Mr. Boyle during the month.

Additional means of defence were now provided. Ammunition was collected; loopholes were drilled in the walls, and sand-bags were placed on the roof. At the same time, the front portion of the other and larger house in the same compound, about fifty yards distant from the improvised fortress, was entirely demolished, so as to prevent it from affording shelter to any possible assailants.

The European and Eurasian residents in Arrah amounted in number to fifteen; but there was besides a Mohammedan gentleman, whose fate was joined to theirs. With so small a garrison, a successful defence of Mr. Boyle's house would have been impossible. But the commissioner of Patna, Mr. Tayler, had, in anticipation of the crisis, despatched to Arrah fifty of Rattray's Sikhs. These men were on the spot, and they too cast in their lot with the English. The united garrison thus numbered nearly seventy souls, and these, when information reached them of the crossing of the Sone by the Sepoys, threw themselves, armed with their muskets, their guns, and their rifles, into the house of refuge, resolved to defend it to the very last.

Great, then, was the surprise of the Sepoys when, having released the prisoners and plundered the treasury they set forth to slaughter the Europeans, they found that their progress was stayed by the occupants of one small house. Still confident in their numbers, and elated by the success which had attended all their movements, they advanced unhesitatingly, and in unbroken order, towards the last refuge of their enemy. The garrison reserved their fire till the Sepoys came within range, but they then let fly with so sure an aim that the rebels fell back surprised and disconcerted. These, changing their tactics, then dispersed into groups, and taking possession of the larger house, commenced from it and from behind the trees near it a continuous fire on the garrison. The commanding position and the artificial defences of the smaller

house enabled the latter to return the fire with terrible effect. Not a Sepoy dare expose his person. If he chanced to do so, a bullet from a musket behind the sand-bags on the roof was certain to find out his weak point.

Meanwhile, the Sepoys had discovered that a portion of the garrison were Sikhs. They had some men of that nation in their own ranks. These were commissioned to use every possible argument to win over their countrymen. When the offer to share with them the plunder of the treasuries, of those sacked and of those still to be sacked, proved unavailing, threats of the doom which hung over them were freely used. The most earnest appeals to their nationality and their religion were alike rejected. Rattray's Sikhs remained loyal to the Government which gave them their salt.

During the next day the rebels brought two guns to bear on the besieged edifice. From these they fired every possible kind of projectile on which they could lay hands. They riddled the walls of the house, but they did not lessen the courage of the garrison. A musketry fire, carefully husbanded, yet used unsparingly whenever a chance presented itself, told them in unmistakable language that they were still defied. This did not, however, prevent the rebels from offering terms. Possibly the Sepoys were acquainted with the story of Cawnpore. But this is certain, that every evening a Sepoy standing behind the pillar of the larger house, summoned the garrison, in the name of their general, a subadar of the 8th Regiment Native Infantry, to surrender on conditions.

The following day, the 29th, the same tactics were continued, the enemy's guns being shifted from point to point so as to bear on the weakest point of the besieged house, but with the effect only of increasing the damage effected in the outer wall.

At last the enemy succeeded in placing the largest of the two field-pieces on the top of the vacated house, and began to direct a fire on the smaller house as fast as they could collect or improvise cannon-balls. But nothing intimidated the gallant men who formed the garrison. When the enemy raised a barricade on the roof of the adjoining house, the

besieged raised one still higher on their own. When provisions began to fail, a sally procured more. In fact, all the means that courage, labour, daring, and energy could suggest were used to the fullest extent to baffle the enemy.

At midnight on that day, the 29th, the garrison were aroused by the sound of repeated volleys of musketry about a mile distant, in the direction of the Sone river. For a moment hope suggested the idea that the garrison of Dinapore was about to relieve them. But the hope flickered and died almost as soon as it had received life. The sound of the firing became more and more distant; at last it ceased altogether. It was clear that the relieving party had been driven back.

The Englishmen garrisoning Mr. Boyle's little house had rightly interpreted the reason for the gradual lessening of the sound of volley-firing which had reached their ears at midnight on the 29th. Even if they had had any doubts these would have been removed by the arrival under their walls of a wounded Sikh, a member of the relieving force, who had managed to crawl to the house to tell the story of the disaster. The intelligence was black indeed, but its only effect on the hearts of the gallant members of the garrison was to steel them to resist to the bitter end. They at least believed in their countrymen. The story of the "leaguer of Arrah" had spread, they were well aware, as far as the means of communication would admit. Many detachments of Europeans were passing up country. By whom these detachments were commanded they knew not. But they did know that the several commanders were Englishmen, and they felt confident that amongst the Englishmen in authority to whom the story of their plight might be conveyed, there would be at least one who, bound though he might be by the red tape of regulations, would yet laugh at responsibility when he should learn that his countrymen were in danger; who would possess the brain to conceive and the nerve to carry out a plan for their relief. They judged rightly; and yet they were fortunate, for it is not every day that nature brings to maturity the mould of a Vincent Eyre.

Meanwhile the Sepoys returned to Arrah, red with the slaughter of our countrymen. If their victory had not increased the courage which now, as before, recoiled from an assault in masses on the besieged mansion, it had yet had the effect of stimulating their inventive powers. At one time they attempted to smoke out the garrison. With this object they collected and heaped up during the night, beneath the walls of the house, a large quantity of combustibles, and surmounting these with chillies—the raw material of the famous red pepper of India—ignited the mass. The effect would have been most serious had the wind only favoured the enemy; but the element was against them, and before it had injured the garrison, the pungent smoke was blown towards the hostile encampment. The same wind saved the garrison likewise from the putrid smell emanating from the rotting carcases of the horses belonging to the garrison, which had been shot at the commencement of the siege. Mining was then attempted, but Mr. Wake met this device by a countermine. The gun raised to the roof of the larger house occasionally caused injury to a weak place in the beleaguered castle; but Mr. Wake and Mr. Boyle were there, and in a short time the place was made twice as strong as before.

After all these measures had failed, it seemed as though the garrison would be more likely to suffer from a deficiency of supplies than from the enemy's attacks. And, in truth, on the third day the supply of water began to run short. With unremitting vigour, however, the garrison within twelve hours had dug a well of eighteen feet by four. Four sheep rewarded one of their attempts at sallying out for supplies. The earth excavated from the well was used to strengthen the works on the roof. Cartridges were made from the powder which Mr. Boyle had been careful to store, and bullets were cast from the lead which he had laid in. Every means that energy could do, that skill could devise, and that valour could attempt, were successfully resorted to by that daring garrison, ably directed by Mr. Wake, Mr. Boyle, and Mr. Colvin.

But resources limited in extent must, sooner or later, come

to an end. But for succour of an effective character the garrison would have been eventually forced—not to surrender—the possibility of such a *finale* never formed part of their calculations—but to endeavour to force their way to some ford on the river Sone. Happily the necessity to have recourse to so desperate a chance was spared them. On the morning of the 2nd of August, just one week after they had been shut up in their improvised fortress, a great commotion amongst the enemy gave warning that something very unusual was taking place. The hostile fire slackened early, and almost ceased during the day. But few of the Sepoys showed themselves. Suddenly, towards the afternoon the sound of a distant cannonade reached the ear. Minute succeeded minute, and yet the sound seemed neither to advance nor to recede. All at once it ceased altogether. Some hours later and the absolute discontinuance of the fire of the besiegers gave to the garrison a sure forecast of the actual state of affairs. A sally made by some of them after darkness had set in discovered the positions of the enemy abandoned; his guns unguarded; a canvassed tube filled with gunpowder lying unused close to the mine which had reached the foundations of their fortress. It was clear then to the tried and gallant men who had so successfully defended themselves against enormous odds that a deliverer had driven away their enemies, and that before many hours they would be able to render honour to the name of him who had so nobly dared to rescue them.

HOW TWO CIVILIANS WON THE VICTORIA CROSS NEAR ARRAH.

OF the more than four hundred heroes who up to the year 1895 were recipients of the Victoria Cross for "conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in presence of the enemy," four only were civilians. One of these, the Rev. J. W. Adams, of the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment, received it for conspicuous gallantry near Cabul in December 1879. The remaining three were heroes of the Mutiny—"Kavanagh, of Lucknow," and Mangles and McDonell, of the Bengal Civil Service, who were awarded the decoration for acts of valour in the retreat of the force which, under Captain Dunbar, had been despatched to relieve the heroic garrison of Arrah.

On the 29th of July Captain Dunbar left Dinapore amid great enthusiasm. His force consisted of three hundred and forty-three Europeans, seventy Sikhs, and a few gentlemen volunteers; it was conveyed by steamer up the River Sone, and disembarked at 7 p.m. at the point where the road to Arrah joins the river.

The booming of guns showed that the heroic garrison fifteen miles distant was still holding out. As it was a moonlight night Dunbar immediately pushed on his force, crossed by means of boats ready to hand a wide and deep rivulet two miles from the point of disembarkation, and found his progress undisputed till within a mile of Arrah. It was then eleven o'clock and the moon had gone down. Suddenly the British ranks were swept by a furious hailstorm of bullets from an

invisible enemy. The relieving force had been trapped into an ambushade.

Dunbar and several officers were shot dead. The confusion and disorder were terrible. After a time the troops rallied, though the enemy's firing from behind trees and walls told with terrible effect upon the Europeans who, in their white summer clothing, were conspicuous objects for the rebel marksmen. The surviving officers held a council of war, decided that it would be impossible with their diminished numbers to reach Arrah, and that they would, if possible, fall back upon the Sone. The retreat to the river was disastrous. From behind "the trees, the copses, the bushes, the ditches, and the jungle" five or six thousand rebels kept up the attack. The rivulet was eventually reached. But during the night the water had run down. All but two of the boats were stranded. The retreating soldiers rushed at the stranded boats to push them further into the stream; the victorious Sepoys followed in close pursuit. As a crowning misfortune some of the boats caught fire.

The British losses at this point were greater than during the retreat. "To push a boat into the stream, to climb into it, to help others in, was the aim of every man's exertion. But when boats could not be moved, the chance of drowning was preferred to the tender mercies of the Sepoys. Many stripped and rushed in, until at last the majority of the survivors reached the opposite bank." Out of four hundred and thirteen men only fifty, and out of fifteen officers only three, were unwounded.

The disaster was relieved by incidents of great gallantry. Private Dempsey and another man of the 10th Regiment carried one of their officers, Ensign Erskine, who had been mortally wounded, for five miles to the boats. For his gallantry on this occasion and at Lucknow Private Dempsey received the Victoria Cross. Lieutenant Ingelby, who had volunteered to command the Sikhs, was the last man to leave the shore. He stepped into a burning boat as it was putting off, and ere it was half-way across the stream, the flames had so spread

that all on board were compelled to take to the water. Ingelby was struck on the neck by a musket-ball ; but rising again to the surface, he threw up his arms, cried aloud, "Good-bye, Grenadiers !" and sank—never to be seen alive again.

Mr. Ross Mangles, one of the volunteers, though he was terribly wounded himself, carried over rough ground for six miles of retreat a wounded soldier, who otherwise must have died. Compelled, now and then, to lay his burden down, he stood over the wounded man and turned the interval of rest to account by taking a shot at the insurgents. Another volunteer, Mr. McDonell, received the Victoria Cross for saving the lives of thirty-five soldiers by cutting the lashings of one of the boats amid a storm of bullets to which he was exposed. The boat was one of the "floating haystacks" of the country, which afforded excellent shelter to those huddled under the clumsy thatch. But the insurgents had taken away the oars and lashed the rudders, and to steer it was impossible. So McDonell went out from the shelter, climbed on to the roof of the boat, perched himself on the rudder and cut the lashings, amidst a storm of bullets, some of which passed through his hat. He loosened the rudder, the boat responded to the helm, and the occupants were saved from certain destruction.



THE FLIGHT FROM CANNIFORE (see page 246).

THE STORY OF THE RELIEF OF ARRAH,

AS TOLD BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C. S. I.

WHO was that deliverer? Amongst the many detachments which left Calcutta during the month of July was one commanded by Major (afterwards General Sir) Vincent Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery. The detachment consisted of a company of European gunners, and a horse-battery of six guns. Major Eyre was an officer possessing natural ability improved by study, great determination, a clear head, and a lofty sense of duty. He had had great experience of men, had mastered all the details of his profession, was fit for any employment, but, like Dumouriez, he had reached the prime of life before the opportunity arrived which was to show the stuff that was in him. He had served during the first Afghanistan war, and had been one of those who had been selected by the British general as hostages to be made over to Mahomed Akbar Khan. Subsequently he had been appointed by Lord Ellenborough to raise and to command a company of artillery for the newly formed Gwalior contingent.

In 1855 Eyre had visited Europe. On his return to India, early in 1857, he had been sent to command a horse field-battery in British Burma. Recalled thence with his battery, when the eyes of the Government of India were being opened to the gravity of the situation, Eyre arrived in Calcutta on the 14th of June. There he was kept for several days in a state of uncertainty, terminated only by his being ordered to

leave with his battery in a steamer and flat, on the 10th of July, for Allahabad.

Steaming from Calcutta on that date, Eyre arrived off Dinapore on the afternoon of the 25th of July. Learning from a gentleman who had ventured in a small boat from the shore the catastrophe of that day, Eyre landed at 6 P.M., to offer his services to Major-General Lloyd. At his desire he disembarked three guns for the service of the major-general until those sent after the mutineers should return,—an event which happened the same evening.

Re-embarking his guns the following morning, Eyre proceeded up the Ganges towards Buxar. On reaching that place at noon, on the 28th, Eyre was informed that the three revolted Dinapore regiments were advancing by way of Arrah, with the apparent intention of crossing the Ganges above Buxar, and that they had actually sent forward a party to secure the necessary number of boats. This information decided Eyre to detain the steamer and flat at Buxar to afford time to one of the detachments, which he believed to be steaming up behind him, to come up.

It must be borne in mind that Buxar was the head-quarters of a valuable Government stud, and that thirty miles above it lies Ghazipore, where was a branch of the same stud. There were no troops at Buxar, but Ghazipore was garrisoned by a strong native regiment held in check by only one weak company of the 78th Highlanders. Noting the importance of preventing the passage of the river by the mutinous Sepoys, and observing no signs of the advance of the detachments he believed to be on their way, Eyre, on the morning of the 29th, hastened up with his battery to Ghazipore, landed two of his guns and his only subaltern for the protection of the place, and taking on board in their stead twenty-five men of the 78th Highlanders, returned that night to Buxar.

On reaching Buxar, Eyre discovered to his intense satisfaction that one of the detachments he had expected, consisting of 160 men of the 5th Fusiliers, commanded by Captain L'Estrange, had arrived off that place. Information leading

him to be confident that our countrymen were still holding out at Arrah, Eyre at once despatched a note to L'Estrange, proposing to join forces for an immediate attempt to relieve that station. L'Estrange promptly replied in the affirmative, stipulating only that Major Eyre should send him a written order to that effect, and should take upon himself the entire responsibility.

Eyre did not hesitate a moment. He despatched at once an official letter to L'Estrange, directing him to place himself and his men at his disposal. He took upon himself the further responsibility of requiring the captains of the steamers to place themselves unreservedly under his orders.

Early on the morning of the 30th the guns and troops were disembarked, and arrangements were made for a march to Arrah, about forty-eight miles to the eastward. At the same time one of the steamers was despatched to Major-General Lloyd with a letter informing him of the intended movement, and inviting his co-operation—for at that time Eyre was ignorant, not only of the defeat of Dunbar's force, but of the fact that any force had been sent to Arrah. The field force thus extemporised consisted of forty artillery men and three guns, one hundred and fifty-four men of the 5th Fusiliers, six officers, including Major Eyre, two assistant-surgeons, and eighteen volunteers, mostly mounted, of whom three were officers, one a veterinary surgeon, and one the joint magistrate of Ghazipore. The twenty-five Highlanders, whose presence might at any time be necessary at Ghazipore, were left behind at Buxar, with orders to take the first opportunity of returning to their station. Eyre appointed as his staff officer Captain Hastings, an officer whose acquaintance he had made only two days before, but by whose energy and enthusiastic support he had been greatly impressed. Much required to be done. There were no horses for the guns, and bullocks from the plough had to be impressed. Carts for the reserve ammunition and commissariat supplies had to be secured. In this work Major Eyre found an able and willing coadjutor in Mr. Bax, the district magistrate. This gentleman likewise used

successfully his influence to borrow from the Dumrao Raja four elephants for the conveyance of tents and bedding.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, however, all preparations had been completed, and the column set out. But the roads were very heavy from recent rain, and the bullocks, unused to drag guns and heavily laden carts, not only moved slowly, but required frequent halts to enable them to move at all. Owing to the delays thus enforced, the day broke before the first encamping ground was reached.

Brief was the halt made here. The column pushed on after a short and hurried meal. When about twelve miles from Buxar a mounted scout was descried. Pursued, wounded, and taken prisoner, he proved to be a free lance in the service of Kunwar Singh. As the presence of this man proved that the enemy was on the alert, Eyre pushed on as rapidly as he could, and did not halt for repose till he had reached Shahpore, twenty-eight miles from Buxar.

Whilst encamped at this place the tidings were brought to Eyre of the defeat and slaughter of Captain Dunbar's party. Here, too, he had further proof of the vigilance of the enemy, many of whose scouts were discovered. Eyre halted the early part of the day to refresh the cattle, but eager to rescue the garrison and to restore the prestige of our arms, he set out at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st, having now but twenty-two miles to traverse. After marching four miles the column was checked by finding that the bridge over the nullah at Balaoti had been cut through and was impassable for guns and carts. In an hour, however, the mischief was sufficiently repaired, and the force pressed on to the village of Gujrajganj, on the further side of which it bivouacked for the night, posting a strong guard to protect the bridge over the nullah near it, and which Eyre had been delighted to find uninjured.

At daybreak the following morning (2nd of August) the force resumed its march. It had not, however, cleared a mile beyond its camping-ground before bugle-notes were heard sounding the "assembly" in a wood which bounded the view about a mile ahead, and through which lay the direct road to

Arrah. The road between the position occupied at the moment by our men and the wood was bounded on either side by inundated paddy fields. Eyre at once halted to reconnoitre. The enemy now began to show themselves in great force, and not content with occupying the wood in front, to send out large bodies on either flank with the evident object of surrounding the Europeans. This movement on their part decided Eyre. Judging, and rightly judging, that this double flank movement must weaken the enemy's centre, he boldly pushed forward his men in skirmishing order, his three guns opening out to the front and on either flank. Under the pressure of this fire the enemy abandoned his flank movement, and fell back on the position in front. It was the object of Eyre to force this. He therefore massed his three guns, and opened a concentrated fire on the enemy's centre. This had the effect of driving them from the direct path. Eyre then rapidly pushed on his guns, covering their advance by a continuous fire from the Enfield rifles of his infantry, and succeeded in making way through the wood before the enemy could again close his divided wings. Emerging from the wood the road became an elevated causeway, bounded on either side by inundated rice-fields, across which the baffled enemy could only open a distant fire. Their intentions thus frustrated, the Sepoys hurried round to oppose the advancing force at Bibiganj, a village about two miles ahead, and situated on the opposite side of a river spanned by a bridge, which they had destroyed, and the approaches to which they had covered by breastworks.

After driving the enemy from the wood, Eyre pushed on. When, however, within a quarter of a mile of the village of Bibiganj he halted to refresh the men and cattle whilst he should reconnoitre the position. Finding that the bridge had been destroyed, that the direct approaches to the river had been covered by extensive earth-works, and that the Sepoys were occupying in force the houses in the village, Eyre, unable through his scouts to find a ford, determined to make a flank movement to the nearest point of the railway embankment,

distant about a mile, and along which there was a direct road to Arrah. He endeavoured to mask this movement by the fire of his guns which opened on the village, whilst the infantry and carts pushed forward in the new direction. No sooner, however, did the enemy discover this manœuvre, than they hastened in great numbers to intercept the force at the angle of a thick wood which abutted on the embankment, and which it was necessary that Eyre should pass.

It was clear that the enemy would reach the wood first. But to increase the difficulties in the way of Eyre, they detached a portion of their force, the irregular levies of Kunwar Singh, to harass his rear. They did this with such effect that when the British reached the wood they found it strongly occupied by the enemy, who opened at once from behind the trees a most galling fire. Eyre's position was now becoming critical. He must carry the wood or be lost. He halted his troops, formed them into skirmishing order, and opened fire from his infantry and artillery. But the numbers of the enemy and the cover afforded by the trees gave them a great advantage. During the hour which this combat lasted, the enemy twice charged our guns, exposed by the necessity of keeping the infantry in skirmishing order, but each time they were driven back by discharges of grape. At the end of the hour Captain Hastings brought word to Eyre, who, having no subaltern, was compelled to remain with the guns, that the Fusiliers were losing ground, and that the position was becoming critical. Eyre upon this resolved to solve the question with the bayonet, and despatched Hastings with an order to L'Estrange to that effect. This order was promptly executed. The men hastily closing, rushed forward with a cheer, cleared the deep stream—here confined within narrow limits—at a bound, and charged impetuously an enemy twenty times as numerous as themselves. The enemy, taken completely aback, did not await the onslaught. They gave way in the utmost disorder; the guns opened out on the retreating masses, and in a few minutes not a man of them remained to oppose the passage of the force.

An open road skirting the railway to within four miles of Arrah was now available. Eyre marched along it. A little before nightfall, however, he came upon an impassable torrent. This forced him to halt. But he spent the night in endeavouring to bridge the torrent by casting into the stream large piles of bricks collected there by the railway engineers. In this way the stream was narrowed sufficiently to allow the construction across it of a rude sort of bridge formed from country carts. Over this, in the early morning, the infantry, guns, and baggage marched, and in little more than an hour afterwards, the relief of the garrison of Arrah was an accomplished fact. The Sepoys, after their crushing defeat, had hastily abandoned their position in Mr. Boyle's larger house, and packing up their spoils, had fled precipitately to the jungle stronghold of their leader, Kunwar Singh, at Jugdispore. Then it was that the gallant band, led with such skill and such daring courage, by the civilians Wake and Colvin, and by the engineer, Vicars Boyle—three names ever to be revered by Englishmen—discovered what manner of man he was who, serving a Government which up to that time had judged the conduct of its servants mainly by results, had assumed the responsibility of turning from his ordered course, of turning others from their ordered course, to endeavour, with a force inferior in infantry by more than one-half to that which had already been ingloriously beaten back, to rescue his countrymen from destruction, to save Behar and India from an impending great calamity.

THE SAVING OF BENARES.

FOUR hundred and twenty miles north-west of Calcutta, and nearly eighty east of Allahabad, stands Benares, the city of magnificent temples and splendid mosques, the citadel of Hindooism, crowded with wealthy devotees and resorted to by millions of people, slaves to the great Brahminical superstition. The Ganges flows in stately tide past the most sacred spot in India. Thither pilgrims come, so that by bathing in its holy waters they may be purified from their sins ; thither they come to die, assured that the departure of the soul in the stronghold of Brahminism ensures eternal bliss. Notwithstanding its odour of sanctity, Benares was always the most turbulent city in India, and at the time of the Mutiny it contained a "hundred and eighty thousand of the worst population in the country." It was also the asylum of dethroned princes and state prisoners, well disposed to intrigue and treachery. An additional source of danger was the high price of corn which pressed upon the poorer classes and which was always believed to be one of the curses of British rule.

The military cantonment was three miles from the city. Here were stationed in May, 1857, half a company of European artillery and three native regiments—two thousand Sepoys dominated by thirty English gunners. The force was commanded by Colonel Gordon, and afterwards by Brigadier Ponsonby. The English judge was Mr. Frederic Gubbins, who, by his earnestness and energy, had acquired such extraordinary influence over the people, that the idea reigned supreme among them that to organise a successful opposition against him was impossible. Mr. Tucker was commissioner,

and Mr. Lind, the magistrate. These gentlemen with untiring energy exerted themselves to maintain the peace of the city, "now patrolling with parties of sowars, now persuading bunyahs to lower the price of corn, now listening to the tales of spies, who reported clearly the state of feeling in the city, and told the minds of the Sepoys far more truly than the officers in command."

Directly the fatal news arrived from Meerut and Delhi, it became evident, however, that no reliance could be placed on the loyalty of the native troops, although it was believed that the Sikh regiment had not been tampered with. The crisis was acute, and a council was held between the civil and military authorities. There was no really defensible position in the city, and a retreat was urged of all the Europeans upon Chunar, a strong fortress thirteen miles distant. But this project was strongly resisted; to abandon the most important city between Calcutta and Lucknow would have been unworthy of the English name. It was, therefore, determined to make a stand where they were, to show no open distrust or any sign of anxiety either to the soldiers or the people, to act in every way as if the times were quiet, to face the danger without moving a muscle, and, in the event of an insurrection either among the soldiery or the people, to at once withdraw all the Christian population not engaged in suppressing it to the Mint, a very large, oblong brick building, proof against fire, and capable of being defended against men unprovided with artillery.

An interval of quiet ensued. Through the influence of the commissioner with the wealthy merchants, the price of corn was reduced. This was a great triumph, but the utter powerlessness of the European force was becoming increasingly apparent. The commissioner kept all the bad news to himself and circulated all the good; he rode about without a single weapon, beyond a heavy-handed riding-whip; but the disaffection and mutiny in the surrounding country were daily becoming an additional source of danger. The agents of the King of Delhi were found to be busy among the Mohammedan Sepoys; the Hindoos went openly to their temples and prayed

for the time to arrive when they might murder the Englishmen ; placards were posted up calling on the people to arise, and everything indicated the approach of a crisis. But the confidence and courage of the Englishmen saved them until succour arrived. Even when forty-four men of the 84th Regiment, who had been pushed up from Calcutta, arrived, they thought of others in greater need than themselves—at Cawnpore and elsewhere, for from every station between Delhi and Calcutta arose the despairing cry, "Send us Europeans"—and the reinforcements were passed on, because it "would do good, along the road, to see Europeans moving up, party after party, so fast."

The commissioner, Mr. Tucker, has been dubbed a fanatic—an amiable enthusiast quite unequal to the crisis. To many his attitude was absolutely unintelligible. He wrote to Lord Canning that the twenty-second chapter of the second book of Samuel—"He is my shield, my high tower, and my refuge, my Saviour"—had been their "stand-by." He very reluctantly yielded to the advice of his colleagues and to the entreaty of the European residents that arms and ammunition should be issued to all who required them. He said that if the enemy came he would go out to meet them with a Bible in his hand, as David had gone out to meet Goliath with a pebble and a sling ; he rode out on the most exposed places, evening after evening, with his daughter, as in quiet times.

But fanatical as such an attitude has been deemed, it was sound policy at the time to preserve a demeanour of confidence. A resort to arms by that tiny band of Europeans would have been madness. The commissioner was in touch with Calcutta and all the great stations ; help was coming, and he judged that, although rebellion was smouldering among the soldiers and in the city, the best way to keep things quiet was to do nothing to excite or to alarm.

The crisis could not, however, be prevented, though it had been delayed. "The birth of June was ushered in by the familiar work of the incendiary. A line of Sepoys' huts recently vacated was fired ; and it was found that the wretched

scum of Delhi royalty were in close communication with the incendiaries." News also arrived that the Sepoy Regiment at Azimgurh, sixty miles off, had mutinied, and plundered the treasure. An appearance of outward tranquillity was no longer possible. Nor was it any longer necessary, for reinforcements of the Madras Fusiliers, sixty men in all, had arrived under the command of Colonel Neill. The Fusiliers had been ordered up from Madras, and arrived in Calcutta towards the end of May. It was determined to send them up country without delay, the first one hundred and twenty miles by rail, and thence by any conveyances available. The train was to start at a certain hour, but the detachment seemed likely to be a few seconds behind time. Colonel Neill had arrived, and the station-master threatened to start the train to the moment even if the troops were left behind. Neill at once put him under the charge of a sergeant's guard, mounted another guard over the engine-driver and stoker, and told them to stir at their peril. The train started ten minutes late, but Neill's promptitude is said to have proved the salvation of Benares, where he arrived in the forenoon of the 3rd of June, not a moment too soon, for the native troops had planned a general rising for the next night. But other assistance had now come to Benares, for a detachment of one hundred and fifty men of H.M.'s 10th Regiment, whose arrival had been delayed by an accident, also made their appearance, and the European force now numbered nearly two hundred and fifty. Neill urged the immediate disarming of the 37th Native Infantry, which Brigadier Ponsonby had arranged for the morning of the 5th of June. "Why," said he, on the 4th of June, "give the 37th, who will hear, or have heard, of the Azimgurh mutiny, the opportunity of rising to-night?" So orders were issued for a parade that evening.

The sudden resolution on that Thursday afternoon to disarm the 37th, seems to have led to hasty methods which drove the Sikhs into insurrection, who, had they been properly dealt with, might have remained faithful. "But Olpherts of the artillery, when he fired upon them, was fully assured that they had broken into open mutiny, and nothing ever after tended

to weaken his original conviction." One fact, however, was made manifest; European military power was not dead. One hundred of the mutineers were slain, twice as many were disabled by wounds, the remainder, panic-stricken, fled in terror and confusion. But one English officer, Captain Guise, had been killed, and four wounded. One of these, Ensign Hayter, was shot in both thighs, and had a third wound below the knee; he sank under his sufferings and died about a week afterwards. "He bore his wounds," wrote one concerning him, "with the utmost fortitude, and when told that there was no hope of recovery, said he hoped he was prepared to die. . . . I used to read the prayers for the sick to him, and many of the Psalms of his own choosing. The last he selected was the fifty-first. He got his over-land letters when I was with him, a few days before he died, and kissed them again and again, and asked me to read them to him, which I did, poor boy!"

But the danger was not over. If the disaffected had made common cause with the soldiery, the little band of Europeans must have been annihilated. Numbers of the non-combatants, on hearing the rattle of musketry, fled to the Mint; others to the collector's house. The guard of Sikhs remained at the Treasury in charge of the Government coin and the crown jewels of their own exiled Queen, and it was fully anticipated that, out of revenge for the slaughter of their countrymen, they would fire the building. But Sirdar Soorut Singh, who after the second Sikh war had been sent to reside at Benares in honourable exile, had unbounded confidence in Mr. Gubbins, and shouldering a double-barrelled gun, announced his intention of sharing the fate of the Englishmen. He went amongst his countrymen, and by his explanation and by his statements of his firm belief in the sincerity and good faith of the English, allayed the fury which they naturally felt at the slaughter of their comrades. Thenceforward they remained staunch. During the night the refugees at the collector's house were conveyed, with a European escort, to the Mint, the appointed place of refuge. "Officers and ladies, masters and servants, huddled together, for the most part on the roof, without much

respect of persons or regard for proprieties of costume." Days passed ; but quiet prevailed throughout the city ; not a house or bungalow was touched. " All the circumstances of the ' sacred city of the Hindoos ' being considered, it must be a source of wonder, not only that so little Christian blood was shed, but that there was so little resistance of any kind to the British Government." Such was the spell of Mr. Gubbins's name, and the influence of the loyalty of the titular Rajah of Benares. But the dispersion of the native soldiery on the 4th of June had been followed by rapine and bloodshed in the surrounding districts, and on the 9th the Government of India proclaimed Martial Law in the divisions of Benares and Allahabad. A few days afterwards military courts, with indiscriminate ferocity, were daily sentencing old and young to be hanged. These executions have been described as " Colonel Neill's hangings " ; but he had left Benares on the 8th of June, and had no voice in the confirmation of the sentences. The mutineers were hunted as if they were pariah dogs or jackals. " Volunteer hanging-parties went out into the districts, and amateur executioners were not wanting to the occasion. One gentleman boasted of the numbers he had finished off quite ' in an artistic manner,' with mango-trees for gibbets and elephants for drops, the victims of this wild justice being strung up, as though for pastime, in the form of a figure of eight." And as crime increased in the city, three gibbets were erected. On these were hanged the worst criminals, and, as the prisons were full, " the lash scored the backs of the lower class of malefactors, and sent them afloat again on the waves of tumult and disorder." Swift, stern justice was meted out ; neither rank nor caste spared any man.

But troops were coming up every day from below, and Benares was safe.

MUTINY AND RETRIBUTION AT ALLAHABAD.

N EARLY eighty miles beyond Benares, at the confluence of the Jumna, a sparkling stream, and the Ganges, with its turbid, muddy current, is Allahabad, the military value of which cannot be over-estimated. In May, 1857, the fortress and arsenal were second in importance only to that of Delhi, and contained forty thousand stand of arms and a vast collection of military stores; the fortress was of great natural strength, resting absolutely on the Jumna on one side, and commanding on the other the entire station, the city, and the road to Cawnpore. Although, as a strategical position, Allahabad was of the first importance, the spirit of fatal security which preceded and accelerated the mutiny, left the city without a single European soldier, the magazine staff excepted. The garrison—entirely native—consisted of the 6th Regiment of Native Infantry, under Colonel Simpson, and a wing of Brasyer's regiment of Sikhs.

Thus, at the time of the Meerut outbreak, Allahabad was at the mercy of the natives. Sixty miles distant was Chunar, garrisoned by a small body of European artillerymen, invalided from active service, but effective for garrison duties. On the 19th of May, seventy of these men, the youngest above fifty years of age, were despatched by steamer to Allahabad; and on the same day two troops of Oudh Irregular Horse came in. Their arrival saved the Fort. "The principal court officers were Mr. Chester, the commissioner, and Mr. Court, the magistrate, both men of courage and resolution, not easily shaken or disturbed. They, and the other civilians, as well as

the military officers, dwelt in comfortable and pleasant garden-houses on the European station, without an anxious thought of the future to disturb them." Between the 12th—when the news from Meerut arrived—and the 19th, the date of the arrival of the European artillerymen, Allahabad was absolutely at the mercy of the 6th Regiment. But all this time they were ostentatiously loyal, even volunteering to march to Delhi and fight their mutinous comrades. And the officers believed their men were staunch to the core; they had no reason to mistrust those whose comforts they had cared for, whose amusements they had shared, and among whom they had lived as comrades. They could not, however, ignore various reports which were filling the air, one of which was that the English had determined on a certain day to serve out the greased cartridges to the regiment, and to blow the men to pieces if they disobeyed orders.

May wore on; the great Mohammedan festival of the 25th passed over without disturbance; the governor-general telegraphed a cordial expression of thanks to the 6th Regiment for their offer to march to Delhi; the European reinforcements which came up daily were passed on to Cawnpore; outwardly there was every appearance of security.

On the 6th of June news arrived of the revolt at Benares, the road from which ran on the other side of the Ganges, which was crossed by a bridge of boats nearly opposite to the Fort; as a precaution a company of the 6th Regiment was posted with two guns to defend the bridge. At the same time a detachment of the Oudh Irregular Cavalry was stationed between the bridge and cantonment. No doubt was entertained of the loyalty of these guards. Yet the evening of that day found a regiment, regarded in every respect as a model one, and one which to the last maintained every appearance of respect and loyalty, ripe for any deed of violence. Colonel Simpson had indeed received a letter of warning from a non-commissioned officer of the regiment, but would not, could not, believe anything wrong of his men.

So the sunset parade was held—the "Thanksgiving Parade"

—to promulgate the thanks of the governor-general. The commissioner, addressing the regiment in Hindustani, praised them for their fidelity to Government. In reply they gave three ringing cheers. The officers left the parade, feeling proud of a regiment so faithful among the faithless; orders were even issued to withdraw the guns from the bridge of boats.

Four hours afterwards fourteen officers had paid the penalty of their generous credulity with their lives.

There was a numerous and happy gathering at the mess-dinner that evening, for the number of officers had been recently increased by the arrival of a party of young cadets—"mere boys, with the roses of England on their cheeks and the kisses of their mothers still fresh upon their lips." About nine o'clock the sound of a bugle-call rang out clearly in the stillness of the night.

The faithful 6th had revolted; the detachment sent to defend the bridge, first. Lieutenant Harward, in charge of the guns, the withdrawal of which had been ordered, narrowly escaped with his life; Lieutenant Alexander, in command of the out-post of Oudh Irregulars, was shot through the heart, and slashed with sabre-cuts all over his head and face. The officers of the 6th rose from the mess-table at the first alarm, buckled on their swords, and proceeded to the lines to call out their men. As they reached the parade they saw one of the companies drawn up. As a salute, they received a volley; they fell, deliberately murdered by the men to whom they had shown every kindness. Colonel Simpson managed to escape to the Fort. Seven of the unposted boy-ensigns who were leaving the mess-house were slaughtered in cold blood. One, only sixteen years of age, escaped with his wounds, and hid in a ravine, where he was discovered, dragged before an insurgent leader, and imprisoned with a native catechist. The faith of the convert was wavering through suffering, when the young ensign, Arthur Cheek, who had been scarcely a month in India, exhorted his companion to steadfastness. "Oh, my friend," he is reported to have said, "whatever may

come to us, do not deny the Lord Jesus." He was rescued, but died in the Fort from exposure and neglected wounds.

Meanwhile, the scene in the Fort—to which all the women and children had been removed on the 23rd of May—was terrible. The alarm and the volley-firing had been heard. It was believed that the loyal 6th were engaged with the insurgents from Benares. But the sight of flames leaping from the cantonments, and the arrival of Colonel Simpson, covered with the blood of his noble charger, dispelled all their illusions. The situation was critical; one company of the now faithless 6th was in the Fort. Bold, decisive action was imperative. With the hour arose the man. This was Captain (afterwards Colonel) Brasyer, who commanded the Sikhs, an officer who had been promoted from the ranks for valour during the Sutlej campaign. The men of the 6th were overawed, disarmed, and turned out of the Fort. The Sikhs were kept loyal by the coolness and firmness of their commandant. The fortress of Allahabad, with all its war material, was safe.

Immediately after the mutiny the native soldiers liberated the inmates of the great gaol. The great city rose in revolt. The dangerous classes must have been waiting for the mutiny of the soldiers, whose defection was instantaneously followed by an unparalleled scene of licence and rapine.

"Rebellion was in full swing. Houses were plundered and burnt, their inmates chopped to pieces, some roasted, almost all cruelly tortured; the children tossed on bayonets. Every European or Eurasian outside the Fort was butchered with every aggravation of cruelty. Convicted criminals with the irons still clanking on their limbs spread terror everywhere. The railway lines were torn up, the station burnt, the engines battered to pieces by guns, as the superstitious natives were afraid to approach them; the telegraphic wires were torn down. The Treasury, which contained three million rupees, was sacked, and it is said that each Sepoy took as many rupees as he could carry. For five days law and order were extinct: unrestrained licence reigned supreme."

But the man who had helped to save Benares was coming

with a detachment of Fusiliers to the rescue of Allahabad. On the 11th of June Neill arrived, but almost exhausted by his forced journey under the blistering rays of the June sun. As he entered the Fort, the sentry exclaimed, "Thank God, sir, you'll save us yet!" On the morning after his arrival the Sikhs and Fusiliers dispersed two thousand rebels who had entrenched themselves near the Fort, and regained possession of the bridge of boats.

Strengthened by a further reinforcement of Fusiliers, he set to work to put an end to the reign of intoxication among the Sikhs and Europeans, which threatened to render them absolutely worthless. The Sikhs brought in beer, wines, and spirits of all sorts from the undelivered consignments in the stores of the European merchants. The finest champagnes and the best brandies were selling for sixpence a bottle. Neill ordered the commissariat to purchase of the Sikhs all the remaining liquor in their hands, and, after taking counsel with Brasyer, removed them to some old Government buildings outside the Fort. He then addressed himself to the task of dispersing the rebels. In three days the English had recovered the city.

Martial law was proclaimed, and a stern and terrible retribution dealt out; truly a dark chapter in the pages of Indian history. It is thus described in the "*Travels of a Hindoo*," edited by a "Government Secretary" and dedicated to the governor-general:—"The martial law was an outlandish demon, the like of which had not been dreamt of in Oriental demonology. Rampant and ubiquitous, it stalked over the land devouring hundreds at a meal, and surpassed in devastation the female carnival of Hindoo fables. It mattered little whom the red-coats killed; the innocent and the guilty, the loyal and disloyal, the well-wisher and the traitor, were confounded in one promiscuous vengeance. 'To 'bag the nigger' had become a favourite phrase of the military sportsmen of that day. 'Pea-fowls, partridges, and Pandies (Sepoys) rose together, but the latter gave the best sport. Lancers ran a tilt at a wretch who had taken to the open for his court.' In

those bloody assizes, the bench, bar, and jury were none of them in a bland humour, but were bent on paying off scores by rudely administering justice with the rifle, sword, and halter, making up for one life by twenty. The first spring of the British Lion was terrible, its claws were indiscriminating.

“One's blood still runs cold to remember the soul-harrowing and blood-freezing scenes that were witnessed in those days. There were those who had especial reasons to have been anxious to show their rare qualifications in administering drum-head justice; scouring through the town and suburbs, they caught all on whom they could lay their hands, porter or pedlar, shopkeeper or artisan, and hurrying them through a mock trial, made them dangle on the nearest tree. Near six thousand beings had been thus summarily disposed of and launched into eternity; their corpses hanging by twos and threes from branch and sign-post all over the town, speedily contributed to frighten down the country into submission and tranquillity. For three months did eight dead-carts daily go their rounds from sunrise to sunset, to take down the corpses which hung at the cross-roads and market-places, poisoning the air of the city, and to throw their loathsome burdens into the Ganges; others, whose indignation had a more practical turn, sought to make capital out of those troublesome times. The martial law was a terrible Gorgon in their hands to turn men into stone, the wealthy and timid were threatened to be criminated, and they had to buy up their lives as best they could under the circumstances.”

THE MUTINY AT AGRA.

I.—THE CRISIS.

IN the days of the Mogul Emperors Agra was surpassed in magnificence by Delhi only. Till 1647 it was the seat of the Mogul government when Delhi was declared the capital of the Emperor Shah Jehan, who built of cream marble the indescribably beautiful Taj Mehal which is now one of the wonders of the world. The Emperor Akbar the Great built the Fort late in the sixteenth century. It commands the town and rear, and covers a large area. "In former days it must have fully realised the most extravagant ideas of Oriental luxury and splendour; it contained sumptuous palaces, lofty marble halls of audience, pavilions, towers and kiosks, terraces and balconies, labyrinths of small grottoes, like cells and passages, underground vaults and subterranean passages." In modern times barracks, magazines, storehouses, and hospitals were added.

At the time of the Mutiny, Agra, which is about one hundred and twenty miles south-east of Delhi, was the headquarters of the Civil Government of the North-Western Provinces, which extended over an area of more than a hundred and twenty-five thousand miles, and included a population of more than thirty millions. Below the city and the Fort flowed the Jumna. The military force in the cantonments consisted of the 3rd Regiment of European Infantry, commanded by Colonel Riddell, a battery of field artillery under Captain D'Oyley, and two Sepoy regiments: the whole under the command of Brigadier Polwhele. As a

precautionary measure, a company of Europeans had been ordered into the Fort. There was no doubt that a mutiny in the cantonments could at once be suppressed. But the danger which threatened Agra was from the great city, and from the outlying districts in which were Sepoy regiments without any European troops to hold them in check.

The tidings of the tragedies at Meerut and Delhi reached Agra on the 12th and 13th of May. A council of war was at once held between the civil and military authorities. Mr. Colvin, the lieutenant-governor, intimated his intention of bringing all the Christian families into the Fort, and in this he was supported by the Engineer officers ; but many thought that such a step would betray a want of confidence and precipitate the crisis, and the project was not carried out. On the morning of the 15th the native regiments were paraded, and the lieutenant-governor, addressing the Sepoys in Hindustani, declared his full trust in their loyalty, adding that, if any man had a complaint to make, the Government desired to hear it. In reply they shouted with apparent approval, but no man came to the front. Their time had not yet come.

But the lieutenant-governor could have had no conception of the magnitude of the crisis, for on the 20th of May, only two days before the outbreaks at Mynpoorie and Etawah in his own immediate neighbourhood, he telegraphed to the governor-general that "a very few days would see the end of this daring mutiny." Indeed, for some days life at Agra passed as in the most peaceful times. The Government and Missionary schools, the routine of public business went on as usual. Precautionary measures were taken by the organisation of volunteer corps and in other ways ; but for them, it might have been thought that the word "mutiny" was not in the vocabulary of the English at Agra.

On the 21st of May tidings came in of the revolt of the 9th Regiment at Aligurh, fifty miles distant. The mutineers spared their English commanders, who were simply dismissed with all who in any way represented the English Government. Some, including Lady Outram, fled to Agra. The detach-

ments of the same regiment at Bolundshur, Etawah, and Mynpoorie followed the example of their comrades.

The rapidity with which the flames of rebellion were leaping over the surrounding districts caused a panic at Agra. The Christian population fled to the Fort. "Every Englishman was handling his sword or revolver—the road covered with carriages, people hastening right and left to the rendezvous; the city folks running for their lives and screaming that the mutineers from Aligurh had crossed the bridge; the budmashes twisting their moustaches, and putting on their worst looks." The Fort had been secured by the detachment of a body of Europeans to garrison it, and arrangements were made to provision it for six months.

Before May closed a company of one of the Agra regiments at Muttra, thirty-five miles distant, mutinied, plundered the treasure, and started for Delhi. In view of the universal insurrection, prompt and decisive measures were imperative at Agra. It was resolved to disarm the native regiments on Sunday, the 31st of May. The 3rd European Regiment and D'Oyley's battery were drawn up on the parade-ground, and when the two Sepoy regiments realised that resistance meant destruction, they sullenly obeyed the order to "pile arms," and were marched back to their lines. Some marched off to Delhi; others to their homes. A danger had been removed from Agra, but the surrounding country was ablaze with revolt. Towards the end of June the survivors of the Gwalior massacre arrived, and the aspect became so threatening that all the European residents were ordered into the Fort, the soldiers only remaining in the cantonments. Early in July it became certain that the rebel hosts, led by the mutineers from Neemuch, were closing round Agra; on the 4th of July they were within four miles.

An order was issued that every man capable of bearing arms was to be armed and take part in garrison duty, and it was resolved to arrest, if possible, the advance of the mutineers, whose forces consisted of seven thousand infantry, fifteen hundred cavalry, and eight guns of heavy calibre occupying

a strong position behind the village of Shahgange. To oppose these Brigadier Polwhele had but eight hundred men, including a few mounted militia. The English artillery opened fire on the high mud walls of the village, which siege guns could alone touch, and the 3rd Europeans having received the order to advance, seized the enemy's positions; but want of cavalry and the failure of ammunition for the artillery compelled the English, humiliated and baffled, to retreat to the Fort, harassed in close pursuit by the rebel cavalry, with a loss of one hundred and fifty men. The gallantry with which the artillery under Captains D'Oyley and Pearson worked the guns until the ammunition failed was beyond all praise. The former, though twice wounded, was placed upon a tumbril, from which, though suffering excruciating pain, he issued orders until he fell exhausted. Then thinking that his end was near, he gasped out, "Ah! they have done for me now; but tell them in England that I died fighting my guns."

II.—LIFE IN THE FORT: THE RELIEF.

THE distress and anxiety of those left behind in the Fort can well be imagined. Some of the ladies went to the flagstaff in the Delhi gate which, being very high, commanded an extensive view, and plainly saw the force retreating, pursued by the enemy's cavalry. The confusion that ensued as the retreating troops rushed in was terrible; the scene at the gate as the wives waited trembling with fear for the fate of their husbands was heart-rending. Bloody, thirsty, covered with dust and smoke, the parched soldiers clamoured for drink. Beer, tea, wine and water were hastily given to them by the ladies, who in turn waited upon the weary combatants and tended the wounded.

The native servants fled, crying, "The English rule is over." No sooner were the troops in the Fort than the budmashes released the prisoners from the gaol, and the city was given over to riot.

Beautiful houses, filled with books, pictures, plate, and all

the accessories of European civilisation, were at the mercy of the scum of Agra. The sky was lighted up for miles around by the blazing houses, and the natives could be seen rushing about drunk with enthusiasm and *bang*, firing, looting, destroying everything, and killing all who professed Christianity. The rebel soldiery did not enter the city, but after hovering in the neighbourhood for some time eventually left for Delhi.

One fact was now apparent beyond all doubt. The English were shut up in the Fort, for the time being unable to make any aggressive movement. Within the walls, three-quarters of a mile in circumference, were a mixed population of nearly six thousand people, of which two thousand were Europeans, including nine hundred women and children; the rest were Eurasians and natives. "In this motley assemblage were unwilling delegates from many parts of Europe and America. Nuns from the banks of the Garonne and Loire, priests from Sicily and Rome, missionaries from Ohio and Basle, mixed with rope-dancers from Paris, and pedlars from America. Besides these we had Calcutta Baboos, and Parsee merchants. Although all the Christians alike were driven by the mutinous legions into the Fort, the circumstances of the multitude were as various as their races." The civilians occupied quarters in the palace gardens, and used the large marble hall as a business-room, and in which on Sundays Divine service was held. Mr. Reade, next in rank to the lieutenant-governor, assigned the comfortable quarters allotted to him to some wounded officers, and contented himself with a shake-down on the floor of the marble hall, and for bedding had an old pianoforte cover and a hassock. The officers and their families lived in tents pitched on a large green opposite the Delhi gate. The unmarried soldiers lived in one set of barracks, and the married in another set. On the archways and tops of buildings small thatched huts were made, and in these shopkeepers lived. Every available space was crammed with sheds, shanties, huts, or tents, and the casements and barracks were crowded with occupants almost as closely packed as bees in a hive. The Roman Catholics turned a large storehouse into a

a chapel, and fitted it up with crucifixes, altars, and candlesticks. Many of the half-castes lived in holes and underground vaults. On every gateway, arch, and conspicuous place were painted large stars as landmarks, so that with a little questioning it was possible to find the way over all the Fort. After the first alarm, the native servants began to return, and their indispensable services were not refused; each was given a "pass"—a card containing the bearer's description, name, and occupation. A staff of sweepers kept the interior clean, water-carriers and coolies were hired, butchers, bakers, and others carried on their trades; gardens were laid out, and all the daily routine of life went on under the novel surroundings.

From morning to night for weeks the engineers laboured at the defences, mounted guns on the ramparts, cleared the ground immediately round the Fort, doubled the European sentries over the magazines, when it was discovered that the ammunition was being tampered with, and shot and shell changed to guns of different calibre, and arranged a post for every man should an alarm be given. In effect, Colonel Fraser, of the Engineers, was the commandant of the fortress, which ere long was in a state of thorough preparation both for defence and attack. Supplies came in freely, and on the space between the walls of the Fort and the outer entrenchments a flourishing bazaar sprang up where almost anything could be purchased.

But the damp and stifling atmosphere of July, although the season was unusually healthy, began to tell its tale. Cholera appeared. Violent thunderstorms occurred every night for more than a week. The Military Hospital became overcrowded, and Dr. Farquhar represented to Mrs. Charles Raikes, the wife of one of the civilians, the urgent need of a civil hospital. Instantly the ladies of the garrison rose to the occasion. In a little paper published in the Fort, Mrs. Raikes inserted an advertisement, begging that any women who wished to take part in this good work would send in their names. Before evening women of all ranks had eagerly offered their help. These were organised; they visited the hospital,

ministered to the patients, and made up clothing and bandages for the sick, and by their cheerful self-sacrifice helped to sustain the *morale* of the garrison. Beyond the evils of over-crowding, however, the suffering was not very heavy or distressing. "It was a curious sort of board-ship-life, on a gigantic scale, stuffy, stewy, and vermin-infested; with a few state-rooms for families, and little side-cabins or hatches for bachelors, and some open places, as cuddies or poop-decks, for common resort."

As life within the Fort thus flowed on, there was no prospect of aid from without. On Sunday, the 20th of July, intelligence of the Cawnpore massacre was received. July and August passed. Delhi was still in rebel hands; Lucknow was not relieved. In the North-Western Provinces, Agra, Allahabad, and Meerut were all the British could hold their own. The lieutenant-governor sent out letters in Greek, Hebrew, and cypher, vainly imploring aid. The state of the country was growing worse. Especial messengers were paid as much as £40 or £50 by Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Muir, the chief of the Intelligence Department, and it was transparent that the situation of Agra was becoming increasingly perilous. But the increasing peril stimulated the valour of the daring spirits in the garrison. Brigadier Polwhele had been succeeded by Colonel Cotton—a fiery warrior called "Gun-Cotton" by his comrades—who was persuaded to send out on the 20th of August a force, under Major Montgomery, to attack Aligurh. The force consisted of one hundred and fifty of the 3rd Europeans, three guns, and thirty volunteer cavalry. On the 24th they encountered the enemy, and a furious battle ensued. All the Europeans fought with distinguished gallantry; but conspicuous among the brave were Saunders and Tandy, of the volunteer horse, the former an indigo-planter, the latter, manager of the Agra bank. The enemy was completely routed and driven from Aligurh.

Meanwhile, Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor, who had been slowly fading away since his entry into the Fort, was dying. Yet not for a moment did he lay down the burden of

responsibility which the exigencies of the times had so suddenly cast upon him. To the last he toiled, knowing well that he should never see the old country again. Once he quoted to his private secretary the well-known line of the *Æneid*, "*Nec patriam antiquam nunc est spes ulla videndi.*" Early in September it was clear that his end was approaching. On the 8th he was still engaged in his official duties; on the 9th he died, conscious that "he had not shrunk from bearing the burden which God had called upon him to sustain"; and "history rejoices to accord to him a place in the front rank of those who died for their country, during that tremendous epoch, more painfully and not less gloriously than those who died on the battle-field—a true Christian hero of whom the nation must ever be proud."

Still there was no sign of coming succour. The villages around the city were destroyed by the troops, sometimes after a sharp struggle; but there was daily expectation of a desperate attack by the Gwalior mutineers who were likely to join the Indore insurgents, hovering in the neighbourhood. The Gwalior contingent finally marched to Cawnpore, but as a precaution against an attack by the Indore troops a large place in the Fort was prepared under ground and made shot and bomb proof; here, in case of a siege, all the women and children were to be put. The walls were now planted with sixty guns. Tidings of the capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow did something to cheer the weary hearts longing for escape from their prison, but the Indore mutineers, who had now been joined by rebels from Neemuch and Delhi, were actually within a mile of the city. Letters written in every language, dead and living, were despatched to Colonel (afterwards Sir) Edward Greathed, who had left Delhi on September 24th, in the direction of Aligurh, with a force of two thousand seven hundred men, imploring him to hasten at his utmost speed. At midnight on October 8th Greathed sent on his cavalry and horse artillery with orders to proceed by forced marches to Agra, and four hours later pressed on with the infantry. Early in the morning of the 10th he crossed the

Jumna by the bridge of boats under the walls of the Fort, having marched forty-four miles in twenty-eight hours. The occupants of the Fort went to the battlements to cheer the column as it passed below. "We watched them," wrote a spectator, "till the sun grew hot; and it was a most cheering sight; their bayonets glittering in the sun, and their brilliant array followed by long lines of camels, elephants, and doolies—filled with sick and wounded—and the crowd of camp followers which always attend a march in India. Many of the men looked haggard and worn out with their long campaign. The Sikhs were very picturesque on their wild and strangely caparisoned horses."

As the 8th Queen's Regiment tramped wearily along, one lady exclaimed, "Those dreadful looking men must be Afghans." They were not Afghans, but English soldiers, war-worn, travel-stained, foot-sore, sun-dried, yet brimful of British pluck and consumed with eagerness to relieve their countrymen and countrywomen who had been in peril for five long, weary months.

The next day the mutineers were dispersed with a loss to the British force of thirteen killed and fifty-four wounded. But Agra had been effectually relieved.

THE REVOLT AT ALIGURH AND MYNPOORIE.

THE dread of a compulsory "conversion" to Christianity was the chief factor in the mutiny of the 9th Regiment at Aligurh, which clearly demonstrated the ease with which Hindoo Sepoys can be driven to frenzy by any real or fancied attack upon their religion. Aligurh, which lies on the grand trunk road between Agra and Meerut, possesses a bastioned fort memorable in Anglo-Indian history as having been stormed by Lord Lake in 1803. In May 1857, the garrison consisted of four companies of the 9th Native Infantry, which bore a high character, and the officers of which had the utmost confidence in their men. And for a time this confidence does not seem to have been misplaced. The news from Meerut, of course, reached Aligurh; rumours of disorder in the surrounding district were rife; attempts were even made by the inhabitants of the town to induce the Sepoys to revolt and shoot their officers. The demeanour of the men, however, appeared unchanged, and they even delivered up several spies who had entered their lines to induce them to forswear their allegiance to the British Government.

On the morning of the 20th of May one of these villains, a Brahmin, who had conceived a plot by which the European officers were to be murdered, and the Treasury, containing nearly £70,000, looted, was caught in the lines, tried by native officers, and condemned to be hanged in the evening.

In the evening he was brought out to die. The native troops were paraded to witness the execution, and in their presence the sentence was read out. The condemned man

was taken to the gallows in a cart ; the rope was adjusted and the cart taken away. In a few minutes he was dead.

The Sepoys with impassive demeanour looked on in silence. Suddenly, one of their number broke from the ranks, and, pointing to the corpse dangling from the gallows, shouted, "Behold a martyr to our religion !" This appeal excited all the worst passions of religious bigotry. Instantly these seemingly loyal men, overcome with sudden frenzy, broke out into mutiny. They did not, it is true, murder or assault their officers, but drove them, and all other Europeans, from Aligurh ; then having plundered the Treasury, and opened the gates of the gaol, they went off to Delhi.

This revolt stopped all communication between Meerut and Agra, and set an example which was at once followed by detachments of the same regiment stationed at Bolundshur, Etawah, and Mynpoorie. The revolt at Mynpoorie was chiefly remarkable for the courage and presence of mind of Lieutenant De Kantzow, who, almost single-handed, stemmed the tide of mutiny.

"The mutiny broke out very suddenly on the morning of the 22nd of May, by the men of the 9th rising upon their officers. Lieutenant De Kantzow, instead of leaving them, as he might have done, stood up before them, urged them to reflect on the lawlessness of their acts, and evinced the utmost indifference of his own life in his zeal to make them return to their duty. But the Sepoys would not listen ; many muskets were levelled at him, and his life was in the greatest danger ; they commenced plundering in every direction ; and finally, dragging their officers with them, proceeded to the Treasury, and endeavoured to force open the iron gates. A fearful scene here ensued ; the gaol-guard, about thirty in number, and some of the gaol officials, rallied round the lieutenant. He did not desist a moment from his efforts to quiet his men ; though jostled and buffeted by them, he stood up manfully, and for three dreary hours in turns threatened and implored them to return to their duty.

"His efforts were not altogether in vain ; aided latterly by a

trustworthy native, who had been sent down by the magistrate, he at length persuaded the Sepoys to retire from the Treasury. They returned to their lines, and after plundering the regimental treasure chest, took the road to Delhi.

“This victory—for that surely is a victory in which one European officer, standing alone against two hundred armed native soldiery, causes them finally to quit the station, leaving the Treasury unplundered—had the effect of restoring confidence in the city and district of Mynpoorie.”

The gallantry of Lieutenant De Kantzow was acknowledged in the most handsome manner by Lord Canning, who, when he received the report of Mr. Power, the magistrate, who had pluckily remained at his post, wrote to the noble-hearted subaltern, saying, “I have read it with an admiration and respect which I cannot adequately describe. Young in years and at the outset of your career, you have given to your brother-soldiers a noble example of courage, patience, good judgment and temper, from which any might profit. I beg you to believe that it will never be forgotten by me.”

Lieutenant De Kantzow was at once placed in command of a special body of police.

THE GALLANTRY OF MAJOR MACDONALD AT ROHNEE.

NOT the least tragic scene during the Mutiny was that enacted at Rohnee, the head-quarters of the 5th Irregular Cavalry in the Santhal district three hundred miles from Calcutta, a tragedy relieved by the heroism of Major Macdonald, "one of the best officers in the Bengal Army."

On the 12th of June, about eight o'clock in the evening, in front of his bungalow Major Macdonald was taking tea with Sir Norman Leslie, the adjutant, and Dr. Grant, the assistant-surgeon of the regiment. Without the slightest warning, and having artfully eluded the sentry, three men, armed with swords, rushed simultaneously on the three officers and attacked them with savage fury. Major Macdonald received three severe cuts on the head, Dr. Grant was twice struck severely, once on an arm and once on a leg, the adjutant, who rushed to fetch his sword, was "cut to ribbons." Macdonald and Grant defended themselves vigorously with the chairs upon which they had been sitting, and the assassins fled.

All the men were instantly paraded and their swords examined; not a speck of blood appeared on any one of them. As the murderers wore a cloth wrapped round their loins, they were believed to be disbanded Sepoys, many of whom were lurking in the neighbourhood. But it was subsequently discovered that the men belonged to Macdonald's own corps.

They were at once seized, brought to a drum-head court-

martial, and sentenced to be hanged. But the position was critical. Two officers, both wounded, one having lost his scalp, had to see the sentence carried out in the presence of a regiment which might turn against and overwhelm them. Subsequent events clearly proved that there was an organised conspiracy in the regiment, and that many had been aware of the plot to murder the officers. If Macdonald had hesitated he would have been lost. But an officer who, in reply to a suggestion that he should go away on account of his wounds, could write : "Certainly not : leave any strange officer with the men ! I'd rather stay and die first !" was not likely to be found wanting in an emergency.

With a courage, fortunately not rare during the Mutiny, he determined to carry out the sentence in the presence of the whole regiment, and tells the story in the following words :—

"One of the prisoners was of very high caste and influence, and this man I determined to treat with the greatest ignominy by getting a low-caste man to hang him. To tell the truth, I never for a moment expected to leave the hanging scene alive ; but I determined to do my duty, and well knew the effect that pluck and decision had on the natives. The regiment was drawn out ; wounded cruelly as I was, I had to see everything done myself, even to the adjusting of the ropes, and saw them looped to run easy. Two of the culprits were paralysed with fear and astonishment, never dreaming that I should dare to hang them without an order from Government. The third said he would not be hanged, and called on the Prophet and on his comrades to rescue him. This was an awful moment ; an instant's hesitation on my part, and probably I should have had a dozen balls through me ; so I seized a pistol, clapped it to the man's ear, and said with a look there was no mistake about, 'Another word out of your mouth and your brains shall be scattered on the ground.' He trembled and held his tongue. The elephant came up, he was put on his back, the rope adjusted, the elephant moved, and he was left dangling. I then had the others up and off in the same way. And after some time, when I dismissed the

men of the regiment to their lines, and still found my head on my shoulders, I really could scarcely believe it."

Thus, by a determined display of British pluck in face of overwhelming odds, Major Macdonald frustrated an insurrection which "would have endangered Calcutta, Patna, and the whole of Bengal."

LIEUTENANT KERR AT KOLAPORE.

IN a mess-room at Sattara a group of officers sat together in July, 1857, discussing the Mutiny, and wondering where next it would spread. One young officer gave it as his opinion that, whoever else might rebel, he believed the men of his regiment, the South Mahratta Horse, would remain loyal and true. He had not spoken these words a minute before a telegram was placed in the hands of the commanding officer, announcing that the 27th Bombay Native Infantry had mutinied at Kolapore, seventy miles away, and many officers and men had been cruelly murdered. Those who had escaped fled to the Residency; and the mutineers having forgotten to cut the telegraph wires, the refugees were able to telegraph that they were safe so far, but wholly destitute of food, and liable at any moment to fall victims to the overwhelming strength of their bloodthirsty foes. Lieutenant W. A. Kerr, he who had so recently expressed his opinion that his men would prove loyal and true, seeing the commander hesitate for a moment, stepped forward and volunteered to lead a party of the South Mahratta Horse to the rescue of his countrymen at Kolapore. Within half an hour from that time, Kerr, who had not counted upon his men in vain, was on the way to the scene of the mutiny with a party of fifty horsemen—all that could be spared for the dangerous service. Through the night, through the soaking rain, across swollen rivers and mud swamps, the brave band pressed forward along the seventy miles, and in twenty-six hours arrived at Kolapore. But to his dismay, Kerr found that the mutineers had taken up a position in the stronghold, or Paga, and he had no guns, save

a couple of useless ones which a Rajah had lent him. Fatigued with the journey, night advancing, and the case beginning to look almost hopeless, even Kerr's faith in his men would begin to wane unless he could set them to work without delay. He at once dismounted his men, and then selected seventeen, upon whom he felt, from his previous knowledge of them, he could rely with confidence ; and amongst them was a Mahratta, bearing, by a singular coincidence, his own surname—Gumpunt Rao Deo Kerr. This man did valorous deeds that day, and fully justified in every respect the estimate that Kerr had formed of his staunch adherence.

The entrance to the garrison to be attacked was a series of strong teak doors, about six feet in height, against which huge blocks of stone had been placed, rendering the defence almost as solid as massive masonry. In the absence of guns, Kerr and his trusty follower Gumpunt set to work with crowbars to force a passage, and, notwithstanding the fire of the enemy, a band of thirty-four desperadoes, whose hands were red with the blood of the murdered officers, and who knew that, if captured, no mercy would be shown them, they succeeded in making an opening large enough for a man to crawl in alone on hands and knees. Kerr took the lead, Gumpunt followed, and then came the other sixteen, all resolute and fearless, though certain death seemed to await them at the end of the passage as each should step forth into the presence of the enemy, of whose strength and resources they were ignorant.

As they emerged, twenty Sepoys fired a volley, which would have swept them all off to a man, had not Kerr, with singular presence of mind, enjoined his men to follow his example, and drop into a stooping posture. The bullets whizzed over their heads, and before the Sepoys had time to reload, the besiegers were upon them, sword in hand. A desperate struggle ensued, several of the enemy were slain, and the remainder, notwithstanding their superiority in force and arms, were forced to fly. They escaped into a loopholed house, where they could fire upon the stormers ; but the opportunity to do so was not allowed them long. Kerr caused a quantity of hay and wood

to be collected, and, setting fire to it, burnt them out. Several of the enemy were slain, but the rest escaped into the interior of the fort, where they succeeded in barricading themselves. But the men who had braved the dangers of storming the garrison were not to be thwarted by this stratagem. The crowbars were again in use, the barricades yielded to the almost superhuman efforts of the besiegers, an opening was effected, and again Kerr and Gumpunt were the first to enter the deadly breach. They rushed forward under a heavy fire, and again there was a terrific hand-to-hand struggle, for the besieged men had grown desperate as they found they were playing their last stake. They tried hard to shoot down Kerr, but failed ; one bullet cut the chain of his helmet, and another hit the blade of his sword so as to turn its edge ; a musket was discharged in his face, but it only blinded him for a moment, and the next he ran his sword through the body of his assailant, who fell dead at his feet. But as, with difficulty, he was drawing out his sword from the body of the man, a Sepoy struck him a violent blow on the head with the butt-end of a musket, and Kerr, staggering under it, was just losing consciousness, and would inevitably have been slain by the bayonet thrust of one of the rebels, had not the faithful Gumpunt, who never throughout the engagement quitted the side of his leader, snatched up his musket and shot the adversary dead. The struggle in the fort ended in the rebel survivors flying for their lives into a disused temple, where they barricaded themselves and commenced a hot fire upon their assailants, who were now sadly reduced in number, ten out of the eighteen having been killed, or wounded too seriously to continue the conflict. Kerr had for some time been struggling on, despite a severe wound he had received ; and now that the conflict was narrowing itself into a limited compass, he would not allow himself to think of relaxing his efforts. Again the crowbar was in requisition, but it was found impossible to make it effective ; the rebels in their last stronghold were determined to fight for life dearly. For a moment there was hesitation, and then some hay caught the quick eye

of Kerr ; he seized some of it, set it on fire, and in a short time the fire did what the crowbar could not effect. The barricade yielded, and the remnant of the assailants and the remnant of the besieged stood face to face. There was a clash of weapons, a confused shouting of voices, and then a stillness broken only by groans. Every mutineer lay dead or dying.

Perhaps there was not a more desperate struggle in all the terrible months of the Indian Mutiny, and it bore its fruits. Kolapore was saved ; the spirit of revolt, gradually increasing in the district, was checked ; and the valour of the natives, when properly directed, was proved. But the penalty was heavy. Kerr was severely wounded, eight out of the seventeen who accompanied him were slain, four died subsequently of the wounds they had received, and not a man of the gallant band escaped unhurt. We are not surprised, therefore, that the news of this exploit, coupled with the name of Lieutenant Kerr, was in the mouth of every one in India and at home ; nor that Colonel Maugan should address the Adjutant-General of the Bombay army as follows :—

“Lieutenant William A. Kerr, of the Southern Mahratta Irregular Horse, took a prominent share in the attack of the position, and at a moment when the capture was of great public importance he made a dash at the gateway with some dismounted horsemen, and forced an entrance by breaking down the gate. This attack was completely successful. The defenders (to the number of thirty-four, all armed with muskets and bayonets) were either killed, wounded, or captured—a result which may with perfect justice be attributed to Lieutenant Kerr’s dashing and devoted bravery. I would beg, therefore, to be permitted to recommend Lieutenant Kerr for the highly honourable distinction of the Victoria Cross.”

FUTTEHGURH.

THE OUTBREAK—THE DEFENCE—THE FLIGHT.

FUTTEHGURH is a small station on the right bank of the Ganges, eighty-three miles above Cawnpore. It was the seat of a gun-carriage factory—being, from its proximity to the vast forests of the Terai, peculiarly adapted for the storing of wood—and the head-quarters of the 10th Regiment of Native Infantry and a native battery. The revolt in Oudh, and the reports of risings all over the district naturally exercised the minds of the residents at Futtehghurh. In addition to the officers of the 10th Regiment, there were Major Robertson, the gun-carriage agent, the judge, magistrate, and an assistant, Colonel Goldie, his wife, and his daughters, on leave, the chaplain, Mr. Fisher, several indigo-planters, tent-makers, merchants, and others, and a large native Christian community under the special care of members of the American Presbyterian Mission, a most devoted body of men. They were cut off from any land communication with any other military post: the river only was available for escape. The Sepoys, however, showed no signs of uneasiness or revolt. But they were merely practising the art at which they were adepts—the art of waiting; and the feeling of insecurity became so widespread, that on the 3rd of June Colonel Smith, commanding the regiment, summoned a council of the leading residents and declared that he would despatch that night all the women and children and non-combatants by boat down the Ganges to Cawnpore, which then seemed in every respect a desirable place of refuge.

Early on the morning of the 4th of June about one hundred and seventy non-combatants, chiefly women and children, started in boats to Cawnpore. The next day, on which they were joined by three officers of the 10th who had mistaken an attempt to break out of the gaol for a general revolt, they divided into two parties: one hundred and twenty-six continued their journey to Cawnpore, where they fell in the general massacre; the other party accepted the offer of shelter made by an Oudh landholder and owner of the petty fort of Dhurampore, and hearing soon afterwards that the troops at Futtehgurh had not mutinied, resolved to return, with the exception of Mr. Probyn, his wife and family, and Mr. Edwards.

But on the 15th of June the revolted 41st Regiment, fresh from the slaughter of Seetapore, arrived on the left bank of the Ganges opposite Futtehgurh, and called upon the 10th to murder their officers and seize the treasure. On the 17th, the 10th helped to break down the bridge of boats across the river, warning Colonel Smith that they renounced their loyalty, and urging him to retire within the agency compound, which was merely an enclosure surrounded by mud walls on three sides, abutting on the river on the fourth, and within the walls of which was the agent's bungalow, and large sheds for the storing of gun-carriages and ammunition. At this time the 10th appeared to have no desire to murder their officers, but on the arrival of the 41st sanguinary counsels prevailed.

Colonel Smith at once seized the opportunity afforded. To the number of one hundred and ten—of whom only thirty-three were able-bodied men—our countrymen and women entered the "Fort." They had about three hundred muskets, seven guns, three howitzers, and a small brass mortar, but the supply of ammunition was so inadequate that they were obliged to collect screws, hammer-heads, and bolts and to use them as grape-shot.

Fortunately for the besieged the mutineers quarrelled for a time, and not until the 27th of June did they attack the Fort, when, taking up their position behind trees, bushes, and anything

which would afford cover, they kept up a heavy musketry fire. But the Englishmen, though few, were good marksmen, and the rebels suffered considerable loss. Scaling ladders were then brought out, but could not be planted against the walls, owing to the unerring aim of the defenders. Finding these methods ineffectual, the rebels then occupied a village, the roofs of the houses in which commanded a portion of the interior of the Fort. From this position they poured in a deadly fire upon the devoted garrison; stimulated by their success, they loopholed a small house seventy yards from the Fort, and opened such a destructive fire on the gunners that the guns could not be served. They then started mining operations, and sprung a mine, the explosion of which shook the whole Fort and was followed by two attempts to storm, both gallantly repulsed. Mr. Fisher, the chaplain, who, "like Walker of Londonderry, only relaxed his efforts to solace and encourage his people with the words of Christ, that he might join with them in repelling the enemy," by his excellent aim shot dead the leading rebel.

But it was daily becoming clearer that the position in the Fort was becoming untenable. Effective defence was impossible. Of little use were prodigies of valour in such circumstances. Women prayed; they loaded the muskets; they stood in the breach side by side with the men; the men maintained a defence as noble and as unsurpassable as any during the Mutiny. The losses had been severe: fatigue and exposure were exhausting the vitality of the survivors. Rather than surrender they resolved to evacuate their position, and trust to the Ganges rather than to the mercy of rebel Sepoys.

The rainy season had set in, and the waters of the Ganges had risen; three large boats had been kept safely moored beneath the walls of the Fort, and into these the garrison dropped on the night of the 3rd of July, hoping on the swiftly flowing river to evade the notice of their enemies, and to be beyond their reach by daylight. The ladies and children were first embarked, the sentries meanwhile remaining at their posts; as soon as all the non-combatants were in the

boats, the sentries spiked their guns and made their way to the boats.

By two o'clock all was ready, and the boats commanded respectively by Colonel Smith, Colonel Goldie, and Major Robertson were let go. But the night was clear, and the vigilance of the rebels could not be eluded: the moving boats were descried, and with a fierce yell, firing as they ran, they started in pursuit along the uneven banks. The current, however, was so swift, and the firing of the pursuers so wild that no shots reached the boats. Colonel Goldie's boat, however, proved too unwieldy, and its occupants were transferred to Colonel Smith's boat. The delay enabled the Sepoys once more to open fire, but their shots did no damage, and the fugitives resumed their flight, and reached, still pursued but without accident, the village of Singersampore. Here they stopped to repair the rudder of Colonel Smith's boat, but the villagers, to the number of three hundred, opened fire and killed some of the boatmen. Five officers—Major Munro, Captain Vibart, and Lieutenants Eckford, Swetenham, and Henderson—thereupon jumped into the water, waded to the bank, drove back the enemy, and then returned to the boat.

A few yards further Major Robertson's boat grounded, and although the fugitives jumped into the water to push her off, their efforts were fruitless. Meanwhile Colonel Smith's boat had drifted down on the swift current. The grounded boat had been helpless for half an hour, when two boats, apparently empty, were seen coming down the stream. These boats suddenly became alive with armed Sepoys, who first opened fire upon, and then boarded the stranded boat. Major Robertson was wounded, but implored those in the boat to trust to the waters of the river rather than to the mercy of the Sepoys. Many were drowned; many were killed; some were taken prisoners and atrociously murdered. Some of the men aiding the ladies, some alone, swam down the stream. Among those who reached the last remaining boat were Mr. Jones and Mr. Fisher, the chaplain, who supported his wife and child till they died in his arms. Major Robertson, supported by Mr.

Churcher, reached a friendly village, and till his death was there tended by Mr. Churcher, who eventually escaped to Cawnpore, when it was once more in British occupation.

When Mr. Jones and Mr. Fisher reached the sole remaining boat, everything was in confusion; many had been wounded by the villagers of Singerampore. Free from pursuit, the fugitives continued their course, till, attracted by offers of assistance from a village on the banks, they put to shore for the night. The confidence in the villagers was not misplaced, and the fugitives were refreshed by a meal of unleavened bread and buffalo milk. Mr. Jones, suffering intensely from a wound, and careless of any fate which might be in store for him, decided—and to this decision he owed his life—to trust to the tender mercies of the kind-hearted villagers. The remainder of the fugitives started on the following morning. Just above Bithoor the people on the bank called out that their Rajah was friendly to the British. Deceived by this statement, they steered the boat to the bank, but immediately they landed were taken prisoners. Information of their capture was at once despatched to Nana Sahib, who sent carriages for the ladies and children—twenty-three in number; the men, of whom there were twelve, walked. These, with the exceptions referred to, were the sole survivors of the gallant garrison of Futtehgurh. They arrived at Cawnpore on the 11th of July, and were thrust into the little house where they were herded with the survivors of the tragedies of the 27th and 28th of June.

THE STORY OF NANA SAHIB.

FEW names are so conspicuous in the annals of crime as that of the miscreant, colloquially known as Nana Sahib, who achieved an immortality of infamy by his perfidy and cruelty at Cawnpore. His history is therefore of considerable interest.

In 1818, at the close of the second great Mahratta war, Badjee Rao, the Peishwa, or head, of the ancient Mahratta confederacy, surrendered to Sir John Malcolm.

By an act of the basest treachery he had endeavoured to destroy Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the Resident at his Court, but the assault was gallantly repelled and he was obliged to fly from Poonah, his capital. Eventually he surrendered and threw himself on the mercy of the British Government. Sir John Malcolm pledged the Government to bestow upon the Peishwa, for the support of himself and family, an annual pension of not less than eighty thousand pounds. The promise was said to be an over-liberal one; and many condemned the grant of a pension so excessive. But Malcolm pleaded that such a course did more than arms towards the establishment and consolidation of British power. Badjee Rao therefore retired from public life, and an asylum was found for him at Bithoor, about twelve miles from Cawnpore. He was not an old man, as age is calculated, but was so feeble that no one for a moment believed that he would long be a burden on the Company. But he lived for thirty-two years in his new home, with a large retinue mostly of the Mahratta race. During the whole of that long period the ex-Peishwa was steadfastly loyal to the authority of the Company, not only passively, but actively.

But he had no son. He therefore adopted a son, a youth known as Doondoo Punt, Nana Sahib, and endeavoured some years before his death to secure for his adopted son the recognition of the British Government, of the privilege of succeeding to his title and pension. This prayer was not granted. In January, 1851, the last of the Peishwas died, bequeathing to his adopted son all his possessions. It has been alleged, however, that this will was forged by Nana Sahib. When Badjee Rao died, Nana Sahib was twenty-seven years old, and demanded the continuance of the pension. This demand was refused. But he was allowed to keep six guns, to maintain as many followers as he chose, and to live in almost regal state in the castellated palace of Bithoor. Against the decision of the authorities in India, Nana Sahib appealed to the Court of Directors at home, who summarily rejected the memorial. But before the reply was received, Nana Sahib had sent an agent—a Mohammedan named Azim-oollah-Khan—to England to prosecute his claims. The mission, however, was unsuccessful. From that time Nana Sahib conceived the most implacable hostility to the British, the more dangerous because of his artful dissimulation. In his social relations he much affected European society, and gave entertainments on a large scale. The story of the treachery of this fiend in human shape is told in the *Story of Cawnpore*. Of his fate nothing authentic is known. It is generally believed that he perished soon after the avenging army reached Cawnpore.

In the course of the autumn of 1874, the Maharajah Scindia at Gwalior produced great excitement throughout India by informing the Resident at his court that the infamous Nana had voluntarily surrendered himself into his custody, as one weary of the life of peril and uncertainty he led. It was at first understood that Scindia himself had identified the prisoner, and other native witnesses professed to do so too. An attempt was made to extort from the British authorities a pledge that his life would be spared ; and the alleged culprit was given up. A searching inquiry was instituted, which ended in proving that, for some unknown reason, the prisoner had practised an imposition.

That his fate long survived as a matter of public interest may be gathered from the fact that during the year 1895 the following paragraph—which is given for what it is worth, and that may be very little—appeared in the leading daily papers :

“Mr. William Brown, who was formerly an officer in the East India Company’s service, and is now residing at San Francisco, gives the following particulars regarding the fate of Nana Sahib. Mr. Brown says that he was commodore of the Ganges Fleet in the Indian Mutiny, and was attacked by Sepoys under Nana Sahib himself, who was shot in the fighting, and afterwards died in Mr. Brown’s ship. Nana Sahib’s body was then cremated and the ashes were committed to the river.”



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK

THE STORY OF THE MUTINY AT CAWNPORE,

AS TOLD BY T. R. E. HOMMES.

EVER since the news of the seizure of Delhi had reached him, Canning had felt specially anxious for the safety of Cawnpore. That city was the head-quarters of a division ; and, though its importance as a military station had been diminished by the annexation of the Punjab, it was still a position of considerable value. Four native regiments, the 2nd Cavalry, and the 1st, 53rd, and 56th Infantry, were assembled within its lines. Yet the entire British force consisted of only fifty-nine artillerymen and a few invalids belonging to the 32nd Queen's Regiment. To add to the difficulties of the position, the station was crowded by an unusually large non-combatant population.

Cawnpore was situated forty-two miles south-west of Lucknow, on the southern bank of the Ganges. The native town, with its dilapidated houses and narrow twisting streets swarming with busy traders and artisans and roving budmashes, lay about a mile from the river. Around it stretched a dull, sandy plain. South-east of the town, and separated from it by a canal, were the native lines, long rows of mud hovels, thatched with straw. Here, after morning parade, dusky warriors were to be seen loafing about in groups and gossiping ; while others, squatting on the ground in the cool linen drawers which they had put on after flinging off their tight uncomfortable uniforms, were placidly eating their rice. Moving on, and skirting the north-eastern quarter of the town, the traveller would have come to the theatre, near which, on rising ground, stood the assembly

time Wheeler stooped to court the good offices of another and less trustworthy ally. The Government treasure at the suburb of Newabgunj was at the mercy of a guard of Sepoys whom he distrusted, but who, he felt sure, would resist any attempt to withdraw it from their keeping. He therefore resolved to ask the Nana to lend a body of his retainers for the protection of the treasury. In vain was he warned by Lawrence and Martin Gubbins that it would be the height of folly to put any trust in one whose recent movements had laid him open to such grave suspicion. He might, indeed, have retorted with some show of reason. For he had been led to believe that it would be possible to win the cordial support of the Nana by offering to procure for him that pension which had been so long withheld. Besides, had not the Nana always lived on the most friendly terms with the English residents at Cawnpore? Had he not invited British officers to his table, played billiards with them, chatted with them, smoked with them? What reason then was there to regard him with suspicion? Might it not even be judicious to entrust the women of the garrison to his care? This last idea was not carried out; but on the 22nd the treasury was placed under his protection.

On the same day there was a general migration of non-combatants from the English quarter to the entrenchment. The confusion and alarm which prevailed among them were enough to suggest the idea of a mutiny to men so quick to perceive and so ready to take advantage of any sign of fear as Sepoys have always shown themselves to be. On the 23rd Wheeler telegraphed to Lawrence:—"It is almost certain that the troops will rise to-night." When, however, the Eed had passed by without an outbreak, he began to feel that the danger was over, and, in the warmth of his gratitude, even repaid the generosity of Lawrence by sending on to him a portion of the reinforcements which he had received from Benares. The danger was not over. There was sore anxiety in the hearts of the Christians. Ladies whose husbands were required to sleep in the lines, hardly dared to hope, as they

said good-bye to them at night, that they would ever see them again. The letters that were sent off towards the end of the month to catch the homeward mail were full of dark forebodings. Outwardly the Sepoys remained comparatively quiet; but they were secretly plotting among themselves, and intriguing through the medium of their leaders with the Nana. Nothing but the procrastination of the infantry, who were less eager, or at any rate less impetuous than the cavalry, delayed the crisis so long. At last, on the evening of the 4th of June, it came.

The cavalry rose first, and galloped to Newabgunj. The 1st Infantry soon hurried after them. Then the two regiments, making common cause with the Nana's retainers, burst open the gaol, destroyed the public offices, rifled the treasury, and made themselves masters of the contents of the magazine. In the midst of their revels, however, they wondered why they had not been joined by the other two infantry regiments. The sequel proved that the latter could have had no fixed purpose of rising, if they were not actually loyal in intention. All through the night they remained quiet. At two o'clock in the morning they went on parade. When the parade was over, they were dismissed to their lines, and proceeded to cook their breakfasts. Soon afterwards messengers from the mutineers rode up and urged them to come and take their part in the division of the plunder. The 56th yielded to the temptation. The bulk of the 53rd were still standing their ground when, with unhappy want of judgment, Wheeler ordered Ashe to open fire upon them. Then all broke and fled, except some eighty men, who remained persistently faithful to their salt.

Meanwhile the mutineers had sent a deputation of their officers to sound the intentions of the Nana. Introduced into his presence, the spokesman addressed him in these words: "Maharajah, a kingdom awaits you if you join our enterprise, but death if you side with our enemies." "What have I to do with the British?" replied the Nana; "I am altogether yours." The officers went on to ask him whether he would

lead them to Delhi. He assented, and then, laying his hands upon the head of each, swore that he would observe his promise. The delegates returned to their comrades; and next morning the four regiments marched as far as Kullianpore, on the road to Delhi. But the idea of going to Delhi was by no means pleasing to the advisers of the Nana. Chief among them was a crafty young Mahometan, named Azimoolah, who had gone to London, as his agent, to lay his petition before the Court of Directors, and had consoled him for its rejection with the tale that England had fallen from her high place among the nations of Europe. This man exerted all his eloquence to dissuade his master from yielding to the wishes of the Sepoys. The Nana was easily convinced. Why should he, a Brahmin, place himself under the orders of a Mahometan king? Why should he commit political suicide by going to a place where he would be lost among a crowd of greater men? Why should he not return to Cawnpore with his new allies, overpower that handful of Englishmen collected in their miserable entrenchment, and establish, by the right of conquest, the claim so unjustly denied by their detested Government? There was no time to be lost. Riding with all speed to Kullianpore, he urged the Sepoys to give up the idea of marching on Delhi, and held out to them high hopes of the glory and the plunder which they might acquire by going back with him to attack the English. The Sepoys listened, and were persuaded. At sunrise on the 6th the whole brigade was marching down the Delhi road towards Cawnpore. Early in the morning Wheeler received a letter from the Nana, warning him to expect an attack. The news was indeed a cruel disappointment to all his people. They had been spared the horrors which accompanied mutiny at so many other stations; they had been allowed to hope that they would soon be relieved, and be free, some perhaps to do good service against the enemies of their country, others to rejoin their friends, to wait in some secure abode for the restoration of peace, or to return to their own land. And now their hopes were shattered. Not all, however. There, within those

miserable defences, they could still bear themselves in a manner worthy of their motherland. Sadly then, but resolutely they waited for the threatened attack. For a time there was no sign of its coming; for the rebels were busy gorging themselves with the plunder of the city, insulting respectable natives, and murdering the stray Europeans who had not put themselves under Wheeler's protection. But towards ten o'clock flames were seen rising here and there above the nearest quarter of the city; presently the crack of musketry was heard, and now again more plainly; armed men were descried hurrying confusedly over the canal bridge: nearer and nearer they came, and now they were pouring into the lines; a puff of smoke arose; a round shot came crashing into the entrenchment; the garrison were swift to answer the challenge; the bugle sounded; the defenders fell in at their appointed posts; and the cries of terrified women and startled children, mingling with the roar of the contending artillery, proclaimed that the siege of Cawnpore had begun.

THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CAWNPORE

AS TOLD BY T. R. E. HOLMES.

IT was indeed a tragic moment in the world's history ; for never, since wars began, had a besieged garrison been called upon to do or to suffer greater things than were appointed for the garrison of Cawnpore. The besieging army numbered some three thousand trained soldiers, well fed, well lodged, well armed, and supplied with all munitions of war, aided by the retainers of their newly-elected chief, and supported by the sympathies of a large portion of the civil population. The besieged were few in number, and had to contend against almost every disadvantage that could conceivably have been arraved against them. Besides a few civilians and a small band of faithful Sepoys, they could only muster about four hundred English fighting men, more than seventy of whom were invalids. Wholly insufficient in itself, this small force was encumbered by the charge of a helpless throng of women and children. Combatants and non-combatants alike experienced now for the first time the unmitigated fierceness of a tropical summer. Men who, with every appliance at hand for counteracting the depressing effects of the climate, had been wont to regard a morning parade at that season of the year as a hardship, had now to fight all day beneath the scorching rays of an Indian summer sun. Women who had felt it an intolerable grievance to have to pass the long summer days in luxurious rooms artificially cooled, with delicious iced drinks to slake their thirst, and exciting novels to distract their thoughts, were now huddled together, without the most ordinary comforts, in two stifling barracks,

which offered the only shelter to be found within the precincts of the entrenchment. In comparison with the entrenchment itself, the defences of Londonderry, which appeared so contemptible to Lewis's lieutenants, might have been called formidable. It was in fact merely a weak mud wall, about four feet in height, and constructed of earth so dry and friable as to be unable to resist the shock even of a bullet. Perhaps even the heroes of the Cawnpore garrison might have despaired of defending so frail a barrier against the overwhelming numbers of their enemy, if they had had to trust to it alone. There was, however, one element of strength in their position. Close to the southern corner of the entrenchment lay a row of barracks, two of which they had contrived to occupy. One of these, known as No. 2 barrack, they regarded as the key of their position. Yet even this advantage was not wholly their own ; for the enemy took care to avail themselves of the cover which the unoccupied buildings offered. Such were the desperate odds against which the doomed garrison now steeled their hearts to contend.

From the moment when the crash of that first shot gave the signal, the struggle was maintained, almost without a pause, by day and night. Day and night the enemy hurled a continuous shower of shot, and shell, and bullets into the entrenchment : day and night the defenders, with ever lessened numbers, sent back a feeblér discharge. Soldiers, civilians, and loyal Sepoys stood side by side ; and, while the artillerymen replied, as best they could, to the crushing fire of the Nana's heavy batteries, the infantry, each man with a pile of loaded muskets before him, astonished the rebels by the swiftness and accuracy of their fire. Meanwhile the barracks, compassed about by a swarm of enemies, were defended with desperate tenacity by a handful of men, who had as stern a battle to maintain and as heavy a load of weariness to endure as their comrades in the trenches, though, more fortunate than those, they were spared the agony of beholding the sufferings of their women and children. Day and night all fought on alike ; for there was no rest for any

but those to whom the sleep of death was vouchsafed ; or, if a man sank down exhausted under the wheel of his gun or the shelter of the wall, he was soon roused by the noise of musketry, and awoke from dreams of home or of coming relief to a life-in-death within the entrenchment of Cawnpore. The number of those who thus awoke grew smaller day after day. Within the first week fifty-nine artillerymen, all that the garrison could muster, were killed or wounded at their posts. Women as well as men fell victims to the enemy's fire. A private was walking with his wife, when a single bullet killed him, broke both her arms, and wounded an infant whom she was carrying. An officer was talking with a comrade at the main-guard, when a musket-ball struck him ; and, as he was limping painfully towards the barracks to have his wound dressed, Lieutenant Mowbray-Thomson of the 56th, who was supporting him, was struck also ; and both fell helplessly to the ground. Presently, as Thomson lay wofully sick of his wound, another officer came up to condole with him ; and he too received a wound from which he died before the end of the siege. Young Godfrey Wheeler, a son of the general, was lying wounded in one of the barracks, when a round shot crashed through the walls of the room, and carried off his head in the sight of his mother and sisters. Little children straggling outside the wall were deliberately shot down. The record of these horrors is only a page torn from a volume of tragedy. Yet not a murmur was heard. The acutest sufferings were patiently, and by some even cheerfully, endured.

The siege had barely lasted a week when an event occurred which the garrison had long regarded as inevitable, and which warned them to prepare for sufferings far heavier than any they had yet endured. A red-hot shot struck the thatched roof of one of the barracks, within which the women and children, the sick and wounded were lying ; and in a few minutes the entire building was enveloped in flames. Then ensued the most awful, yet, for some who took part in it, the most glorious scene of this dreadful siege—the fire illuminating the darkness of the night ; the helpless sufferers

within the burning building mingling their shrieks for help with the ceaseless boom of the artillery and the continuous swift roar of the flames ; the soldiers running from their posts, and, though girt about by two deadly perils, on the one side the infernal fire from the enemy's batteries and musketry, on the other the downward crash of glowing masses of masonry and burning rafters, yet striving to extinguish the flames, and rescuing their friends from an agonising death ; while, outside the entrenchment, the unrelenting rebels, taking full advantage of the distraction of the garrison, worked their guns with feverish energy, as though they hoped, with the aid of the conflagration, at one stroke to complete the ruin of their victims. When the flames had subsided, the men of the 32nd, regardless of the fire which their enemies continued to direct against them, began diligently to rake the ashes in search of their lost medals. It was a bright example of the romantic sensibility of the British soldier.

During the earlier days of the siege the enemy, conscious of their moral inferiority to the men whom they had driven to bay, and relying on the strength of their artillery, contented themselves mainly with the safe process of bombardment ; but on the 12th of June, thinking perhaps that they had by this time broken the spirit of their opponents, they mustered courage to attempt a general assault on the British position. They could see their handful of victims within ; they had but to make one resolute charge, and in a few minutes they might have borne down every man by the crushing weight of their numbers. At first they moved confidently forward ; but they could not nerve themselves to face the stern resistance which they encountered ; and soon the survivors, terrified by the sight of their falling comrades, turned and fled. They knew that they had failed, and confessed their failure by returning to their old tactics.

The most trying period of the siege had now begun. There was so little food left that the daily ration of each person had to be reduced to a handful of flour and a handful of split peas. If the enemy were afraid to assault, their firing was as

incessant as ever. Round shot plumped and bounded over the open ground, hurled down masses of timber from the remaining barrack, and sent bricks flying in all directions: bullets pattered like hail against the walls, and broke the windows to atoms. The garrison were far less able to reply than they had been at the beginning; for one of their guns had lost its muzzle, two had had their sides battered in, and a fourth had been knocked off its carriage. While fresh hosts of rebels and mutineers were daily swarming up to swell the ranks of their enemies, their own numbers were greatly diminished. Some were struck down by the sun, or wasted by fever; others pined away from exposure, from hunger, or from thirst; others went mad under the burden of their sufferings. More wretched still was the fate of the wounded; for the fire had destroyed the surgical instruments and the medical stores; and death, which came too slowly, was their only healer. But most to be pitied of all were those women who still survived. The destruction of the barrack had robbed them even of the wretched shelter which they had had before; and now their only resting-place was the hard earth, their only protection the crumbling mud wall beneath which they lay. They were begrimed with dirt: their dresses were in rags; their cheeks were pinched and haggard, and their brows ploughed with furrows. There were some even who, while stunned by horrid sounds, and sickened by foul or ghastly sights, had to suffer the pains of labour, and gave birth to infants for whose future they could not dare to hope. A skilful pen might describe the acuteness of their bodily sufferings; but who can imagine the intensity of their mental tortures? They lacked the grim consolation of fighting an unyielding battle against desperate odds, which may even then have sustained the heart of the soldier. Yet they never despaired. They gave the artillerymen their stockings for grape-cases; they handed round ammunition to the infantry; and they cheered all alike by their uncomplaining spirit and their tender gracious kindness. The return which the men made for their devotion was the most accept-

able service that they could have performed. They saw little children around them dying of thirst ; and they resolved to relieve them. There was only one well within the entrenchment ; and, to reach it, they had to pass over the most exposed part of the position. But they could not bear to hear the children's piteous cries ; and at the cost of many heroic lives the labour of love was performed.

About the middle of the siege the grim irony of fortune sent a solitary stranger to reinforce the enfeebled garrison. The men were standing, as usual, at their posts, when they were amazed to see an English officer galloping towards the entrenchment, and presently leaping over the barrier which had defied every attack of the enemy. It was a young lieutenant of the 7th Cavalry, named Bolton, who had been sent out on district duty from Lucknow, and who, turned adrift by the mutiny of his men, was fain to share even the desperate fortunes of the garrison of Cawnpore. His was the only aid that Wheeler ever received. He had urgently written to Lawrence for help ; and sometimes the men, hearing a sound of distant cannonading, brightened up for a moment in the hope that relief was coming ; but presently the old look of care would steal back again over their faces. At last a letter came, which Lawrence had written with a breaking heart, saying that it was impossible for him to spare a detachment from the weak force which was all he had for the protection of his own people. The garrison received the news with manly resignation. Captain Moore of the 32nd, a man to whom common consent has assigned the first place among the defenders of Cawnpore, wrote, in the name of his chief and of his comrades, that, since no help could be afforded them, it was the fixed resolution of all to hold the position to the last. From the beginning he had cheered on the men by his hopeful face and gallant example, and consoled the women by his courteous tender sympathy ; he had illuminated even the glorious record of the 32nd by his surpassing valour ; and now, when hope had all but vanished, he was still, though enfeebled by a wound, the life and soul of

the defence. Under him fought the survivors of a band of officers, each one of whom was a hero, beside those private soldiers who, though their names find no mention here, are not forgotten by the army, or by the people of England. Not less brave than they, though by profession a man of peace, was Moncrieff, the chaplain, whom all loved for his constancy and self-denial, and who, going from post to post, spoke words of hope and consolation, which were all the more solemn and impressive because none of those who heard them could tell whether he would be spared to listen to another service. No wonder that the hosts of the enemy could not prevail against men like these. No wonder, that when, on the 23rd of June, they came on, fortified by solemn oaths, and stimulated by malignant hatred, to attempt another assault, they were hurled back, as before, in ignominious rout. But the end was not far off. Two more attempts were made to obtain relief. On the 24th a Eurasian soldier left the entrenchment in disguise, hoping to procure reinforcements from Allahabad, but returned unsuccessful. On the same day a commissariat official named Shepherd, went out, disguised as a native cook, but was soon taken prisoner. Next day a woman came into the entrenchment, with a letter from the Nana, offering a safe passage to Allahabad to every member of the garrison who had not been "connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie." The offer was vehemently resisted by the younger officers, who could not bear the thought of surrendering the position which had been so nobly defended; and even Wheeler, suspicious of the Nana's sincerity, was inclined to return a refusal, until Moore, whose jealousy for the honour of his country and of his profession could not be questioned, pointed out that, as succour could not possibly arrive in time, an honourable capitulation held out the only chance of saving the lives of the women and children. An armistice was accordingly arranged. An hour after dusk the Nana gathered together in his tent five or six of his advisers, and arranged with them a plan the execution of which will be presently described. Next morning the repre-

sentatives of the besieged and of the besiegers met to discuss terms of surrender. It was proposed that the garrison should give up their position, their guns, and their treasure; and that in return they should be allowed to march out with their arms and a certain proportion of ammunition, and be provided with boats and provisions for the voyage to Allahabad. One hitch occurred. The Nana required that the position should be evacuated that night. Wheeler replied that he could not possibly march out until the following morning. Then the Nana threatened to renew the bombardment, and boasted that in a few days he would put every one of the garrison to death. He was told in reply that he might fulfil his threats if he could, but that there was enough powder still left in the magazine to blow him and the two armies together into the air. The bare suggestion was enough to bring him to his senses. The treaty was forthwith signed, the guns were delivered over to the enemy; and the garrison lay down for their last sleep within the entrenchment of Cawnpore.

THE STORY OF THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE,

AS TOLD BY T. R. E. HOLMES.

EARLY in the morning they marched out, and looked for the last time on that battered and crumbling wall of clay, which they had defended for nearly three weeks against the assaults of an enemy ten times as numerous as themselves. Some of them may have felt a vague foreboding of coming danger ; for it was whispered that one of the delegates, who had gone to see whether the boats were ready, had overheard the Sepoys pronounce the ominous word "massacre." But even the most anxious must have ventured to look forward to a time when, sitting over the fireside in their English homes, they would tell to awe-struck listeners the story of the great siege. Even now some were found to sympathise with them in what they had done and suffered. As the wan and ragged column filed along the road, the women and children in bullock-carriages or on elephants, the wounded in palanquins, the fighting men on foot, Sepoys came clustering up round the officers whom they had betrayed, and talked, in wonder and admiration, of the surpassing heroism of the defence. About three-quarters of a mile from the entrenchment a ravine, spanned by a wooden bridge with white rails, ran, at right angles to the road, towards the river. Arriving at the bridge, the procession turned aside, and began to thread its way down the ravine. And now the banks of the Ganges were close at hand. The unwieldy boats, with their thatched roofs, were seen drawn up close to the water's edge ; and a great crowd of natives of every class was waiting to look on at the

embarkation. There were some too who had not come merely to look on. More than a thousand infantry Sepoys and several squadrons of cavalry were posted behind cover on the banks ; and Tantia Topee, a favoured counsellor of the Nana, who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the rebellion, was there to execute his master's orders for the management of the embarkation.

What those orders were presently appeared. Those troops had not come to serve as a guard of honour. They had come to be the instruments for executing that plan which the Nana had devised. No mud wall separated them now from the men and the women who had defied them. Their numbers and their artillery must surely be irresistible now. Now therefore was the moment to take the time-honoured vengeance of a besieging army upon an obstinate garrison. Hardly had the embarkation begun when a bugle sounded. Immediately afterwards a host of Sepoys, leaping up from behind the bushes and the houses on either bank, lifted their muskets to their shoulders ; and a hail of bullets fell upon the dense crowd of passengers, as they were clambering on board. Cannon roared out, and grape-shot raked the boats from stem to stern. Almost at the same instant the thatched roofs, which had been purposely strewed beforehand with glowing cinders, burst into flame. Then the sick and the wounded, who had survived the destruction of the barrack and the horrors of the siege, were suffocated or burned to death. The able-bodied men sprang over-board, and strove with might and main to push off the boats into deep water ; but all save one stuck fast. Ashe, and Bolton, and Moore were shot down as they stood in the water. Women and children bent down under the sides of the boats, trying to escape the bullets. Some ten or twelve men swam for dear life after the floating boat ; but one soon sank exhausted : others, struck by grape or bullets, gasped, and beat the bloody surf, and turned over dead ; and three only reached the boat. Now the troopers rode with drawn sabres into the river, and slashed the cowering women to death. Little infants were dragged from

their mothers' arms, and torn to pieces. Suddenly, however, a messenger came from the Nana, saying that no more women or children were to be put to death. The slaughter therefore ceased ; and the trembling survivors, a hundred and twenty-five in number, their clothes drenched, and torn, and mud-stained, and dripping with blood, were dragged back to Cawnpore.

Meanwhile the army of murderers at the river-side had still work to do ; for it was the Nana's will that every Christian man should be destroyed. The boat that had been floated into mid-stream alone escaped. Yet even its occupants soon found that their sufferings had only begun. They had no oars, no rudder, and no food. The water of the Ganges was all that passed their lips save prayers, and shrieks, and groans. Their numbers were rapidly diminished ; for their enemies crowded along the banks, and fired upon them whenever an opportunity arose ; and, though soon after noon they drifted beyond the reach of the guns, the Sepoys still kept up with them, and harassed them by repeated volleys of musketry. It seemed to their jaded imaginations that that dreadful day would never come to an end. Late in the afternoon the boat stuck fast on a sand-bank ; and, before they succeeded in forcing it off, darkness had come on. As the night dragged slowly by, they stranded again and again ; and every time the men had to get out of the boat, and push it off into the stream. Day broke ; and, seeing no Sepoys, they began to hope that they were to be left unmolested. But about two o'clock the boat again got aground ; and the rebels presently appearing, opened fire and killed or wounded five more. All the afternoon rain fell in torrents. At sunset a boat was seen bearing down in pursuit with fifty or sixty armed men on board. But the pursuers did not yet know the full measure of their opponents' courage. Without waiting to be attacked, some twenty of our men leaped out of their boat, fell upon the enemy, whose boat had also run aground, and put nearly every man of them to the sword. Utterly worn out, the fugitives fell asleep. A hurricane arose in the night, and once more the boat floated ; but, when

day broke, those that were still alive thought that the end was come at last, for they had drifted into a side-current of the main stream, and they saw a body of Sepoys, supported by a multitude of villagers, standing on the bank, ready to overwhelm them. But there were still eleven British soldiers and a sergeant in the boat, who, though tired almost to death, and nearly starved, were as keen as ever to be led against the enemy: there were still two officers to cheer them on, Mowbray-Thomson of the 56th, and Delafosse of the 53rd, who had covered themselves with glory in the siege; there was still a commander, Major Vibart of the 2nd Cavalry, to send them forth, though he was too sorely wounded to lead them to victory. Leaping ashore, these men charged right through the dense masses of the enemy, and, before the awe and astonishment which their courage had inspired could subside, fought their way back to the place where they had landed. But the boat had drifted far away. They ran down the bank to overtake it; but they never saw it again. The enemy were fast closing in upon them; and, weary and panting as they were, they had to run barefooted on and on over the rugged bank, and under the burning sun. At last they saw a Hindoo temple a little distance ahead. To this stronghold they rushed, and prepared to make their last stand. The sergeant was shot as he was entering. Four of the privates crouched down, by Mowbray-Thomson's command, in the doorway; and on their bayonets the foremost of the enemy, hurrying up in the blind eagerness of pursuit, perished miserably. Those behind, unable to force their way in, tried to set the temple on fire, and, when the wind blew the flames away, threw bags of powder upon the glowing ashes. Then the thirteen rushed over the blazing wood, jumped down, and, firing a last volley, hurled themselves with fixed bayonets into the tumultuous crowd which surrounded them. Six fell; but the rest, gaining the bank, threw their muskets into the water, plunged in themselves, and swam for their lives. The swarm of blacks ran yelling down the bank, and fired volley after volley at the bobbing heads. Two of the seven were soon

struck, and sank. A third, too tired to battle for his life, made for the shore, and was beaten to death as soon as he landed. The remaining four, Mowbray-Thomson, Delafosse, and privates Murphy and Sullivan, after swimming without a moment's pause for six miles, found rest at last within the house of a friendly rajah of Oudh. These men had passed triumphantly through an ordeal as terrible as any that ever tested human courage and endurance; yet to none of them was awarded that prize of valour which is the dearest object of the British soldier's ambition. But many who have worn the Victoria Cross upon their breasts might have envied the surviving defenders of Cawnpore the honourable scars which were their ineffaceable decoration.

The whole of the story of Cawnpore has not yet been told. After drifting beyond the reach of Mowbray-Thomson and his companions, the boat was overtaken by the enemy; and its defenceless crew of eighty souls, wounded men, and women, and children, were brought back to the city. There, by the orders of the Nana, the men were put to death; and the women and children were confined in a building called the Savada House, along with the hundred and twenty-five whom, three days before, he had rescued, for his own purposes, from the hands of the destroyer.

Then the conqueror prepared to reap the fruits of his victory. Returning to his palace at Bithoor, he caused himself to be proclaimed Peishwa with all the rites and ceremonies of an hereditary ruler. But the noise of the salute which was fired in honour of his accession had scarcely died away before the troubles of a usurper began to crowd upon him. The tradesmen, groaning under the rapacity and insolent cruelty of the mutineers, execrated him as the author of their sufferings. It was rumoured that a Mahometan rival was to be set up against him; and, the Sepoys were angrily complaining of the niggardliness with which he had rewarded their services. Their leaders swore that, if he did not soon show himself in their midst, they would go and fetch him; and on the 5th of July they actually put their threat into execution. After a week of luxurious

seclusion, he re-entered the city. There he found a deep gloom prevailing: many of the inhabitants had abandoned their homes, and fled; for it was rumoured that an avenging army was advancing, by forced marches, from the south-east, and hanging every native who crossed its path. It was clearly necessary that he should do something to show that he was indeed the successor of Badjee Rao. He therefore called upon his lieutenants to go out and attack the approaching force, and tried to restore the confidence of his subjects by proclaiming that everywhere the infidels had been overwhelmed, and had been sent to hell.

Meanwhile, the number of his own victims had been increased. The unhappy fugitives from Futtehghurh, unconscious of the worse fate that was in store for them, had come to seek an asylum in Cawnpore. Those who had left Futtehghurh in June had been butchered by order of the Nana immediately after their arrival. Of those who followed, all the men but three were murdered in his presence. The asylum that he appointed for the survivors was a small house called the Beebeegurh, to which he had lately transferred the captives of the Savada. In this new prison, which had belonged to a poor Eurasian clerk, five men and two hundred and six women and children were confined. Save that they were no longer exposed to the fire of the enemy, these poor captives were worse off now than they had been in the entrenchment of Cawnpore, or the fort of Futtehghurh. English ladies, the wives of the defenders and the rulers of British India, were forced, like slaves, to grind corn for the murderer of their husbands. They themselves were fed on a scanty allowance of the coarsest food. Those were happiest among them who perished from the diseases which this food engendered. All this time the Nana himself, in a sumptuous building, which overlooked their prison, was living in a round of feasts, and revels, and debaucheries. But on the 15th of July, in the midst of his unholy mirth, an alarming announcement came upon him. That avenging army of whose coming he had heard was within a day's march of the city; and the force

which he had sent out to check its advance had suffered a crushing defeat.

Then ensued the last act of the tragedy of Cawnpore. It was pointed out to the Nana that, if he were again defeated, the captives in the Beebeegurh would supply the English general with damning evidence against all who had taken part in the massacres ; that, on the other hand, if they were put out of the way, the general would feel that there was nothing to be gained by continuing his march. The Nana eagerly accepted the hint. First of all, the five men who had been suffered to live thus far were brought out, and killed in his presence. Then a number of Sepoys were selected, and told to go and shoot the women and children through the windows of the house. They went ; but they could not harden their hearts to obey the rest of their instructions. They belonged to that regiment which had murdered the boy-ensigns at Allahabad ; but they were not prepared to murder women and children. They contented themselves therefore with firing at the ceiling instead. But such effeminate sensibility was disgusting to the Nana. At his bidding, then, two Mahometan butchers, a Velaitee, and two Hindoos, armed with long knives, went into the house, and hacked their victims to pieces. All through the night the bodies lay neglected in the room ; and moans were distinctly heard proceeding from it by those without. Next morning a heap of corpses, a heap of wounded, and a number of children who had escaped the knives of the assassins were dragged out, and thrown, the living and the dead together, into a well hard by.

The fiery trial was over at last. It is hard for even the most sympathetic imagination actually to realise, not merely to believe the fact that English men, and women, and children, did indeed pass through that trial not five-and-twenty years ago.* But all was now passed. Forgetting the agonising siege, the horrid carnage at the river-side, the bitter imprisonment, the pitiless massacre, they slept in the well of Cawnpore as calmly

* Written in 1881.

as we shall sleep, if such be our lot, beneath the green English turf. Only for their destroyer all was not over. He had had his revenge, and won his triumph. He had ordered salutes to be fired in honour of his glorious victory. He had caused himself to be proclaimed Peishwa. But the voice of the blood which he had shed was crying out, not in vain, to God for vengeance. The murderer who had shut his ears to the piteous cries of tender women and innocent children, was soon to hear, on the open battle-field, the appalling shout of the British soldier, and the roar of Havelock's guns.

HAVELOCK'S MARCH TO CAWNPORE.

FRESH from his triumphs in the Persian campaign, Havelock landed in Calcutta on the 17th of June—five weeks after the Meerut revolt. Except in the little garrisons at Cawnpore and Lucknow, British authority was extinct in the district between Allahabad and Delhi. Three days later he was selected for the command of a movable column which was to be formed at Allahabad in order to proceed without a moment's delay to support Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore and Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, and which was to include the 64th and 78th Highlanders—the gallant regiments which he had commanded on the Euphrates. He reached Allahabad on the 30th of June, to find that in face of enormous difficulties Colonel Neill had raised a detachment of four hundred Europeans, three hundred Sikhs, one hundred and twenty native irregular cavalry, and two guns which, commanded by Major Renaud, commenced its march the same evening, and was followed three days later by a hundred Europeans, sent by Havelock up the Ganges in the only steamer at his disposal to communicate with Major Renaud's column and to cover its flank.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining transport, the General, chafing with impatience at the delay, was detained at Allahabad seven days after the departure of the first column. Meanwhile a small body of volunteer cavalry was raised and placed under the command of Captain Barrow, of the 5th Madras Light Cavalry. No exertion was spared, moreover, to provide the Highlanders with clothing more fitted for a march with the

thermometer above a hundred degrees than the woollen clothing which they had worn in Persia ; but in vain. Many men left Allahabad in woollen tunics, and the 78th fought every battle in this campaign in that dress.

On the 3rd of July, Havelock received from Major Renaud the intelligence of the destruction of Wheeler's force at Cawnpore, and in the afternoon two spies, who had been eye-witnesses, came into Allahabad. The task which, therefore, devolved upon Havelock was to retake Cawnpore, the place from which alone Lucknow could be succoured.

On the 7th the column commenced the march which has become famous in Indian history. The force consisted of about a thousand bayonets, drawn from four European regiments, one hundred and fifty of Brasyer's Sikhs, the volunteer cavalry about twenty in number, thirty irregular native cavalry, and six guns. As it defiled through the town, "the inhabitants, so lately in revolt, turned out to observe our first offensive movement. The Hindoos appeared indifferent or apprehensive ; but wherever a Mohammedan was seen there was a scowl on his brow and a curse in his heart. Of such demonstrations our troops were careless ; they had started on a noble errand ; they were animated by the hope of being able to save, by the certainty at all events of avenging, their countrymen at Cawnpore : like Cromwell's Ironsides, there was a stern determination in their aspect, even in their very tread, which showed the earnestness of purpose within.' They had not marched a quarter of a mile before they encountered a deluge of rain. After a march of three hours they halted, but as the tents had not all arrived, many of the men, drenched to the skin, were compelled to pass the night without shelter on the soddened ground.

Whatever impression prevailed among the men, the General knew that Cawnpore had fallen, and as the last letter received from Sir Henry Lawrence was written before the Battle of Chinhat which precipitated the crisis at Lucknow, the troops advanced leisurely for the first three days, making only eight miles a day. The 64th and 78th Highlanders were robust and

well-seasoned soldiers, but they had been cooped up in steamers for six weeks and required practice to regain the facility of marching; moreover, nearly three hundred of the Madras Fusiliers were raw recruits totally unaccustomed to the hardships of a campaign, and dropped by the road disabled and footsore. The entire country was under water, the rainy season having set in with great severity. But on the 11th Colonel Tytler, the Quarter-Master General, received information through his spies that Nana Sahib, after the destruction of Wheeler's force, had proclaimed himself Peishwa, and with a force of three thousand five hundred men and twelve guns had left Cawnpore and was sweeping down to annihilate the handful of Englishmen moving up from Allahabad.

The destruction of Renaud's advanced column would be inevitable if it came into collision with the rebel force, so Havelock pushed forward his little band, spite of severe fatigue and exposure, and early in the morning of the 12th of July came up with the major's detachment, marched with it to within four miles of Futtehpore and then halted to give his troops the rest absolutely necessary for the conflict which he knew to be impending. The men fell out to light their pipes and make a brew of tea, whilst Colonel Tytler, with a party of volunteer horse, was sent on to reconnoitre, and found that the rebel force had arrived at Futtehpore. He had scarcely halted his escort and taken a position in advance to survey the enemy's position, when he was seen. The rebels, supposing that they were about to encounter only Major Renaud's small force—for such was the information of their spies—rushed forward so certain of victory that they gave themselves no time for formation. But the instant the assembly sounded, the British troops fell in as cheery and hearty as possible, although a bright July sun was burning overhead, and they had just marched eighteen miles. Instead of the handful of which they expected to make an easy prey, the rebels found five regiments and eight guns, waiting calmly for the attack: as if smitten with palsy, they drew rein. But the battle

resolved itself into a duel between the artillerymen ; the British guns, courageously and skilfully directed by Captain (afterwards Colonel) Maude—who for his gallantry in this battle was awarded the Victoria Cross—supported by the fire of the Enfield rifles, the range of which paralysed the rebels so that they soon deserted their guns. The infantry followed in pursuit, and in succession drove the rebels from the garden enclosures, from a strong barricade on the road, from the town wall, into, and through, out of, and beyond the town in final and irretrievable flight with the loss of all their guns. Twelve British soldiers were struck down by the sun, and never rose again. “But our fight was fought, neither with musket nor bayonet, nor sabre, but with Enfield rifles and cannon ; so we lost no men. The enemy’s fire scarcely touched us ; ours, for four hours, allowed him no repose.” Amongst the plunder were ladies’ dresses, worsted work, and other tokens of the massacred Englishwomen, the discovery of which served to make the men still wilder for vengeance. The troops, who had marched twenty-four miles, and fought a battle of four hours’ duration without having tasted food since the preceding afternoon, sank down exhausted on the ground a mile beyond the spot where the enemy had made their last stand.

The battle of Futtehpore was the first check which the mutineers had received in the field. For two months they had spread desolation through some of the fairest provinces of India, but Futtehpore brought a ray of hope and showed that face to face in the field the Asiatic must inevitably succumb to the European. On the 14th the troops marched forward, their numbers having been reduced by one hundred of the Sikhs who were sent back to Allahabad at the urgent request of Colonel Neill, who was apprehensive of an attack. Moreover, the engagement at Futtehpore had shown the irregular cavalry were untrustworthy : some had even deserted to the rebels. They were, therefore, dismounted and disarmed, and their horses made over to Captain Barrow’s volunteer cavalry. On the evening of the 14th intelligence

was received that the enemy had entrenched themselves at Aong, a small village six miles distant. Early on the morning of the 15th the little force moved forward in anticipation of a fight; directly it came within range the guns of the rebels opened fire. The rebel force advanced boldly to the attack, and moved forward to a village about two hundred yards in front of their position. The Madras Fusiliers were ordered to drive them out; this they quickly accomplished in the most gallant style, under the command of Major Renaud. But the success was dearly purchased. Major Renaud, an officer of conspicuous ability and intrepidity, received a wound in the thigh of which he died three days later. Large bodies of the enemy's cavalry made desperate efforts upon the main force, under Havelock's personal command, but each assault was repelled, and the cavalry, seeing their comrades on foot flying from the artillery fire, followed them. The road was thickly strewn for miles with abandoned tents, carts, baggage, and military stores. But, for lack of cavalry, all the labours and privations of the advancing force were of comparatively little avail. The enemy, though beaten, could not be effectively pursued. "With four hundred cavalry, the slaughter at Pandoo Nuddee might not only have been avoided, but our men going on might have held the bridge, and the insurgents would have been in our power." From the commencement of his advance the bridge over the Pandoo Nuddee, or river, which lay in his route to Cawnpore, had been an object of great anxiety to Havelock. This stream, though only sixty or seventy yards wide, and generally fordable, was now swollen and impassable.

From a military point of view it was still more formidable as it flowed at the bottom of a deep ravine. Havelock had no pontoons, and there was no hope, amidst a hostile population, of procuring boats. If, therefore, the fine masonry bridge over it was broken down, his progress to Cawnpore might be indefinitely retarded. While his force was resting after the engagement at Aong, information was received that the enemy had rallied on the other side of the river, and were preparing

to blow up the bridge. Not a moment was to be lost. Once more the gallant band, though exhausted by a severe action under a nearly vertical sun, and though they had not had time to prepare a meal, responded with alacrity to the summons to advance. After a march of three miles the enemy's entrenchment burst on the view. The bridge was intact, but was guarded by two long 24-pounder guns. It was resolved to bring a heavy artillery fire to bear on the bridge, for which its position afforded great facilities, and to line the banks above and below the bridge with expert marksmen, armed with the Enfield rifle. These picked off the enemy's gunners while the artillery were doing great execution. Suddenly, a cloud of white smoke was seen to arise from the bridge, which the enemy had attempted to blow up; but the train had been clumsily laid, and the explosion was ineffective. Soon after, some shrapnel bullets smashed the sponge staffs of the rebel gunners; some, who were present, assert that the rebels themselves broke their staffs and spiked their guns. Be that as it may, their fire suddenly ceased. The Madras Fusiliers, nobly led by Major Stephenson, dashed across the bridge amid a storm of rifle bullets and captured the guns. The day was won, and the enemy fled in full retreat to Cawnpore. The rest of the relieving force crossed the bridge and, utterly exhausted, too tired even to cook the meat served out to them, threw themselves on the ground on the Cawnpore side of the river.

The relieving force did not then know the worst. On the evening of the battle of the Pandoo Nuddee, Nana Sahib, enraged at the defeat and flight of his legions, issued the order for the massacre of the helpless women and children at Cawnpore; this accomplished, he prepared to make his last stand for the defence of Cawnpore. At the head of seven thousand men and eight guns, with every defensible point strongly fortified, he prepared to dispute Havelock's advance. News had reached the British camp the day before that our unfortunate countrywomen were still alive. Cawnpore was twenty-four miles distant. Unconscious of the tragedy which

had been enacted, and thrilled through and through with an overmastering eagerness to arrive, if possible, in time, they shook off all fatigue, and pushed on under the fiercest sun which had as yet poured its burning rays upon them. At every step some one fell out of the ranks, many never to return again; the calls for water were loud and long. But with splendid pertinacity they plodded on. "The rays of the sun darted down as if they had been concentrated through a lens," but, nothing daunted, the force accomplished a march of sixteen miles, arrived at the village of Maharajpore, where they rested for three hours for a meal, which, in too many cases, consisted "only of biscuit and porter."

Two miles further on the force of Nana Sahib was descried, with the guns pointing down the grand trunk road along which it was thought that Havelock would advance. The infantry was massed in support of the guns to defend this strong position. Havelock's troops were numerically small, and would have suffered tremendous losses by an advance upon the enemy's front. "As soon then as he ascertained the position of the enemy's batteries, he still advanced his handful of cavalry to mask his movement, but made with the bulk of his force a *détour* to the right with the view of taking the enemy in flank. This masterly movement had all the effect he anticipated; the enemy's guns poured their showers of shot and shell in the direction of the cavalry, whilst the main body moved off unmolested. But our men had not proceeded half a mile before they were perceived, and the enemy at once changed the direction of their fire. Not a gun of ours replied. Havelock had resolved to reserve his fire until it could take place with effect. Forward then, with sloped arms, our men advanced, trudging alternately through marshy and ploughed land. Thus they progressed for about a quarter of an hour. Then wheeling up into one line with the artillery at intervals, they marched down upon the foe." So hot at this moment was the enemy's artillery fire that the men were directed to halt and lie down until it was silenced. But it soon became evident that the battle would be decided, not by artillery, but

by the bayonet. The Highlanders were lying down. Havelock pointed to the enemy's battery and told them to take it. "While the guns continued to vomit forth grape, they advanced with a firm tread directly upon them, and, when within eighty yards of the muzzle, changed their pace into a charge. Then with their gallant old commander, Colonel Hamilton, a dozen paces in their front, and their bagpipes blowing the pibroch in the rear, they raised a shout which thrilled through the hearts of those who heard it," and in an instant they were over the mound and into the village. Havelock was with them. "Well done, 78th," said he; "another charge like that will win the day." The challenge was answered with a shout. Aided by the 64th, at a run, through pools and mud, shouting and cheering, they swept upon and captured the battery.

The volunteer cavalry, panting for an opportunity for distinction, now came up. Captain Beatson, the Adjutant-General, had been attacked with cholera early in the day, but was determined to have some share in the engagement; too ill to mount a horse, he had placed himself in a tumbril in the rear of the volunteer cavalry, and ordered them to charge. They were only eighteen all told, but led by their noble commander, Captain Barrow, they dashed forward, and only pulled up when they found their number diminished by one-third. "Well done, Gentlemen Volunteers; you have done well. I am proud to command you," was the General's commendation. Position after position fell before the irresistible rush of the Europeans, splendidly supported by their Sikh comrades-in-arms. But there was one position which still had to be carried; from it a huge 24-pounder gun was dealing destruction among the 64th: they and the 84th were nearest it. Havelock went up to them and said, "That gun must be taken by the bayonet; I must have it. No firing; and recollect that I am with you." At the word of command they dashed forward with an impetuosity which was irresistible; forty men of the 64th fell before they reached the gun, but, led by Major Stirling, with a loud cheer they captured the gun. The enemy lost all heart, and gave way in total rout. Such was

the battle of Cawnpore, the heaviest blow which the mutineers had yet received. The troops bivouacked on the night of the 16th on the bare ground, without food or tents. The whole force was so "done up" that to advance further was impossible.

RE-OCCUPATION AND RETRIBUTION AT CAWNPORE.

ON the morning of the 17th the avenging force entered Cawnpore. "Some of them hastened to Wheeler's encampment, and to the building where the women and children had been confined, and were struck with horror at the sight which met their eyes. The pavement was swimming with blood, and fragments of ladies' and children's dresses were floating on it. They entered the apartments, and found them empty and silent, but there also the blood lay deep on the floor, covered with bonnets, collars, combs, and children's frocks and frills. The walls were dotted with the marks of bullets, and on the wooden pillars were deep sword-cuts, from some of which hung tresses of hair. But neither the sabre-cuts nor the dents of the bullets were sufficiently high above the floor to indicate that the weapons had been aimed at men defending their lives; they appeared rather to have been levelled at crouching women and children begging for mercy. The soldiers proceeded in their search, when, on crossing the court-yard, they perceived human limbs bristling from a well, and on further examination found it to be choked up with the bodies of the victims which appeared to have been thrown in promiscuously, the dead with the wounded, till it was full to the brim. Men of iron nerve, who during the march from Allahabad had rushed to the cannon's mouth without flinching, and had seen unappalled their comrades mowed down around them, now 'lifted up their voices and wept.' But the feeling of anguish which this sight created soon gave place to sterner thoughts, and a burning desire was kindled in their minds to

avenge these foul murders on their inhuman authors. It is related that the Highlanders, on coming to a body which had been barbarously exposed, and which was supposed to be that of Sir Hugh Wheeler's daughter, cut off the tresses, and, reserving a portion to be sent to their own families, sat down and counted the remainder, and swore that for every hair one of the rebels should die." Victorious though they had been, the troops were depressed by the horrors which they had witnessed. They had arrived too late. Many of their number had fallen by the sword or by cholera. Havelock himself was, for a moment, oppressed with the thought of the possible annihilation of his gallant force in attempting what might be impossible. But his confidence in the justice of his cause and his strong sense of duty prevailed. "If the worst comes to the worst," he said, "we can but die with our swords in our hands."

The English flag once more waved over Cawnpore, and Havelock issued the following order to his troops:—"Soldiers, your general is satisfied, and more than satisfied, with you. He has never seen steadier or more devoted troops. Between the 7th and the 16th you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched a hundred and twenty-six miles and fought four actions. Your comrades at Lucknow are in peril. Agra is besieged; Delhi is still the focus of mutiny and rebellion. You must make great sacrifices if you would obtain great results. Three cities have to be saved, two strong places to be disblockaded. Your general is confident that he can accomplish all these things, and restore this part of India to tranquillity, if you only second him with your efforts, and if your discipline is equal to your valour."

But for a time their discipline was not equal to their valour. Cawnpore was filled with the plunder of the European shops, and of large private stores of beer and spirits. The British soldiers drank to excess, and fearful lest the tendency to dysentery and cholera should be aggravated by intemperance, Havelock ordered all the beer, wine, spirits, and every drinkable thing at Cawnpore to be purchased by the Commissariat.

"Otherwise," he said, "it would have required half my force to keep it from being drunk up by the other half, and I should not have had a soldier in camp." Stringent measures were also imperative to check the spirit of plunder. Exasperated beyond measure by the thought that the end of the consummate bravery of the gallant force which had held Cawnpore had been such a foul massacre, the soldiers considered the plunder of the town an act of righteous retribution; but the General was determined to stop all looting. So unbridled, however, had the licence been, that he was obliged to issue an order to the following effect. "The marauding in this camp exceeds the disorders which supervened on the short-lived triumph of the miscreant Nana Sahib. A Provost Marshal has been appointed, with special instructions to hang up, *in their uniform*, all British soldiers that plunder. This shall not be an idle threat. Commanding officers have received the most distinct warning on the subject."

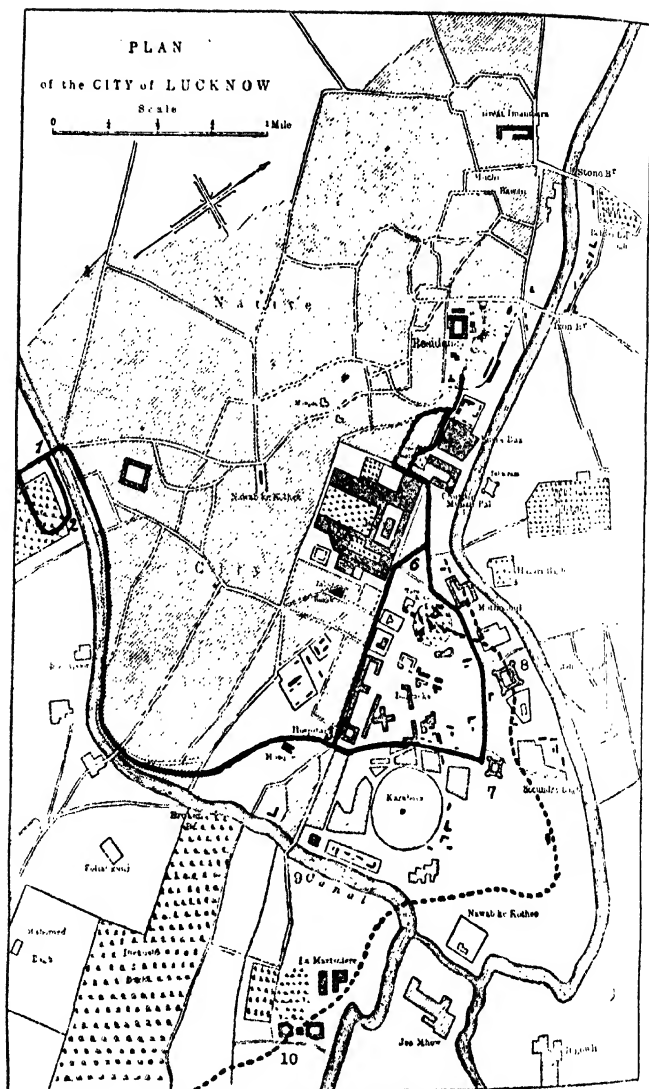
Meanwhile, Neill, having made arrangements for the defence of the important position which he had saved by his energy, was making his way up from Allahabad. He arrived at Cawnpore on the 20th of July, but was unable to bring with him more than two hundred and thirty men. It was arranged that Havelock, being in chief command, should press forward the arrangements for advancing to the relief of Lucknow, and that Neill should remain in charge of Cawnpore. His first act was to ascertain all the circumstances of the recent massacres, and to take steps to avenge them. Having obtained all the information necessary, he issued the following order:—"The well in which are the remains of the poor women and children so brutally murdered by this miscreant, the Nana, will be filled up, and neatly and decently covered over to form their grave; a party of European soldiers will do so this evening, under the superintendence of an officer. The house in which they were butchered, and which is stained with their blood, will not be washed or cleaned by their countrymen; but Brigadier-General Neill has determined that every stain of that innocent blood shall be cleared up and wiped out, previous to their execution,

by such of the miscreants as may be hereafter apprehended, who took an active part in the mutiny, to be selected according to their rank, caste, and degree of guilt. Each miscreant, after sentence of death is pronounced upon him, will be taken down to the house in question, under a guard, and will be forced into cleaning up a small portion of the blood stains; the task will be made as revolting to his feelings as possible, and the Provost Marshal will use the lash in forcing any one objecting to complete his task. After properly cleaning up his portion, the culprit is to be immediately hanged, and for this purpose a gallows will be erected close at hand."

The first culprit was a subadar of the 6th Native Infantry, a Brahmin. A brush was put into his hand by a sweeper, and he was ordered to clean about half a square foot. He objected, the lash fell; he wiped it all up clean; he was then hanged, and his body buried in the public road. "Some days afterwards," Neill wrote, "others were brought in—one a Mohammedan officer of our civil court, a great rascal, and one of the leading men; he rather objected, was flogged, made to lick part of the blood with his tongue. No doubt this is strange law, but it suits the occasion well, and I hope I shall not be interfered with until the room is thoroughly cleaned in this way."

At a distance of forty years, and in quiet times, it is very easy to condemn such exceptional severity in dealing with exceptional wickedness, but even Nicholson, of whose nobility of character there is no doubt, was eager to have an Act passed, legalising in certain cases more cruel forms of execution, and protested "against fiends of that stamp being let off with simple hanging." "No one," urged Neill, "who has witnessed the scenes of murder, mutilation, and massacre, can ever listen to the word 'mercy' as applied to these fiends."

While the retribution was severe, there appears to be absolutely no truth in the reports which circulated at the time to the effect that ten thousand of the inhabitants had been killed. Such reports represented rather what might have been than what was.



THE OUTBREAK AT LUCKNOW.

THE city of Lucknow, built on the south bank of the River Goomtee, along the banks of which it extends for four miles, lies about fifty miles north-east of Cawnpore. All the principal buildings were between the city itself and the river bank. The Residency, a large walled enclosure, comprising not only the palace of the Resident, but other houses and outhouses, as well as underground buildings or vaults on a large scale, stood on a hill sloping towards the bank of the river. A short distance up the river was a strong castellated building called the Muchee Bhawun. To the south was the town, intersected by a canal which joined the Goomtee about three miles south-east of the Residency. To the north-east of the Residency and on the north bank of the Goomtee were the cantonments, communicating with the south bank by means of two bridges, one near the Muchee Bhawun, the other close to the Residency. To the east of the Residency, and between it and the canal, were native palaces, some of which, such as the Mootee Mahul, the Shah-Nujeef, and the Secunder Bagh, have become almost household words in Indian military history. To the south of the city, about two miles from the Residency, on the Cawnpore road, was the Char Bagh, and still further south by about two miles the Alum Bagh, both military posts of the first importance. "Such were the prominent features of Lucknow. It was from the roof of the Residency that its surpassing beauty was best discerned. Standing there on a clear summer evening, one might have seen the distant chaos of the vast

city gradually taking shape in narrow streets and twisting lanes, and nearer still in cupolas, columns, terraced roofs, gilded domes, and slender minarets, which, flooded in the yellow glow, rose in picturesque confusion above the rich foliage of the surrounding groves and gardens; while on the right stood the huge frowning pile of the Muchee Bhawun; and behind the Goomtee, recalling some tranquil English stream, meandered through the fertile plain, and past the bright corn-fields, the mango-topes, and the scattered hamlets of the garden of India."

The troops at Lucknow, in the month of May 1857, consisted of H.M.'s 32nd Foot, about seven hundred strong, between fifty and sixty European artillerymen, two native batteries of artillery, the 13th, 48th, and 71st Regiments of Native Infantry, and the 7th Regiment of Native Cavalry. In the immediate neighbourhood were other native forces, so that the native armed troops were in the proportion of nearly ten to one, the actual numbers being seven thousand natives to seven hundred and fifty Europeans.

The annexation of Oudh converted Lucknow, its capital with a population of 300,000, into a centre of discontent, intrigue, and disaffection. When, on the 20th of March, 1857, Sir Henry Lawrence assumed the Chief Commissionership, he was confronted by a task which would have appalled and probably overwhelmed a less able man. The whole province was seething with sedition and resentment. The large towns were flooded by the disbanded adherents of the late king; the peasantry of the villages had been rendered desperate by new assessments; the native army which had been taken over from the deposed king and reorganised as a local force was on the verge of open revolt.

Among the great mass of the civil population Lawrence, by wise, conciliatory measures, quickly succeeded in restoring some measure of quietude. But to restore confidence among the Sepoy regiments was a stupendous task even for a Lawrence. The caste contagion had been working deadly mischief at Lucknow before his arrival; the policy of annexa-

tion had destroyed for a time confidence in the professions of the ruling power, and the Sepoys implicitly believed that the "greased cartridges" were designed specifically to deprive them of their caste. A spark only was necessary to fire the train, and Lawrence had not to wait long for the first explosion. Dr. Wells, the surgeon of the 48th Native Infantry, feeling unwell, went into the hospital for some medicine and incautiously applied his mouth to the bottle, thus hopelessly "polluting" it. The Sepoys attributed the surgeon's action to design, and although, by command of the colonel, the bottle was broken in their presence, a few days later the surgeon's bungalow was burnt down, it was believed by the men of the 48th. This act of vengeance, in April, clearly demonstrated the extent to which the virus of revolt had infected the native soldiery of Oudh.

But Lawrence had not been an idle spectator of the movements among the soldiery, and resolved to meet with firmness any overt act of mutiny. The opportunity was afforded in the early days of May. On the 1st of May the recruits of the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry refused to use the obnoxious cartridges, although the officers explained, with some apparent success, that the cartridges were precisely the same as those which had always been used. The next day, however, the whole regiment refused to touch them: a parade was ordered, conciliation attempted, but in vain. On the 3rd, —Sunday— a letter from the rebellious regiment to the men of the 48th was intercepted by a faithful Sepoy, who, after consulting with the officers of his company, reported the matter to Lawrence. It ran: "We are ready to obey the directions of our brothers of the 48th in the matter of the cartridges, and to resist either actively or passively." About the same time information was received that the 7th Irregulars had actually revolted and were threatening their officers. The Adjutant, Lieutenant Meham, owed his life pre-eminently to his presence of mind. Four mutineers entered his house on the afternoon of the 3rd, and told him to prepare for death; that personally they did not dislike him,

but that he was a Feringhee and must die. Lieutenant Mecham was unarmed; they were armed to the teeth. Resistance was hopeless. He at once made up his mind to meet his fate with dignity and resolution. As the mutineers paused to listen to what he had to say, he replied,—

“It is true I am unarmed, and you can kill me; but that will do you no good. You will not ultimately prevail in this mutiny. Another adjutant will be appointed in my place, and you will be subjected to the same treatment you have received from me.”

These words, delivered with coolness, without change of countenance or the movement of a muscle, seemed to strike the mutineers. They turned and left the house, leaving their adjutant uninjured.

But Lawrence saw that prompt action was imperative; to hesitate would be to deliver all the Europeans to the tender mercies of seven thousand Sepoys. With his whole available force he proceeded to the lines of the mutineers, seven miles distant. It was dark when he arrived, and so prompt had been his movements that the 7th were completely taken by surprise. They were ordered to form up instantly: overawed, they obeyed. On either side of them were the infantry and cavalry, in front were the guns with port fires lighted. The mutineers were ordered to lay down their arms; completely cowed, they again obeyed, and awaited their doom. A sudden panic seized them; mad with terror, they fled crying, “Do not fire! do not fire!” The ringleaders were captured and imprisoned pending trial.

Thus the first mutiny at Lucknow was suppressed, and Lawrence had time to prepare for the great trial which he knew to be impending. He at once devised measures for making the Residency more defensible. The huts and other obstructions close to the Residency were removed, and outworks formed in their place. Supplies of grain and European stores were accumulated, as well as powder and small ammunition; a constant water supply was made possible; treasure from the city and outlying stations was brought in. At the same time

he determined to take some measures to remove, if possible, the delusion under which the Sepoys had been labouring, and to publicly reward those Sepoys who had been loyal to their "salt." He therefore invited the native aristocracy, the officers and men of the native regiments, and all the civil and military residents to a grand *darbar* on the evening of the 12th of May. At 6 p.m. Sir Henry entered, followed by his staff. Beside him were deposited in trays the presents intended for the native soldiers. Before, however, he distributed them, he addressed the assembly in Hindustani. "He commenced by alluding to the fear of the Hindoos for their religion; he pointed out how, under the rule of the Mohammedan emperors of Delhi, that religion had never been respected; how Hindoos were forcibly converted by having the flesh of the cow forced down their throats. To the Mohammedans he showed how Runjeet Singh would never tolerate their religion at Lahore; then turning to the assembled crowd, asked them to reflect on the toleration which the Government of India had for a century always afforded to both religions." After referring to the English exploits in the Crimea, he pointed out how hopeless would be a rebellion against the English rule in India. In eloquent language he spoke of the dangers and glory which the Sepoys and officers had mutually shared, and of the condign punishment and everlasting disgrace which would fall upon those who attempted to follow in the footsteps of the mutineers of the 19th and 34th. He then called forward the native officers and soldiers, shook hands with them, and in the name of the Government delivered the rewards which they had merited. The speech had for the moment an immense effect; the whole scene was peculiarly impressive. But Sir Henry could distinguish between the apparent and the real. Unless Delhi should unexpectedly fall, the time could not be far distant when these loyal soldiers would become raging mutineers, and an outbreak was anticipated by every possible precaution. On the 16th of May the events at Meerut and Delhi were matters of common knowledge amongst the Europeans. Realising the anomaly of his position—a military man invested with chief civil

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authority, and yet subordinate in a military capacity to many of those who were about him—he applied for plenary military power in Oudh. On the 19th he was appointed Brigadier-General. Rejecting the urgent advice of Mr. Martin Gubbins, the Financial Commissioner, to disarm the native troops, he made an entirely new disposition of his forces.

Previously the troops had been dispersed in the ordinary manner—suitable for ordinary times, but strikingly defective in the face of a mutiny. The Europeans had been preserved as much as possible from exposure, and the natives entrusted with the charge of important posts. This error was at once remedied. All the magazine stores, hitherto under the charge of Sepoys, were removed into the Muchee Bhawun and placed under the guard of Europeans and picked Sepoys, together with thirty guns and supplies for European troops. The value of his previous efforts to improve the Residency as a defensive position was now apparent, but when urged to destroy the adjoining mosques as well, he characteristically replied, "Spare the holy places." Between the Residency and the Muchee Bhawun was established a strong post with four hundred men with twenty guns commanding the two bridges leading to the cantonments. The ladies and children were moved into the houses within the Residency enclosure, as were also the families and the sick men of H.M.s' 32nd Regiment. At the same time the clerks, copyists, section writers and others of that class were armed and drilled, and on the 27th of May Lawrence wrote to Lord Canning "Both the Residency and the Muchee Bhawun are safe against probable comers." Not a day too soon were the precautions completed.

On the 30th of May, at nine p.m., the long-expected storm burst. An officer of the staff had been told that at gun-fire the signal to mutiny would be given; and the rebels were punctual. At that hour shots were heard from the lines of the 71st Native Infantry, the men of which regiment had been told off in parties to fire the bungalows and murder their officers. The shots were the signal for the commencement of their murderous work. Brigadier Handscombe, who lived in the adjoining

cantonment, hastened at once to the lines of the 71st ; he was received with a volley, and shot dead. Lieutenant Grant, who was on picket duty, was wounded by a random shot, and afterwards brutally murdered. This was the work of a few seconds only, and Sir Henry was soon on the spot, determined "to drive those scoundrels out of cantonments." Two guns and a company of Europeans were posted to prevent the insurgents communicating with the mutinously disposed in the city. Infuriated with *bang* the insurgents came on, but a volley of grape compelled them to retreat, burning and plundering as they went. The outbreak would have been formidable if all the native regiments had joined in it. But only a part of the 71st had rebelled ; they were subsequently joined by many others ; but about six hundred men of the native regiments boldly announced their resolve to side with the Europeans. At daylight on the 31st Sir Henry, with his force, followed the rebels to Moodkepore, where was found the body of a young officer, Raleigh, quite a boy, who, left sick in his quarters, had been barbarously murdered. The mutineers fled after a few discharges of grape, but the defection of the 7th Cavalry rendered effective pursuit impossible, although Mr. Gubbins captured several of the enemy with his own hand. Sir Henry returned to cantonments, and leaving the two hundred of H. M.'s 32nd, moved the remainder of his force into the Muchee Bhawun and the Residency.

The second outbreak at Lucknow had been suppressed. Lawrence was now able to distinguish between his friends and his enemies. Nearly the whole of the 7th Cavalry, a few men of the 13th, more than two-thirds of the 71st, a very large proportion of the 48th, and almost all the irregular troops had deserted. Between the 31st of May and the 12th of June the whole province burst into flames, and every station was lost to the British. Europeans were savagely murdered ; some fled northwards and perished in the jungle of the Terai. Others were tracked down and shot. But Lucknow remained comparatively quiet. The administration of justice was carried on as usual ; plots were discovered but as quickly suppressed.

Lawrence's health was failing, and a provisional council was formed of which Mr. Gubbins was President.

On the 11th of June the cavalry of the military police went off to join the rebels, and the next morning the infantry joined them.

On the 29th of June a large rebel force appeared at Chinhat, ten miles to the north-east, advancing on Lucknow. The next day with about seven hundred fighting-men, of whom only about half were Europeans, Lawrence marched to meet them. The start should have been made at daybreak, but the sun was like liquid fire when the troops, exhausted by days and nights of harassing duty and faint from hunger and thirst, stumbled along the road leading to a village called Ishmaelgunj. The mutineers advanced with great determination, and the desertion of some of the native gunners and the flight of the native cavalry decided the conflict. The rebels captured the village; the tired British soldiers tried to win it back, but physical exhaustion prevailed; their leader, Colonel Case, was mortally wounded, and they fell back in confusion, many so exhausted that they deliberately lay down to die. Near the city a little squadron of thirty-six volunteers under Captain Radcliffe—the only cavalry left after the desertion of the natives—with daring gallantry hurled themselves against the dense masses of the pursuing rebels, who broke and fled. The battle of Chinhat precipitated the crisis. Sir Henry resolved to concentrate all his defensive efforts on the Residency. The Muchee Bhawun was evacuated and blown up. The same afternoon the rebels occupied the city and began to loophole many of the houses commanding the Residency. Lawrence himself rode on to break the news of the disaster to the Europeans in the Residency. "But many of them were already prepared for the worst. Peering through the windows, they could see their countrymen retreating before the overwhelming mass of Sepoys. Soon a helpless mob of British soldiers came staggering up the Residency verandah; and then ensued a dreadful scene of horror and confusion. Labourers, who had been busily working at the unfinished defences, flung away their tools;

native servants deserted their masters ; women ran for their lives for the outposts, and huddled, in an agony of terror, into the rooms of the Residency ; while the foremost bodies of the victorious rebels, dragging their guns into their positions, or swarming into the adjoining buildings, were already beginning to open fire. The sun shone fiercely down upon Lucknow ; but the streets were deserted, and the silence was only broken by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying, the roar of artillery and the ceaseless crash of musketry. As the afternoon waned, fresh bodies of mutineers kept coming up to join their comrades ; at sunset their horse-artillery came dashing over the bridge : soon their whole force had completely invested the British position, and the blaze of their watch-fires and the flash of their guns lighted up the darkness of the night, the first night of the siege of Lucknow."

KEY TO PLAN OF LUCKNOW (PAGE 268).

1. The Char Bagh Bridge (Cawnpore Road).
2. Détour made by Sir James Outram.
3. Point at which Havelock's rear guard diverged from the course of the main army,
4. Koorsheyd Munzil or mess-house.
5. Meeting-place of Havelock, Outram, and Colin Campbell.
6. Spot where General Neill was killed.
7. Secunder (Secundra) Bagh.
8. Shah Nujeef (Nugguf).
9. Dilkoosha (Diekusha) Bridge (broken).
10. Dilkoosha (Diekusha).

The black line shows the route taken by Havelock for the first relief.

The dotted line shows the route taken by Sir Colin Campbell.

THE SIEGE OF THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW.

THE "Residency" was not a fortress; at the most it was merely a place of refuge. A number of detached houses, built on a plateau, and originally separated by small plots of ground, had been joined together by mud walls and trenches. The principal building within this enclosure—in form, an irregular pentagon—was known as the Residency. The walls of the houses were thick, but no part of the enclosure was really defensible before the first attack of the mutineers. "Not only were the fortifications incomplete, but the enemy had at once occupied and loopholed the houses which had been left standing outside and close to those fortifications. The west and south faces of the enclosure were practically undefended, the bastion which had been commenced at the angle of the two faces having been left unfinished." The garrison upon whom devolved the gigantic responsibility of defending this, from a military point of view, indefensible position, were, besides sixty-eight ladies and sixty-six children, *nine hundred and twenty-seven Europeans*, and seven hundred and sixty-five natives. Of the latter, *some* were regarded with suspicion; others were infirm old men. So desperate was the situation that Sir Henry Lawrence scarcely expected to hold out, without relief, for more than ten or fifteen days.

From the first a hurricane of shot and shell was poured into the enclosure from the batteries which the enemy had thrown up, and from the houses which they had occupied and which there had been no time to demolish. Probably not less than ten thousand men were at this time engaged

in the attack. Many of the garrison were hit in places which, before the siege, it was considered would be perfectly safe. Some of the enemy fired from a great distance out of the town, from the tops of high houses, and the shot fell everywhere. For the first two or three days confusion reigned supreme. The siege had been precipitated by the battle of Chinhât, and the garrison were closely shut up several days before anything of the kind was anticipated. Many of the native servants had been shut out the first day, and though these were unable to get in, others succeeded in getting out. Owing to these desertions the commissariat and battery bullocks had no attendants and wandered all over the place ; some tumbled into wells, others were shot down by the enemy. Fatigue parties of civilians and officers, after being in the defences all day repelling hostile attacks, were often employed during the night burying cattle, the effluvia from whose bodies was polluting the air. The artillery and other horses were everywhere to be seen loose, fighting and tearing one another, driven mad for want of food and water ; the garrison being too busily employed in the trenches to be able to secure them.

But for a time one deplorable event overshadowed all others. No place was so exposed as the Residency in which Sir Henry Lawrence occupied a room, convenient as a point of observation but especially exposed to the enemy's fire. On the morning of the 2nd of July, utterly exhausted, he lay down on his bed and transacted business with Captain (afterwards General Sir T. F.) Wilson, the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General. Suddenly a shell, fired from the very howitzer which the rebels had captured at Chinhât, entered the room, and bursting, inflicted a fearful wound on the right thigh near the hip.

The punkah had come down with the ceiling and a great deal of the plaster, and the dust and smoke were blinding. In alarm, Wilson, who was slightly wounded by a fragment of the shell, cried out, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" Twice he called, but there was no answer. At last, Lawrence replied in a low tone, "I am killed." When the dust and smoke

cleared away, it was seen that the white coverlet of the bed on which Sir Henry was laid was crimson with blood. The wound was mortal. He was removed to Dr. (afterwards Surgeon-General Sir Joseph) Fayrer's house, which was somewhat less exposed than the Residency, but it was evident thus early in the siege that all the events inside were known to the rebels outside. A storm of shot and shell dashed incessantly against the house in which the dying general lay; though suffering unspeakable agony, his chief thoughts were for the safety of the garrison. He made over the Chief Commissionership to Major Banks, and the command of the troops to Colonel (afterwards General Sir John) Inglis, and passionately entreated them not to think of surrender. On the evening of the 2nd he received the sacrament with his friends. Early on the morning of the 4th he died. In a rude grave, side by side with some private soldiers, who in their humble position had died for their country, "Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty," was laid to rest, his only funeral salute the roar of the enemy's guns, as they interrupted the short prayer which formed the only burial service of one of the heroes of our Indian Empire. "It was owing to his care, his energy, his determination, his foresight, that the gallant men who survived him were able to offer to the foe a successful resistance."

Lucknow has indeed been called the Plevna of India. As that splendid feat of arms neutralised for four months two Russian armies, and gave time to Turkey to organise, whatever means she might have to prolong the contest, so it is not too much to assert, says Colonel Malleeson, that the siege of the Residency kept in Oudh for five months immense masses of the regular army, who but for that defence would have been employed either in overrunning the North-West or in reinforcing the garrison of Delhi, and gave time to England to send out reinforcements. That defence was, in a word, necessary to the maintenance of the hold of England on India. That that hold was preserved, sums up briefly the amount of one portion of the debt incurred by England to Sir Henry Lawrence.

Brigadier Inglis proved a worthy successor to a worthy chief, whose dying adjuration was faithfully observed. The defences had now been clearly defined. "Innes's house" was the northern-most point of the enclosure; its irregular eastern face ran almost parallel to the Goomtee, past the "Redan battery," as far as the "Bailey Guard"; from that point to "Anderson's post" constituted the south-eastern face, and thence to "Gubbins's battery" the south-western face. The western face was that between "Gubbins's battery" and "Innes's house." In many places barricades of earth constituted the only defence. A series of determined rushes must have carried the position. But the besiegers were Asiatics; the defenders were mainly Europeans. Anderson's Post consisted of a two-storied house surrounded by a wall, with two verandahs. On the 30th of June this was the scene of a gallant act, the precursor of many more by the defenders of Lucknow.

The house was the residence of Mr. Capper, of the Civil Service, who had volunteered to aid in its defence. He was standing for that purpose under the verandah behind one of the pillars, when the enemy's fire brought down the verandah and buried him under six feet of wood and masonry. Captain Anderson at once called upon the garrison to assist in rescuing the buried gentleman. The work was of no ordinary danger, for there was no protection against the concentrated fire of the enemy, and one at least of those present expressed the opinion that the act would be useless, as Capper would probably be dead. Anderson was not discouraged by these doubts. Announcing his intention to rescue Capper at all risks, he called on those around to aid him, and set to work with a will. He was speedily joined by Corporal Oxenham, 32nd Foot, Monsieur Geoffroi, a Frenchman, Signor Barsotelli, an Italian, and two Englishmen, Lincoln and Chick, from the Post Office garrison. The enemy's round shot continued to pour over the place where Capper lay, and, to be able to work, the six men mentioned were forced to lie on their stomachs, and grub away in that position. At length they succeeded in extricating

Capper's body, but his legs still remained buried. The situation for him was now replete with danger, for to stand up was almost certain death. In this dilemma, Oxenham, obeying a signal from Anderson, who was supporting the head, dashed round to the other side, and extricated by a supreme effort the buried legs. This done, Capper was hauled in by the other five, and was saved.

For this act Oxenham received the Victoria Cross. In 1868, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Anderson, who was largely instrumental in rescuing a comrade from a terrible and lingering death, was recommended for the coveted distinction, but it was not bestowed on him.

On the 7th of July a gallant sortie was made by fifty men of the 32nd and twenty Sikhs, under Lieutenant Samuel Lawrence, for the purpose of examining a house—called Johannes House—strongly held by the enemy, in order to discover whether or not a mine had been driven from it. The enemy were dislodged; and for his gallantry in mounting a ladder and entering alone a window of the house, Lieutenant Lawrence received the Victoria Cross. But, otherwise, from the 5th of July to the 20th the siege was chronic; the heavy musketry fire on every side never for an instant ceased, night or day. Some rebels were evidently armed with bows and arrows, as many arrows fell into the enclosure. Some had oiled wicks attached to the end with the intention of setting fire to the grain-stacks, on which the commissariat cattle depended for food. Huge blocks of wood were propelled through the air from an extemporised funnel in the earth charged with powder. The men were highly amused with them, and used to say when they saw them, "Here comes a barrel of beer at last." If they alighted on the roof of a house they were sufficiently heavy to crash through all the stories. The enemy, who had loopholed every place within fifty or sixty yards of the defences, had some excellent marksmen, and during the first week fifteen to twenty deaths occurred every day; some twenty to twenty-five guns of heavy calibre had also been placed in position within fifty yards of the defences. No place was absolutely safe. Wounded soldiers

were killed as they lay in hospital. Women, on rising in the morning, often found bullets lying on the floor within a few inches of their pillows. In all duties the officers equally shared the labours with the men, descending into the mines, or handling the shovel to bury putrid cattle, alternately exposed to a burning sun and heavy rain. The rebels, whose numbers now seemed countless, were closing in and erecting fresh batteries on every side; they frequently sounded the advance, and were as frequently heard abusing each other for not advancing. Once they succeeded in firing the Residency. The fortnight for which Lawrence had hoped that the defence might be prolonged was passing away; many messengers had been sent out to glean intelligence of possible relief, but not one had returned. Cholera, fever, dysentery, scurvy, and small-pox broke out; scurvy took the form of loose teeth, swollen heads, and boils, and gained the name of "garrison disease"; the stench from dead animals lying directly under the fire of the enemy was intolerable; food was insufficient, and the flies contested every mouthful; the heat was insufferable. Yet no one whispered surrender. On the evening of the 19th Mr. Polehampton—one of the two chaplains—who had been wounded, died of cholera.

On the 20th of July the besiegers, who had probably heard of the state of affairs at Cawnpore, apparently resolved to exterminate the Lucknow garrison also, and plucked up courage to make a direct attack. But the garrison was on the alert; even the wounded soldiers left their beds and insisted on joining in the defence. Every gun the enemy possessed opened fire; a storm of leaden hail swept down on the illustrious garrison as, in countless swarms, the rebels rushed to the attack at five different posts. One of their standard-bearers actually reached the ditch in front of the Cawnpore battery before he was shot; some even attempted to place their scaling ladders in position, but were at once repelled; the ditches were filled with the bodies of their slain, but at every point, after four hours' desperate fighting, they were driven back with severe loss. Of the defenders

only four men were killed, and twelve wounded. Their success had an immense effect upon the little garrison. The loyalty of the Sepoys had been subjected to an ordeal which they had endured with a devotion beyond all praise. An overwhelming assault under the most advantageous conditions had been attempted and had been decisively repulsed. Little wonder that the brave spirits within that enclosure were elated with their triumph, and, unless famine should come to aid their enemies, looked forward with renewed hope to what the future might bring.

On the following day, Major Banks, the chief commissioner, was shot through the head while reconnoitring from the top of an outhouse. From the 20th of July to the 10th of August the besieged had to endure an incessant fire, but there was no general assault. The defences were repaired as far as possible; but the garrison, harassed to death day and night and drenched to the skin by heavy showers, were not capable of any prolonged exertion. On the 23rd of July, Ungud, a native pensioner who left on the 27th of June to gain information, succeeded in passing the enemy's sentries and reported that General Havelock had defeated Nana Sahib and was holding Cawnpore. On the next day he went out with a letter to General Havelock, and three days later returned with the reply that in less than a week relief would arrive. The brigadier at once drew up a plan of his position as a guide to General Havelock, which, with two memoranda partly written in Greek characters, was safely delivered by Ungud on the 28th of July. The glimmer of hope had a good effect; and some inspiration was sorely needed. The besiegers were developing extraordinary skill in mining, which but for the gallantry and activity of Captain Fulton, of the engineers, and a number of old Cornish miners of the 32nd, would have speedily compassed the destruction of the devoted garrisons upon whom disease, constant exposure, want of rest, insufficient nourishment, and lack of change of clothing were telling most disastrously. The promised reinforcements tarried; the most sanguine heard distant firing; but meanwhile the enemy were busily erecting

new batteries, and on the 10th of August delivered a second assault, made a breach ten yards wide in the outer defences, and advanced so close up to the walls that some even seized the muskets of the defenders. Hand-grenades were thrown amongst them, and under a withering fire they retreated with enormous loss. On the 18th of August a third assault was preceded by the explosion of a mine, which must have been worked by the enemy with sharp and noiseless tools, as not the slightest sound reached the officers at the post, and which made a breach of twenty feet in the defences, and hurled two officers and three sentries into the air. One of the rebel officers dashed forward and, waving his sword, called upon his men to follow. In a moment a bullet laid him low ; his place was instantly taken by another who as quickly fell. This was the first and only time that the foot of the foe ever came within the fortifications. Aghast at the fate of their leaders, the storming party melted away. But the breach had left a house exposed which the enemy seized. The brigadier called up a little reserve of eighteen men and drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet. On the 28th of August the pensioner Ungud returned with a letter dated the 24th from General Havelock, stating that he had no hope of relieving them within twenty-five days, and begging them not to negotiate, "but rather perish sword in hand." As a result, there was a further reduction of rations. On the 5th of September eight thousand of the besiegers made a last grand assault, and although they advanced again and again with great resolution, not until they had lost an enormous number did they fall back thoroughly dispirited by the gallant tenacity of the defence.

The siege had now lasted sixty-seven days. Even the children's amusements harmonised with what was going on around them. They made balls of earth, and throwing them against the walls, would say they were shells bursting. Four general assaults had been repulsed, five desperate sorties had been made in which two of the enemy's heaviest guns had been spiked ; not an inch of ground had been yielded. Yet the reinforcements might be too late. The roofless and ruined

houses, the crumbled walls, the open breaches, the shattered and disabled guns and defences were eloquent of a desperate struggle. The straits to which the garrison was reduced were becoming desperate. One officer, a refugee from a neighbouring station, wore a suit of Lincoln green made from the cloth off the Residency billiard-table. On the 27th of August small cakes of chocolate realised from £3 to £4; a ham £7 10s.; a bottle of honey £4 10s.; a pound of coarse flour 1s., a bottle of brandy, £1 14s., and a small chicken £2. Sugar (had there been any for sale) would have commanded almost any price. A new flannel shirt fetched £4, whilst five old ones realised £11 4s. The small stock of rum and porter, reserved only for the sick and wounded, was running low. Yet the suffering and privations were endured with patient heroism. Women—some of whom had been left widows and childless—spent hours in the stifling hospital nursing the sick and wounded and speaking words of comfort to the dying; others saw their children pine away and die from want of nutritious food or from wounds. The names of Polehampton, Barber, and Gall, among many others, will live in the history of this trying time. The brigadier, whose hair had turned quite grey during the siege, had not slept with his clothes off since the 16th of May, and was so exhausted by toil and anxiety that his break-down was daily feared. Yet every Sunday service was held in some improvised place of worship; every day prayers were said in outposts and inner rooms. Since the beginning of the siege there had been only two days on which a funeral had not taken place. Every house was riddled with shot; some of the men had declared that they were prepared to shoot their wives rather than let them fall into the hands of the enemy. As the numbers of the garrison diminished the labours of the survivors were greatly augmented. Miasmatic stench was almost insupportable. Amputations were, with only two exceptions, fatal; the least wound was serious. On the 14th of September the garrison was saddened and weakened by the death of Captain Fulton, who was killed by a round shot. He had been inspecting a new battery opposite

Mr. Gubbins's house, and was lying at full length in one of the embrasures with a telescope in his hand. He turned his face with a smile and said, "They are just going to fire." The shot took away the whole of his head, leaving his face like a mask on his neck. He had conducted all the engineering operations for a considerable time prior to the death of Major Anderson, his chief.

It was evident, too, that the enemy had been largely reinforced and were very busy erecting a new battery right in front of the Redan. Ungud, the spy, was sent out on the 16th with a letter rolled up in a quill for General Havelock, with a promise of £500 if his trip were successful. He returned on the 22nd with a letter containing the gratifying intelligence that the relieving force had crossed the Ganges and would arrive in three or four days. To guard against depression which might be engendered by disappointment, the brigadier put on ten days to the time, and announced to the garrison that help from the outside world would arrive certainly within a fortnight.

At 11 a.m. on the morning of the 23rd cannon were heard in the direction of Cawnpore ; in the evening another cannonade was heard in the same direction and appeared much nearer. The enemy were observed placing a gun facing down one of the city streets. On the 24th no news reached the garrison ; large bodies of the enemy could be seen moving through the city, and the whole of the garrison remained under arms nearly the whole night. On the morning of the 25th a messenger arrived with a letter, dated the 16th, from General Outram, and added of his own knowledge that the relieving force had reached the outskirts of the city. The suspense was almost beyond the limits of human endurance. The guns of the enemy all round the enclosure kept up a heavy cannonade, and the riflemen near ceased firing from their loopholes. At four in the afternoon it was reported that a regiment of Europeans in blue pantaloons and shirts could be descried. An hour later the relieving force could be seen desperately fighting their way through one of the principal streets ; at every step some

fell, but nothing could withstand their headlong gallantry. Relief had come. "Then the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery, from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses, from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer. Even from the hospital many of the wounded crowded forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten."

For eighty-seven days the garrison had been imprisoned. One hundred and fifty-six Europeans and seventy-two natives had been killed, and two hundred and four Europeans and one hundred and thirty-one natives wounded. In addition, seven ladies and twenty-three children succumbed to the want of suitable food, to the fire of the enemy, and to privation.

The feat of arms by which Cawnpore was avenged and Lucknow relieved "is another story."

THE STORY OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

LIKE many a father since the days of David, Colonel William Lawrence had to leave to his sons the consummation of his hopes and desires, and like many sons since the time of Solomon, Henry, and John Lawrence far exceeded, in accomplishment, the wildest dreams and ambitions of their sire. The influence of heredity is interestingly obvious in the career of this heroic family. From their father the boys inherited military instincts, an intrepid courage, and a fiery zeal; from their mother, a descendant of John Knox, the Scotch reformer, the fine moral qualities which distinguished them from mere soldiers and diplomatists. In story books written for the encouragement of youth it is too often asserted that ability and integrity are sure in time to win their reward; if by their reward is meant the moral satisfaction which attends upon high endeavour, and which crowns the well-spent, if unsuccessful life, the phrase may be allowed to pass; if it is meant to apply to promotion and honour it needs to be qualified by the addition of the phrase—if authority is keen enough to perceive and honest enough to recognise merit. For proof of this we have only to look at the careers of many men in both public and private service, of which that of the father of the Lawrences is perhaps one. He went out to India towards the close of the last century as a volunteer, obtained a commission there, which was cancelled by the authorities at home, after which he purchased a commission in the 77th Foot, in which he distinguished himself at Seringapatam, and earned an appointment to a company in the 19th.

"He was a fighting man," says Sir Richard Temple, "ardent for warlike adventure, maimed with wounds, fevered by exposure, yet withal unlucky in promotion. He was full of affection for his family, and of generosity towards his friends. Despite the *res angustæ domi* which often clings to unrewarded veterans, he was happy in his domestic life. His only sorrow was the indignant sense of the scant gratitude with which his country had regarded his services. Nevertheless, he sent forth three of his sons for military careers in that same East where he himself had fought and bled,—of whom two rose to high rank and good emoluments."

Henry Montgomery Lawrence was born at Maturah in the Island of Ceylon, on the 20th of June, 1806, where his father, Major Lawrence, was then garrisoned. "His mother," says Sir John Kaye, "in playful reference to the well-known gems of that place, called him her 'Maturah diamond.'" Two years later Major Lawrence was appointed to a garrison battalion, posted in Guernsey, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, to take up the duties of which he returned to England. From Guernsey, Henry, with his two elder brothers, Alexander and George, went to Foyle College, Londonderry, of which their maternal uncle, the Rev. James Knox, was the principal, and where John, subsequently Lord Lawrence, afterwards followed them. Later, Henry attended a school kept by a Mr. Gough, at College Green, Bristol, his brother John accompanying him. Alexander and George Lawrence both went from school to the military seminary of the East India Company at Addiscombe, and in 1820 Henry followed in their footsteps. Alexander and George both received cavalry appointments, and a similar commission was offered to Henry; but, to quote Sir John Kaye, "he said he would rather go through his terms at Addiscombe and take his chance, than that it should be said the Lawrences could not pass an examination for the scientific branches of the service, and were therefore sent out in an arm that demanded no examination at all." In this manly spirit he pursued his studies and obtained a creditable, though not exalted place among the artillery cadets.

Of the young days of Henry Lawrence there is little to record. Like Nicholson and Wellington he narrowly escaped death at an early age, for while at Addiscombe he was seized with cramp when bathing in the canal, and but for the prompt courage of a fellow cadet, Robert Macgregor, afterwards Major Macgregor, of the Bengal artillery, who plunged in and rescued him, he might have then found a watery grave.

In May 1822, Henry Lawrence attained the commission of second lieutenant in the Bengal artillery, sailed for India in the following September, and arrived at Calcutta on the 21st of February, 1823, proceeding to the head-quarters of the Bengal artillery at Dum-Dum. Once embarked in his profession Lawrence lost no time and spared no pains in qualifying himself for promotion, and the war with Burmah breaking out he went into active service, became first lieutenant, took part in the capture of Aracan and was appointed successively adjutant to the artillery S.E. division, and deputy commissary of ordnance at Akyab. Fever and dysentery, then common among the troops, attacked Lawrence, and he returned to Calcutta for rest and nursing, whence, obtaining leave, he sailed for England by the China route in August 1826.

After spending rather more than two years in England he sailed again for India in September 1829, accompanied by his brother John, afterwards Lord Lawrence, who had just entered the Civil Service of the East India Company. Arrived in India he found his regiment at Kurnaul, where his brother George was stationed, and for eighteen months resided in his brother's house. In the autumn of 1830 he visited Simla; in 1831 joined the horse artillery at Meerut, and later in the same year was appointed to the 1st Brigade Horse Artillery at Cawnpore. Here he again devoted his energies to qualifying himself for a staff appointment by acquiring native languages, passing an examination in them at Fort William in 1832.

While on leave in England Henry Lawrence, making the best use of his opportunities, had joined in the trigonometrical survey of the north of Ireland, and by so doing had prepared himself for an opportunity which now opened up before him,

for on the strength of the knowledge so acquired, at the instance of his brother George he was appointed assistant revenue surveyor in the North-West Provinces. He became first surveyor in June 1835, and was gazetted captain in May 1837.

While engaged in the revenue survey the head-quarters of Henry Lawrence were at Goruckpore, and here happily we get a glimpse of him by means of a communication furnished to Sir John Kaye by Mr. Reade, of the Bengal Civil Service, whom Henry Lawrence had formerly met at Canton and Cawnpore.

"At Goruckpore," says Mr. Reade, "his house and mine were in adjacent compounds. A plank bridge led from the one to the other, and my kitchen was midway between the two domiciles. Lawrence, who in those days seemed to live upon air, and was apt, in the full tide of his work, to forget every-day minor matters, used frequently to find that he had no dinner provided, though he had asked people to dine with him; and we used to rectify the omission by diverting the procession of dishes from the kitchen to his house instead of to mine. My inestimable major-domo had wonderful resources and an especial regard for Lawrence. The gravity of manner with which he asked in whose house dinner was to be laid was a frequent source of amusement. We had other matters besides a kitchen and buttery in common. He had taken by the hand a young man, who had been in the ranks, by name Pemberton, who afterwards rose in the Survey Department. At the same time I had charge of a young fellow whose discharge from a regiment had been recently purchased by his friends. Interested in this young Scotch student who had found his way to India by enlisting in the Company's artillery, Lord Auckland had recently emancipated him, and sent him up the country, to be master of the English school at Goruckpore. To that school, Lawrence, who was greatly interested in it, and who supported it with personal aid and liberal pecuniary contributions, gathered all the boys of poor Christian parents to be found in the cantonment and station, and thence transplanted them, with some of the more intelligent lads of the city, to the Survey Office. Some of the

former were little fellows—so little, indeed, that Mr. Bird used to call them ‘Lawrence’s offsets’; but his care of them was as kind as his teaching was successful. He had a tattoo (pony) for each of them, and relieved the labours of the desk by hurry-skurrying them over the country. I note these particulars,” continues Mr. Reade, “because in comparing the experiences we elicited of inner barrack life from the young men above mentioned, as we often did, in the teaching and manipulation of the said offsets, and the satisfactory result, I think we may trace the germ in Lawrence’s mind of the noble design of the great establishments imperishably associated with his name.”

The “great establishments” referred to by Mr. Reade as “imperishably associated with his name,” are the “Lawrence Asylums” established for the education and care of the children of the soldiers of India, institutions which owed their origin to the great human heart of Lawrence, which were largely supplied and endowed by him in life, and finally commended to the care of the Government in death.

On the 21st of August, 1837, Henry Lawrence married his cousin Honoria, daughter of the Rev. George Marshall, at Calcutta, consummating a union fraught with the happiest associations. His wife entered heartily into all his hopes and aims, and rendered him invaluable service in the literary efforts which from time to time employed his pen.

Upon the organisation of the “Army of the Indus” for the invasion of Afghanistan in 1838, Henry Lawrence joined Alexander’s troop of horse artillery, but was not called into action. “On his way to the Indus,” says Colonel Vetch, “he accepted the offer of a Calcutta paper to write occasional notices of military events, for one hundred rupees a month, but characteristically stipulated that the honorarium should be paid anonymously to certain charities which he named.” Eventually the army of the Indus was reduced, and Lawrence’s services were not required in that connection. His next appointment was that of officiating assistant to Mr. (afterward Sir) George Clerk, the political agent at Loodiana, to take civil charge of

Ferozepore. This appointment he got at the instance of Frederick, afterwards Sir Frederick Currie, who, in announcing the appointment to him, said: "I have helped you to put your foot in the stirrup. It rests with you to put yourself in the saddle." At Ferozepore he threw himself with great energy into the duties of his office, rebuilding the town, with a wall and a fort, and yet finding time to contribute "The Adventurer in the Punjab" and "Anticipatory Chapters of Indian History" to the pages of the *Delhi Gazette*. That his literary undertakings were not always less dangerous than war is shown by the fact that as early as 1838 he was challenged to fight a duel with the author of the "Memoir of Sir John Adams," whose work he had adversely reviewed. Happily his brother officers decided that he was not called upon to accept the challenge, and so his valuable life was not exposed to the chances of single combat.

Lawrence's next appointment was that of assistant to the governor-general's agent for the affairs of the Punjab and the North-West frontier; but the news of the disasters in Afghanistan, disasters which included the fall of Ghuznee and the capture of the garrison by the Afghans, and the captivity among others of George Lawrence and John Nicholson, determined the authorities to send a force to Cabul; and this force organised by General Pollock, including a contingent of Sikh troops, Henry Lawrence was appointed to accompany the expedition as political officer under General Pollock, "nominally," as Sir John Kaye puts it, "to be the medium of inter-communication between the British and the Sikh commanders; in reality to hold the latter to his allegiance, and virtually to command the force." This office requiring rare tact and delicacy as well as strength and courage of no ordinary kind, was filled by Lawrence with great success. He took part with the Sikhs in the battles of Tezeen and Haft Khotal, and with General Pollock entered Cabul on the 16th of September, 1842. Here he met his brother George, and John Nicholson, who had suffered many months of hardship in captivity, and whom he now welcomed back to civilisation and liberty.

Returned to India, in December 1843 he was appointed resident at the court of Nepaul—an appointment of which the active duties were slight and the salary good, but which, none the less, required the gracious tact of which Henry Lawrence had shown himself so complete a master. In this position he found perhaps more leisure than he experienced at any other time in his life, and this leisure gave him opportunities which he was not slow to seize for the cultivation of his literary faculties.

"A quarterly publication, entitled the *Calcutta Review*," says Sir John Kaye, "was at this time established in the Indian metropolis, and Henry Lawrence, liking the design, supported it with characteristic fervour. He generally contributed two or three papers to each number of the *Review*. His fertility, indeed, was marvellous. I have a letter before me in which he undertakes to supply to one number four articles, comprising a hundred and ten pages. His contributions were gravid with matter of the best kind—important facts accompanied by weighty opinions and wise suggestions."

It was at this time that he projected the Lawrence Asylum which afterwards became such a blessing to the children of the Indian soldiery.

1846 saw the outbreak of the first Sikh war. Henry Lawrence was on his way to Calcutta, whence to send his wife and children to England, when, having reached Goruckpore on the 6th of January, he was summarily summoned to join the army of the Sutlej. The governor-general, Sir Henry Hardinge, had read with great interest the articles of Henry Lawrence in the *Calcutta Review*, and saw at once that the writer was a man possessing just the practical knowledge that was necessary at such a crisis.

"The Punjab was in a blaze," says Sir John Kaye; "the Sikh army, after much vapouring and vaunting, had crossed the Sutlej; and the commander-in-chief, with the governor-general as his second in command, had fought two bloody battles crowned by no more than dubious victories. On those hard-fought fields the two chief political officers of the

British Government, Broadfoot and Nicolson, had been killed; and the choice of the governor-general had fallen upon Henry Lawrence, as the man who seemed to be best fitted to take the direction of the diplomacies of the frontier. This was indeed a spirit-stirring summons, and one which was responded to with an alacrity which overcame all obstacles; and ere the Sikh and British armies again came into hostile collision, Henry Lawrence was in the camp of the governor-general." Then followed the battle of Sobraon, a terrible battle fairly fought on both sides, and declared by Lawrence, contrary to many statements made at the time, to be absolutely free from the charge of treachery made against some of the Sikh leaders, and with the battle of Sobraon ended the first Sikh war.

Henry Lawrence was opposed to the annexation of the Punjab, and in this his views coincided with those of Sir Henry Hardinge; so an attempt was made to reconstruct the Sikh government, and Lawrence became resident at Lahore, and, under the governor-general and the council at Calcutta, master of the Punjab. In October 1874, having obtained sick leave, he proceeded to England, where, on the recommendation of the governor-general, he was made K.C.B.

But Lawrence was not long to be allowed the enjoyment of his well-earned rest. But eight or nine months after his arrival in England the news reached home of the exciting circumstances which led up to the second Sikh war, and in November 1848 he again embarked for India, taking his wife with him. Arrived at Bombay before the close of the year, he immediately joined the army in the Punjab, was present at the siege of Mooltan and at the battle of Chillianwallah, where he did good service by preventing Lord Gough, on the cessation of hostilities, from a march which would assuredly have been taken by the enemy as a retreat, and hence would have had all the moral effect of a native victory. The battle of Goojerat followed, and once more the English were masters of the situation. Lawrence still protested against annexation, but the balance of opinion was against him, and the

Punjab, the empire of Runjeet Singh, became part of British India.

The administration of the Punjab was now entrusted to the board of three commissioners, the constitution of which is described in the story of Lord Lawrence (p. 144). Henry Lawrence, as chief commissioner, took charge of the military and political portfolio, John Lawrence was responsible for the civil administration, and Charles Greville Mansell, and afterwards Robert Montgomery—Lawrence's old schoolfellow of Foyle—controlled the judicial. This continued for nearly four years, and much good work was accomplished. All the commissioners were men devoted to their work, and men who inspired confidence among the classes with whom they had to deal.

Of the labours of the chief commissioner we get an interesting glimpse from a letter sent by him to Sir John Kaye at this time, of which we quote the following :—

"I have been twice all round the Punjab, visiting every station, and staying at each a few days. I have not missed one; and though I have not travelled in the usual style of Indian governors, or indeed in the style of most collectors, I have managed to see everything, from the bottom of the salt mines at Pindadun-khan and Kohat, to Ladakh and Iskardo, on Golab Singh's Northern frontier. Each year I have travelled three or four months, each day riding usually thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and sometimes for days with none at all. Thus I, last cold weather, rode close round all the frontier, visiting every point of interest, and all our posts, small and great, and riding through most of the passes, from Huzara, by Yuyufzye, Peshawur, Kohat, and the Derajat, down to the Scind Border. Each day we marched fifteen or twenty miles, sending tents on direct to the next ground, and ourselves riding long circuits, or from the new ground visiting points right or left. At stations, or where anything was going on, we halted one, two, or three days, visiting the public offices, gaols, bazaars, etc., receiving visitors of all ranks, and inspecting the Punjab regiments and police, and receiving petitions, which latter were

a daily occurrence, sometimes a couple of hundred coming in." These visitations were followed by the happiest results, the personality of the chief commissioner allaying suspicion, disarming opposition, and winning loyalty. As an illustration of his personal power we may add, again quoting Sir John Kaye, that while visiting Cashmere some time before this, he gained so much influence over the native princes that "he induced the great Jummoo chief to abolish suttee, female infanticide, and slavery, throughout his dominions, and so interested the Rajah in his great project of the asylum on the hills for the children of the European soldiery, that the Hindoo chief eagerly offered to contribute largely to the scheme, and by his munificence helped to bring it to perfection."

The administration of the affairs of the Punjab, however, involved the settlement of many difficult and delicate questions, upon which the views of the commissioners considerably diverged. Briefly, Henry, who had never agreed to the annexation of the Punjab, favoured the maintenance of Runjeet Singh's aristocracy, "as a pensioned and landed nobility"; John, who was responsible for the finances of the Punjab, used his influence in favour of the cultivators of the soil, who would have had to be taxed to provide the money for the carrying out of such a policy. Considerable friction arose from these divided counsels, and both brothers, fearing public harm from official disagreement, simultaneously resigned their offices. This crisis gave Lord Dalhousie, who favoured the policy of John Lawrence, a suitable opportunity for abolishing the board, and so, accepting the resignation of Henry Lawrence, he appointed him agent to the governor-general at Rajpootana, and made John Lawrence "sole ruler of the Punjab."

Henry Lawrence was greatly disappointed by the governor-general's decision. He had firm faith in his own policy, and had hoped that as senior officer the government of the Punjab would have been handed over to him. What might have been the effect of such an appointment, in view of the important part the Punjab was destined to play in the preservation of India during the Mutiny, it is of course impossible to say, but

it can hardly be doubted in view of what actually did occur in 1857 that the appointment of John Lawrence was justified by events. None the less, the settlement was very mortifying to the elder brother, and it speaks volumes for the characters of both men that their private friendship was not destroyed by their public difference.

Sir Richard Temple, in his admirable monograph of Lord Lawrence (Macmillan, 1890), pays an eloquent but discriminating tribute to Henry Lawrence in this connection. He says: "Henry Lawrence was a man of talent, of poetic temper, of sentiment, of meteoric energy, and of genius. Though destitute of external gifts and graces, he yet possessed qualities which were inner gifts and graces of the soul, and which acted powerfully upon men. From his spirit an effulgence radiated through an ever-widening circle of friends and acquaintances. Being truly lovable, he was not only popular but beloved both among Europeans and natives. He was generous almost to a fault, and compassionately philanthropic. Indeed, his nature was aglow with the enthusiasm of humanity. As might perhaps be expected, he was quick-tempered and over-sensitive. His conversational powers were brilliant, and his literary aptitude was considerable, though needing more culture for perfect development. His capacity for some important kinds of affairs was vast. In emergencies demanding a combination of military, political and civil measures he has never been surpassed in India. As a civil governor he had some but not all of the necessary qualifications. He had knowledge, wide and deep, of the Indian people, sympathy with their hopes and fears, tenderness for their prejudices, an abiding sense of justice towards them and an ardent desire for their welfare. He had that mastery of topographical details which is very desirable in administration. He was zealous in promoting public improvement and material development. He had a clear insight into character, and knew perfectly how to select men after his own heart. These he would attach to himself as disciples to a master. But in a civil capacity he had several defects. Though he could

despatch affairs spasmodically, he was unsystematic, almost unmethodical, in business. . . . Moreover, he was not, and never could have become, a financier; indeed, he was not sufficiently alive to financial considerations. Great things have indeed been sometimes accomplished by statesmen and by nations in disregard, even in contravention, of financial principles; yet he might as a civil governor, if uncontrolled, have run the State ship into danger in this respect. Then being by nature impetuous, and possessed with ideas in themselves noble, he was hard to be controlled." In view of this diagnosis of his character, it will probably be admitted that the less brilliant, if more thorough qualities of John Lawrence were those most necessary in the administration of the Punjab at that time.

In assuming his new duties and responsibilities Sir Henry Lawrence left Lahore early in the year 1853 for Ajmeer. Here he had eighteen states under his care, and with characteristic energy addressed himself to the acquisition of knowledge concerning their condition and requirements. While here, in January 1854, he sustained the loss of his noble-hearted and devoted wife, a loss which powerfully affected him for a long time. On the resignation of Lord Dalhousie and the appointment of Lord Canning as governor-general, Sir Henry Lawrence wrote to his new chief to put himself right on the points he deemed himself misjudged by the former, and whether as a result of this or not, Lord Canning offered him, just as he was on the point of returning to England on leave with his little girl in January 1857, the post of chief commissioner and agent in Oudh. Lawrence at once cancelled his arrangements, sent his little girl on to England, accepted the new appointment, and in March 1857 took up his duties at Lucknow.

We come now to within two months of the outbreak of the Mutiny, and Henry Lawrence seems to have had some premonitions of approaching storm. On his way to Oudh, according to Sir John Kaye, he visited his old friend Mr. Reade, already quoted, and told him "that the time was not far distant when

he (Mr. Reade) with the lieutenant-governor and other big Brahmins would be shut up in the Fort of Agra by a rebellion of the native army." He found Oudh goaded by misgovernment and ripe for revolution. The terms of annexation had not been observed, chiefs had been deposed, pensions had been withheld, and large numbers of officers and troops, left without occupation, were eager for the mischief always ready for idle hands to do. Lawrence did all that could be done under the trying circumstances and in the short time that intervened before the outbreak, but he was too late to avert or even postpone the disaster.

"One of the earliest incidents of the military mutiny," says Sir John Kaye, "was an outbreak in an irregular native regiment posted near Lucknow. With this Lawrence had grappled promptly and vigorously, in a manner which had won general admiration. Lord Canning saw clearly then that the right man was at the point of danger; and when Lawrence telegraphed to him, saying, 'Give me full military authority: I will not use it unnecessarily,' the governor-general did not hesitate to place the chief direction of military as well as of civil affairs in the hands of the commissioner."

Thus Lawrence was promoted to be brigadier-general with command over all the troops in the province of Oudh. With the utmost energy, while affecting to hope for the best, he set himself quietly to prepare for the worst. He collected the treasure, stored supplies of grain and food, concentrated his forces, built outworks and organised water supply, while carrying on all the ordinary duties of his office.

But the mutiny at Meerut, followed by the fall of Delhi, had aroused hopes of the recapture of India in the native heart, and the rebellion spread rapidly, far and wide. Oudh was soon in full revolt, the insurgents concentrating at Chinhath, about six miles from Lucknow. An attempt to check the advance of the enemy at this point failed, through the misconduct of the native artillery, and Lawrence was compelled to fall back again on the Residency.

Early on the 1st of July the siege of the Residency began.

Lawrence occupied a room chosen for its convenience of observation, but unhappily for that reason inconveniently exposed to danger. Shortly after the commencement of the siege a shell burst in his room, but without injuring any one, and Lawrence, under pressure, promised to remove to a more sheltered apartment on the following day. On the 2nd of July he rose early, and having attended to some business returned to the ill-fated apartment about 8 A.M., and threw himself upon his bed to rest. Shortly after a shell exploded in the room, and a fragment of it wounded him severely in the upper part of his left thigh. Dr. Fayrer was immediately in attendance; and Sir Henry Lawrence asked him how long he had to live. The doctor said about three days, and Lawrence seemed surprised at the length of time allotted to him, and expressed his doubts as to surviving so long. Removed to the house of the doctor a consultation was held; when it was decided that as amputation would add to the suffering, without increasing the chances of life, the idea should be abandoned.

During the two days which yet remained to him Henry Lawrence made over the chief commissionship to Major Banks, and the command of the forces to Colonel Inglis, with detailed instructions for the defence, and solemn injunctions of no surrender. He partook of the sacrament with his nephew, George Lawrence, and the ladies who nursed him; spoke with humility of his own life and work, and expressed his simple faith in the Atonement of Jesus Christ, and his hopes of speedy reunion with his beloved wife. His children were much on his mind, as were also the children of the Lawrence Asylum. "Remember the Asylum," he said several times; "do not let them forget the Asylum." "To nearly each person present," says an eye-witness, quoted by Sir John Kaye, "he addressed a few parting words of affectionate advice—words which must have sunk deeply into all hearts. There was not a dry eye there, and many seemingly hard, rough men were sobbing like children." To those to whom he had handed over the charge of the garrison, he said, "Let every man die at his post, but never make terms. God help the poor women and

children." For his epitaph, he chose the words, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty," with the text added—"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him." He died about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, 1857, forty-eight hours after he was first struck, and was buried as he desired, "without any fuss," and with four others of his army who died about the same time. "Three weeks after his death," says Colonel Vetch, "but before it was known in England, Henry Lawrence was appointed provisionally to succeed to the office of governor-general of India, in case of accident happening to Lord Canning, and pending the arrival of a successor from England."

"Few men," said Colonel Inglis, to whom he handed over the command of the army while on his deathbed, "have ever possessed to the same extent the power which he enjoyed of winning the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact, and thus ensuring the warmest and most zealous devotion for himself and for the Government which he served. The successful defence of the position has been, under Providence, solely attributable to the foresight which he evinced in the timely commencement of the necessary operations, and the great skill and untiring personal activity which he exhibited in carrying them into effect."

Sir John Kaye says of him, "What Wordsworth wrote, Lawrence acted. The ideal portrait of the 'Christian Warrior' which the one had drawn, was ever before the other as an exemplar. He read it often, he thought of it continually, he quoted it in his writings. He tried to conform his own life, and to assimilate his own character to it; and he succeeded, as all men succeed who are truly in earnest. But if I were asked what especially it was that more than all perfected the picture of his character, I should say that it was the glow of romance that flushed it all as a glory from above. There was in all that he did a richness and tenderness of sentiment that made it not only good but beautiful. He used to say—and nothing was ever said more truly—"It is the due

admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life."

In an article on "The Romance and Reality of Indian Life," contributed to the *Calcutta Review* in 1844, he wrote:—

"The quality, variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or ideality, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts. We would urge on the young especially, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable visions of romance; 'but the hand cannot say to the eye, I have no need of thee!' Where the two faculties are duly blended, reality pursues a straight rough path to a desirable and practical result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day!"

These two influences were blended in the character of Henry Lawrence; the one kept him close to truth and duty, the other transfigured plain things and glorified his hopes and aims.

To this imperfect record of the noble poem that he lived, we now add the noble poem that inspired him, in the hope that both may inspire others to high aims and great accomplishments.

"Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought

Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state:
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
—He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
This is the happy Warrior ; this is He
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be."

AN INDIAN CHAPLAIN'S CAREER.

"IN MEMORIAM."

BY REV. JOHN CAVE-BROWNE, M.A.

THE life of an Indian chaplain is by a too common mistake often considered to be one rather of worldly competence and idleness, than one tending to call for activity and zeal. Yet not only were Claudius Buchanan, Henry Martyn, Daniel Corrie, John Henry Pratt—all more or less known to fame—members of that body; but many more, whose labours, though less conspicuous, were not the less real. We can appeal to the two Missionary Societies of our Church to testify that scarcely a Mission in India but owes its origin, or its progress, to the earnest appeals and the sympathising co-operation of chaplains. Henry Fisher was the "Father of the Meerut Mission" in 1815, and brought upon himself the grave censures of Government for his efforts at conversion. Not to instance more, many still living can doubtless recall the unflagging evangelising zeal of Jennings, who, while chaplain there, was the founder of the now thriving Mission at Delhi, under the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and fell one of the first victims in the outbreak of the mutiny in that city in May, 1857; and that too of Jay, the first chaplain of Lahore, who originated the Punjab Mission of the Church Missionary Society.

The chaplain of whom we would speak in this paper would not perhaps vie with these just named in a display of Missionary zeal; yet was he in no way unworthy to take his place beside them as illustrating the various gifts of the Spirit, according to the varying spheres of labour. James Parker Harris was

essentially a *soldier's chaplain*, and his position in Peshawur, one of the largest of our military stations in India, helped to call out and to develop those natural traits and powers especially needed for such a post.

His early ambition had been to enter the army, but the earnest desire of his father prevailed, and he consented to take Holy Orders ; with this view he went to Oxford, matriculating at Brasenose, a college at that time figuring more highly in the cricket field and on the river, and in all field sports, than in the schools. Here Harris gave full play to his tastes in all manly pursuits, and thus perhaps neglected those studies which, with his natural intellectual powers, would have placed him high in the Class List. Still, even this form of training at Oxford, it will be seen, was not without its value in fitting him for his Indian career.

On his arrival in Calcutta, in '1854, he was sent into the Punjab, his destination being the extreme frontier station at Peshawur ; and it proved to be one for which he was singularly suited. A very large European force and an unhealthy station supplied almost incessant calls upon him, and stimulated him to strain every nerve to meet the requirements of the sick and dying ; his presence in the hospitals and in the regimental schools was always welcome ; his geniality of manner won all hearts, old and young ; his ready sympathy and gentle tones made him acceptable to all ; his manly bearing and his active habits had a special charm for the young officers, while his reverential spirit and grave remarks in season prevented their ever losing respect in familiarity, and made them always remember that their companion and friend was also their *Pastor*. Many still living could no doubt testify to his peculiar fitness for such a post, and acknowledge the value of his ministrations to themselves.

Besides his more regular duties in the station, calls of a more trying character were sometimes made upon his energy, and even courage, which do not ordinarily fall to an Indian chaplain's lot. Peshawur is protected by a line of advanced outposts on the frontier line, where small bodies of troops

are placed. Here an occasional raid from a mountain tribe would break the monotony of garrison life, and sometimes an engagement would ensue with serious consequences. More than once was a messenger sent in to report an attack had been made, and some of the English wounded, and to request that a clergyman might at once go out to them. A ride of twenty miles or more across a dangerous country, where every bush or ravine might conceal an enemy, was an undertaking to make the heart of many a peace-loving chaplain quail; but Harris was a soldier in heart as well as the true soldier's chaplain. His horsemanship, too, stood him in good stead: he would at once mount his horse, and, accompanied by a native trooper as his guide, ride fearlessly off to the frontier fort, without even the protection of a revolver at his side for self-defence. Once, when entreated not to go so unarmed, his answer was worthy of one strong in the assurance that the Master, whose work he was upon, would have him in safe keeping—"I am going on duty."

After two years of faithful labour at Peshawur his health became so undermined by that local fever for which Peshawur and its valley are noted, that a change became necessary, and he spent the hot weather of 1856 at the neighbouring sanatorium of Murree in the hope of recruiting; but as the winter drew on it was pronounced by the medical men that a return to Peshawur would probably prove fatal to him. Lucknow was now vacant, and was offered him. He readily accepted it; and the close of 1856 saw him in that station, where he was joined by the Rev. J. Polehampton. Before six months had passed the Indian Mutiny had swept over the land. Lucknow, the capital of the recently annexed province of Oudh, naturally became a centre of disaffection; indeed, the chief focus of rebellion in that part of India. Here Harris and his no less courageous wife were among the last to obey the order to leave cantonments and seek shelter in the Residency within the city. The Sunday evening before they did so, a "faithful few" were at the service in the cantonment church; they were suddenly startled by the sound of

firing close by ; a heavy thunderstorm was raging at the time. "Several officers left the church," wrote one who was present. "Harris went on with the prayers in a firm voice, though he thought, as we all did, that our last hour was near." It proved a false alarm, being only a *feu-de-joie* of the Mussulmans in honour of the new moon which brought to an end their long fast of the *Ramazán*. On the following Tuesday, however, it was announced that ladies and the European sick must no longer remain in the cantonments. Harris accompanied his wife to the Residency ; but for some weeks drove over on Sundays, and nearly daily, to cantonments to visit and hold services for the officers and soldiers left there. However, on the 30th of June, after the disaster at Chinhât, the gates of the Residency were closed for four and a half weary long months, save only when on the 26th of September they opened to admit the relieving force under Havelock and Sir James Outram, and then closed again until the middle of November, when the survivors of the garrison were rescued by Sir Colin Campbell.

After the death of his colleague, Mr. Polehampton, on the 20th of July, Harris was the only English chaplain (there was one Roman Catholic priest for those of that communion). On him devolved the entire duties of the besieged garrison ; how he performed them can only be duly appreciated by those who witnessed and benefited by his ministration.

From his being the only Church of England clergyman present, a question was once raised whether the value of his life would not justify the same precaution being taken by him as was allowed to the Romish priest. The cemetery in the Residency enclosure was much exposed ; and, though the funerals were always performed in the darkest hours of night, the very *mussáls* (flambeaux used for the bearers) served to draw down the enemy's fire on the men carrying the bier, who alone were allowed to accompany the corpse. It had been represented by the Roman Catholic priest that that Church admitted of the more important portion of the Burial Service being performed in the hospital or the house, which rendered

it less necessary that the priest should accompany the corpse to the grave, so he was exempted from exposure to what was considered unnecessary danger; and it was thought that a similar precaution might be adopted in the case of the Church of England chaplain; but the form of the English Burial Service being different, it was decided by the officer commanding the garrison that the committal of the body to the earth must be performed at the grave. This danger Harris incurred night after night throughout the siege, never going to the cemetery without first bidding his wife "good-bye," feeling how doubtful it was if he should return alive. But this ordinary risk was aggravated when the little garrison had to mourn the loss of their brave, true soldier-statesman chief, Sir Henry Lawrence. That day the firing had been heavier and more incessant than ever; that night the native grave-diggers would not enter the cemetery. Harris himself helped to prepare the grave, and when the evening came (to use his own words)—"It had been my happiness to be with him from the time his poor body was stricken, and mine was the honour of laying the body with my own hands in its last rough, blood-stained resting-place, where, as he had requested, he was *buried with the men.*"

One anecdote, which was told to the writer by an eye-witness, will not be out of place here. Harris was probably the best "shot" in the garrison, though he very rarely indulged during his Indian career in what had been a favourite pastime in early life. One day he had gone up to one of the bastions of the Residency, and found the men suffering severely from the deadly aim of some concealed matchlock man. Harris's keen eye detected the man at a small narrow window in a native house, and at once pointed him out to the officers on the bastion. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to hit him, when it was proposed to Harris to try his hand and "pick him off"; but he gravely and resolutely declined. "I have determined," he said, "that throughout the siege I myself will never attempt to take a life, except in the greatest extremity, and then only in self-defence."

Such was the chaplain, who visited the sick and wounded, comforted the mourning, and buried the dead, carrying his own life in his hands during that memorable siege ; and yet when the first official report of that siege was written—while every other department was belauded (and some undoubtedly with nobly earned and richly deserved acknowledgments), the services of the two chaplains (one of whom had fallen at his post) were only mentioned with the slightest possible acknowledgment.

But brighter days came for Lucknow, and for the true-hearted chaplain too, when Sir James Outram relieved the garrison and assumed the chief command. That "Bayard of the East," that true knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, found in the generous, chivalrous devotion of Harris that with which he himself could claim sympathetic kinship, and seized the opportunity to right what he felt was a wrong. In his despatch, written at the end of the year, he wrote: "From the Rev. J. P. Harris, chaplain of the garrison, the sick and wounded received the most marked and personal kindness. His Spiritual ministrations in the hospital were incessant ; his Christian zeal and earnest philanthropy I have had constant opportunities of observing since my arrival in Lucknow, and but one testimony is borne to his exertions during the siege, and to the personal bravery he displayed in hastening from house to house in pursuit of his sacred calling under the heaviest fire. Daily he had to read the Burial Service over members of the garrison, exposed to shot, shell, and musketry."

Nor did the recognition of his services cease here. Lord Canning, then Governor-General of India, in his General Order on the Siege of Lucknow, thus refers to his services: "His Lordship in Council desires especially to tender his warm thanks to the Rev. J. P. Harris for the personal courage displayed by that gentleman in the discharge of his sacred duties, and for the unremitting assiduity with which throughout the siege he sought to allay the sufferings and provide for the comfort of the sick and wounded." Such acknowledgments of faithful service at such hands far more than compen-

sated for any pain which the former slight mention might have caused, especially with one "whose praise" was "not of men, but of God."

When, in November, 1857, the garrison was finally relieved and safely conveyed to Cawnpore and brought down the river to Allahabad, Harris, though with health seriously shaken by fatigue and privation, refused to avail himself of the "Sick-leave" which was urgently pressed upon him, though his return to England then, as one of the "Heroic Garrison," would certainly have earned preferment in England; but begged to be allowed to stay at Allahabad, to share with the chaplain of the station the heavy duties of the large force, now so greatly augmented by the addition of the Lucknow garrison. After some weeks actively spent here, Harris proceeded to the hill sanatorium of Dugshai, to enjoy a well-earned change and comparatively easy duty; but it was apparent that a further change was necessary, and after two years in the Himalayas he took his furlough to England.

In the beginning of 1863 he returned to India, in recruited and seemingly robust health. The announcement of his intended return drew from Bishop Cotton in a letter to the writer (who was then his commissary in Calcutta), his recognition of Harris's worth: "We must give him the very best station possible; *he deserves anything that can be done for him.* Umritsur is about to become vacant. Offer it to him directly he lands, and have him gazetted to it at once; for I shall be importuned with applications for it."

In the middle of March he found himself in this favourite station, so picturesque, and generally considered so healthy. He was full of zeal and humble hope that years of usefulness might yet be granted to him among soldiers, whom he loved and by whom he was beloved; but a few weeks sufficed to show that the old malady, the Peshawur fever, intensified by the privations and trials of Lucknow, still had a too firm hold on his constitution. From May to July he struggled on, reluctant to leave his post of duty; but by that time his health had so utterly failed that he was peremptorily ordered off to

the neighbouring sanatorium of Dhurmsala. Here his disease assumed a dysenteric character, and it then became evident that nothing short of a voyage to England held out any hope of recovery. He was brought down to Calcutta in an emaciated state, put on board the *Agamemnon*, and as we watched him being lifted over the ship's side our hearts sadly misgave us that England was not THE HOME whither he was tending. After lingering for nearly six weeks he sank to rest on the eve of Good Friday, 1864, closing a life of rare unselfishness and devotion in his Lord's service with a death of rare Christian patience, gentleness, resignation, and trust in his Lord's merits and mediation—a faith unfeigned. The next day the sea closed over his corpse, and left those who mourn him to cling to a precious memory, full of hope that when the sea shall give up her dead he will be among those to receive that glorious greeting: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

* * * * *

Homes, Colleges, Parishes of England, lend to India more *such* men—such like minded, manly, earnest, devoted chaplains!

ON THE ROAD TO LUCKNOW.

HAVELOCK'S FIRST CAMPAIGN TO RELIEVE THE GARRISON.

IMMEDIATELY Havelock had completed his arrangements for the defence of Cawnpore, and for guarding the passage of the Ganges, he began to transport his soldiers to the Oudh bank of the river, for his first campaign for the relief of Lucknow. The river at this point was sixteen hundred yards wide, and swollen by the season's rains to a rapid and impetuous torrent. The bridge of boats, and all the ferry boats, had been destroyed or removed, and the enterprise of crossing the river with only fifteen hundred men into a province seething with an armed and hostile population was only justified by the necessity of relieving Lucknow at all costs. The General had at his disposal the small steamer, *Berhampooter*, which had been sent up with a hundred of the Madras Fusiliers. To this steamer five or six boats were attached and towed across with difficulty. After one or two journeys, the steamer broke down, and it became necessary to depend entirely upon the boats, though each trip across took eight hours. For five days, sometimes under a blistering sun, sometimes in a drenching rain, the transport of men, stores, guns, and ammunition went on under the direction of Colonel Tytler, an officer of rare determination and energy.

By the 25th of July the whole force were on the Oudh side of the river. Their expedition was a desperate one. The force consisted of ten guns, imperfectly equipped and inadequately manned: the remnants of the 64th, the 84th, the 78th, the Madras Fusiliers, and of Brasyer's Sikhs; and sixty volunteer cavalry. Numerically, inadequate for their glorious task; the

army had unbounded confidence in the General, who had already led them to victory in four engagements which would alone have earned them an immortality of renown. Their only hope, their only cheer—the rescue of their beleaguered countrymen. So, against terrific odds, surrounded by enemies, without tents or other *impedimenta*, and trusting to occasional shelter, they marched into the rebellion-smitten province of Oudh. On the night of the 25th they halted at Mungulwar, about five miles from Cawnpore, where they remained for three days while carriage and supplies were arranged. On the morning of the 28th, the General received from Ungud, a scout, who had escaped the rebel outposts, a plan of Lucknow sent by Major Anderson, engineer in the garrison, giving invaluable information in memoranda written chiefly in Greek characters. “These communications,” said he, “and much information orally derived from spies, convince me of the extreme delicacy and difficulty of any operation to relieve Colonel Inglis, now commanding in Lucknow. It shall be attempted, however, at any risk.”

At daybreak on the 29th the force commenced its real advance, and neared the town of Onao, a distance of three miles, where the enemy was discovered in a strong position, protected on both flanks by swamps. In advance of this position, and between it and Havelock’s force, were walled enclosures, loopholed for riflemen. These enclosures were joined on to a village—“the mud-walled villages of Oudh were almost impregnable fortifications, and the villagers themselves the best garrison troops in the world”—which was united with Onao by a narrow passage, the houses in which were filled by rebel marksmen. It was imperative, therefore, that this position should be attacked in front, though to do so was murderous work. The 78th Highlanders and the Madras Fusiliers were ordered to advance; once more, with never-faltering gallantry they responded to the command. The enemy were driven out of the enclosure; but the fire from the houses in the village was so destructive that it was necessary to call up the 64th under Colonel Wilson. Their

advance was irresistible. One of their number, Private Cavanagh, deserves to be remembered. A man of great personal strength, he dashed in front and found himself face to face with at least half a dozen of the enemy. In setting his comrades a brilliant example of gallantry, he was overpowered and literally hacked to pieces. "Had he survived," wrote the General, "he should have worn the Victoria Cross, which never could have glittered on a braver breast." The village was set on fire, but the defenders resisted obstinately until their guns were captured. But Onao was not yet captured, and fresh troops were seen hurrying along the road from Lucknow to its support. Drawing off his force to a dry spot of ground between the village and the town, with four guns in the centre and two on each wing, all bearing on the high road in front, by which the insurgents in dense masses were rapidly rushing down in great confusion, Havelock waited the attack, which to his great joy was impending, and reserved his fire till they came within short range. The fire was so withering that their onward rush was suddenly stopped. Perceiving their error, they attempted to deploy on either side, but their horses, guns, and infantry were soon floundering in the marsh. English skirmishers, wading up to their knees, sometimes to their waists, completed their discomfiture. Fifteen of the enemy's guns were captured and destroyed, as there were no carriages for their conveyance.

Notwithstanding the terrible July sun, his losses, and the outbreak of cholera, Havelock determined to follow up his victory. After a halt for three hours, during which rations were served out, the bugle sounded, the troops fell in, their faces still towards Lucknow, and marched forward six miles to Busseerutgunge—a walled town intersected by the road which they must traverse, and memorable in this campaign as the scene of three actions. Its position was formidable. In front of the town was a large pond swollen by inundation; in its rear was a large sheet of water, one hundred and fifty yards wide, and six feet deep, over which the road was carried by a causeway; its main gate was defended by four guns and

flanked by loopholed turrets. A terrific cannonade was opened on the town, the 64th were marched round to the right to prevent the enemy escaping from the rear by means of the causeway, and as soon the guns appeared to hold on the defences of the town, the 78th and the fusiliers were directed to storm the gateway. But the enemy's guns caused such carnage that the 78th and the fusiliers were ordered to lie down while our guns again poured in their leaden hail. The enemy's fire slackened; the two corps sprang to their feet, and, with a mighty shout, cleared the trenches and rushed in at the gate. The rebels fled in panic across the causeway, the 64th having stopped in their flank march to return an annoying fire from the walls of the town. The night was closing in: pursuit was impossible by the exhausted soldiers who, a second time, had fought two battles and won two victories in one day. As they wearily leaned on their arms, catching a glimpse of Havelock, they raised an enthusiastic shout, "Clear the way for the General!" The stern features relaxed for a moment as he exclaimed, "You have done that *well* already, men!" "God bless the General!" burst from a hundred lips.

The evening passed cheerily in camp, but the General was oppressed with gloomy thoughts. In front of him were places to be taken stronger than those he had already conquered. On his left a large body of troops was hovering, which he had not yet engaged; a hostile force had crossed the Ganges and was forming in his rear. Eighty-eight of his force had been killed or wounded in the two actions already fought; as many more were disabled by exposure or cholera; there was not an unoccupied doolie in camp; the many who would be wounded if he advanced would have to be abandoned. One third of his ammunition had been expended; his effective fighting force, after deducting the necessary guards, was only eight hundred and fifty infantry. "There were still thirty-six miles between him and Lucknow; as the enemy fell back they approached their resources, as we advanced ours became fewer and less available." Believing, therefore, that it would

be madness to advance further, he resolved, though with a sad heart, to retire to his impregnable position at Mungulwar. On reaching Mungulwar, he despatched his sick and wounded to Cawnpore, and a letter to General Neill stating that he had been obliged to fall back, and that he urgently required another battery and a thousand British bayonets, before "he could do anything for the real advantage of Lucknow." Neill, who had made the Madras Fusiliers what they were, and who had been superseded by Havelock just as the latter was, in his turn, superseded by Outram, was furious; a man like Neill "could not fail and live." Moreover, the reinforcements which Havelock deemed possible—the 5th Fusiliers from the Mauritius, and the 90th Foot originally destined for China—were detained to cope with the mutineers at Dinapore. Neill determined to hold Cawnpore against any odds, sent on all that he could spare, a half-battery of guns and a company of the 84th. Thus all the additional reinforcements which Havelock received were barely sufficient to fill up the casualties during his first advance, but realising that he must again advance, or definitely abandon all hope of relieving the besieged Residency, he moved forward on the 4th of August, holding General Neill responsible for the defence of his communications between Cawnpore and Lucknow.

On the evening of the 4th of August the force bivouacked a mile beyond Onao. The next morning, for a second time, they approached Busseerutgunge, where a battle ensued, almost a counterpart of the one on the same spot a few days before. The enemy fled over the causeway at the rear of the town, but, owing to our lack of cavalry, pursuit was impracticable, and they had leisure to prepare for another fight in a position previously selected and fortified. Immediately after the action Havelock wrote to General Neill: "I owe the Blue Caps" (the Madras Fusiliers) "thanks; they owe me nothing. If I might select for praise without being invidious, I should say they and the Highlanders are the most gallant troops in my little force, and from their superior weapons they are the most effective."

Two miles beyond the scene of action the troops halted for

a meal. The enemy had been beaten, but had carried off their guns, and had entrenched themselves at Nawabgunge, five miles distant, a situation as strong as that at Busseerutgunge. They had lost three hundred men; the British loss had been only two killed and twenty-three wounded. But cholera was raging in the camp; seventy-five men were on the sick list. Between his position and Lucknow the entire line was dotted with difficult posts, three of them very strong; scouts reported that the bridge over the deep river Syi was broken down, and that the passage was defended by a large force and heavy artillery. His losses before reaching Lucknow would reach three hundred men, leaving him with only seven hundred to force his way through entrenched and barricaded streets defended by a disciplined army. The surrounding people were actively hostile to a man. The Gwalior contingent—a compact army in itself—had revolted, and were threatening Calpee, a position from which they might march on to Cawnpore and overwhelm it. To have lost Cawnpore in endeavouring to relieve Lucknow would have been an irreparable blunder. It was necessary at once to decide either to advance or retreat. “The only three staff-officers in my force whom I ever consult confidentially,” wrote Havelock to the commander-in-chief, “but in whom I entirely confide, are unanimously of opinion that an advance on the walls of Lucknow involves the loss of this force. In this I concur.” With bitter feeling the force retired once more to Mungulwar, to wait for reinforcements and to recruit its strength.

On the 11th Neill wrote urgently to Havelock that four thousand rebels had assembled at Bithoor, and might at any moment swoop down on Cawnpore. With great reluctance Havelock decided to leave Mungulwar; but before doing so advanced once more along the road to Lucknow to disperse the mutineers who had assembled near Busseerutgunge, and threatened to dispute his passage over the river. After a stubborn resistance, in which the British loss was thirty-two and that of the mutineers three hundred, the third battle of Busseerutgunge terminated in the flight of the mutineers

“The Highlanders, without firing a shot, rushed with a cheer upon the enemy’s redoubt, carried it, and captured two of the three guns with which it was armed. If Colonel Hamilton,” wrote Havelock, “can ascertain the officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier, who first entered this work, the Brigadier will recommend him for the Victoria Cross.” Colonel Hamilton reported that this honour was divided between Lieutenants Campbell and Crowe. As the gallant Campbell died next day of cholera, the coveted distinction fell to Lieutenant Crowe, and on the 12th Havelock’s force crossed the river on rafts which, together with a road across the island swamp of the river, had been constructed with incredible toil by Captain Crommelin and Lieutenant Moorsom, and on the 13th re-entered Cawnpore.

During the 13th and 14th the cholera wrought terrible havoc. The superintending surgeon represented to Havelock that, at the present rate of mortality, the whole force would be annihilated in six weeks, and counselled rest for the fatigued troops. But the General replied that their repose was impossible while the insurgents remained at Bithoor. Therefore, on the 16th the troops marched out of the city, and, after a march of eight hours under a broiling sun, encountered the enemy and gained one more brilliant victory, though from sheer exhaustion they were obliged to bivouac where they had fought. After the fight the General rode along the line, and though the men were scarcely able to stand from exhaustion, they sent forth the most enthusiastic cheers. “Don’t cheer me, my men,” he exclaimed, “you did it all yourselves.” Twelve men died from sunstroke; fifty were killed or wounded. The next day the force returned to Cawnpore, many falling on the road never to rise again, the victims of cholera and sunstroke. The battle of Bithoor closed Havelock’s first campaign for the relief of Lucknow, as well as his independent command.

“This brief campaign, extending from the 12th of July to the 16th of August, has no parallel in the military history of British India. On no former occasion had European troops been required to march and fight in circumstances so adverse, under

a deadly sun or amidst torrents of rain, often fasting for twenty-four hours, and generally without tents, with no bed after their victories but the saturated ground, and no shelter but that which the trees afforded, carrying with them their sick and their wounded, and all their supplies, and suffering more from pestilence than from the weapons of the enemy. It was under all these disadvantages that, in this brief period of five weeks, they had fought nine actions against overwhelming odds, with troops disciplined, and for the most part armed like themselves, and had been everywhere victorious, without a single check. A large portion of the Fusiliers consisted of raw recruits, who had never before heard the whistle of an enemy's bullet, but such marching and such fighting had turned the survivors into hardy veterans, ready for any exigency. So great was the confidence the men had acquired in themselves, in their comrades, and in their leader, that they never considered a discomfiture possible, and never marched to action without the confident assurance of victory. These men have truly been described as 'Havelock's Ironsides.' "



THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW (*see page 334*).

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

ON his return to Cawnpore after the battle of Bithoor, Havelock found that Major-General Sir James Outram had been appointed to the military command of the district; in short, that having failed to accomplish impossibilities, he had been superseded. No communication to soften the announcement in the *Gazette* reached him; not a word of thanks. Yet his public spirit and sense of duty did not allow him to slacken his efforts. In an immortal order to his soldiers he said, "If conquest can now be achieved under the most trying circumstances, what will be the triumph and retribution of the time when the armies from China, from the Cape, and from England, shall sweep through the land? Soldiers, in that moment, your labours, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful country."

Havelock increased the number of the volunteer horse and sent a pressing request to Sir Colin Campbell, who succeeded Sir Patrick Grant as commander-in-chief, for reinforcements. Sir Colin Campbell made Herculean efforts "to tear the 5th and 90th Regiments from the reluctant grasp of the civil authorities," and was able to assure Havelock that considerable portions of both regiments would reach Cawnpore by the 22nd of August. The possible retirement from Cawnpore upon Allahabad was thus abandoned. But cholera still continued to rage at Cawnpore, and men who had rushed up to the cannon's mouth without fear were beginning to sink under the depression of the pestilence. Funeral services were abridged, and as soon as the high road to Allahabad was free from

danger, the general determined to send all his invalids to that station under a strong escort. The convoy reached Allahabad in safety, and the rapid convalescence of the men testified to the wisdom of the measure. Meanwhile Havelock, anxious not to lose a moment after the month of compulsory inactivity, was in constant communication with Outram, and it was agreed that the Ganges should be crossed by the road across the islands, which might easily be connected with each other and with the opposite shore by floating bridges constructed by Captain (afterwards Colonel) Crommelin. Havelock, it is true, had been superseded, but by "The Bayard of India," who, after many obstructions to his progress, arrived at Cawnpore on the night of the 15th of September, and on the next day issued a division order which has no parallel in military history. In this order Outram stated that he felt, in view of the gallant efforts already made, that the honour of relieving Lucknow belonged to Havelock, and feeling this, that he should waive his rank until Lucknow had been relieved; accompanying the force "in his civil capacity as chief commissioner of Oudh," and "tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer."

The absolute unselfishness of such an act, unsurpassed and unsurpassable, was but one triumph of self-sacrifice of a man to whom it seemed revolting to reap where another had sown.

General Havelock therefore remained in command of the force destined to relieve Lucknow, and publicly expressed his grateful acknowledgments to Outram for the splendid generosity shown in the division order.

The force now under his command numbered three thousand one hundred and seventy-nine men, and consisted of three batteries of artillery—Eyre's, Maude's, and Olpherts's—commanded by Colonel Cooper; one hundred and sixty-eight cavalry, commanded by Captain Barrow, of which one hundred and nine were British volunteers, and two thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine infantry of which three hundred and forty-one were Brasyer's Sikhs.

The infantry was in two brigades. The right, under Neill,

- was composed of 5th Fusiliers, a detachment of the 64th Regiment, 84th Regiment, and 1st Madras Fusiliers. The left, under Colonel Hamilton, included the 78th Highlanders, the 90th Light Infantry—to which was attached Captain, afterwards Lord, Wolseley—and Brasyer's Sikhs.

By the 20th of September the whole force had crossed the Ganges, but in face of some opposition. Directly the force arrived on the Oudh bank of the river a letter was received from Brigadier Inglis, written at Lucknow on the 16th of September, giving a deplorable account of their condition, expressing his conviction that their rations would not last longer than the 1st of October, and imploring news of their advance. Early in the morning of the 21st, therefore, the force started on its glorious mission along the road, familiar to many of them, to Mungulwar, where the enemy were massed in great force. The general determined to turn their flank. The heavy artillery engaged the enemy in front, and the main force diverged to the left. The vigour of the attack took the heart out of the rebels, who fled precipitately, pursued by the volunteer cavalry, led by Outram with as much ardour as when he started in pursuit of Dost Mahomet nineteen years before. Undeterred by a deluge of rain, they rapidly overtook many of the fugitives, completed their discomfiture, pursuing them almost to Busseerutgunge, a distance of eight miles. The artillery and infantry pushed on in close pursuit, and found the road strewn with shoes cast off by the rebels to facilitate their flight; but they could not escape the impetuosity of their pursuers, who drove their flying foe through the village of Onao—abandoned without any show of defence—and pushed on till they reached Busseerutgunge—which was also abandoned without a shot being fired—where they halted for the night, the whole force being accommodated in the serai, a very large building used as a traveller's resting-place.

Though the force had reached with comparative ease the point beyond which Havelock had previously been unable to advance, though they were flushed with the success of the day's achievements, they realised that the most arduous part

of their undertaking had yet to be accomplished. On the morning of the 22nd they continued for sixteen miles their advance through a deluge of rain towards the River Syi, now unfordable, but spanned by a bridge of masonry, which was crossed without opposition, the enemy having adopted no measures either to defend it or blow it up. Stricken with panic, they had abandoned every defensible position, and the force halted on the Lucknow side of the river, the passage of which it had been anticipated would have been one of the most formidable difficulties of the campaign. The relieving force was now only sixteen miles from Lucknow, and a royal salute was fired at the halting-ground in the unrealised hope that the sounds might reach the Residency and cheer the hearts of the beleaguered garrison. During the night bivouac the soldiers heard in the distance the incessant firing of the rebel cannon; in the morning this had died away. The silence was ominous; it suggested that the big guns were being diverted to bear on the relieving force. The city was now but a day's march ahead.

But with no thought of failure, with steady tread and set faces, the force pressed forward on the morning of the 23rd, till they came in sight of the Alum Bagh, a pleasure garden of one of the princes of Oudh. It contained a large palace, and a park laid out with great taste, and the usual number of out-offices for a numerous body of followers and dependants; and was enclosed by a high wall with turrets at each angle. It soon became apparent that about this formidable position the rebels had massed their troops to arrest the onward rush of the British force.

The enemy's line extended nearly two miles, and consisted of nearly ten thousand men, excluding fifteen hundred cavalry, posted behind a morass. Havelock determined, if possible, to turn their right flank; and to cover this operation brought up his heavy guns. As his troops advanced, the enemy's guns, masked by trees, poured out a withering fire. Their first shot struck three officers of the 90th, all of whom subsequently died. The first brigade, having gained dry ground on the right,

- attacked the infantry in front ; Neill, with the other brigade, through deep ditches and swamps, had reached open ground and attacked the enemy's right. Meanwhile, Eyre, Olpherts, and Maude, with the artillery, had hurled back the enemy's cavalry and silenced their guns.

But the key of the position was the Alum Bagh and the adjacent buildings. These were defended with desperate bravery ; but no Asiatics could resist a bayonet charge like that of the 5th Fusiliers, who cleared out the houses and stormed the position. Then Outram once more led the volunteer cavalry, which in a dashing charge captured five guns and pursued the rebels as they fell back to resume the contest on the morrow. During the night the force halted at the Alum Bagh. To some regiments shelter was possible ; others bivouacked in mud ankle deep. But their enthusiasm had been fired by the news of the fall of Delhi, and all discontent was dispelled by the sight of the not far distant domes and minarets of Lucknow.

Throughout the 24th the force halted to recruit its energies for the desperate fight of the morrow. An irritating cannonade, which caused some casualties, was patiently endured during the day, which was passed by Havelock and Outram in considering the route to be adopted for reaching the Residency. The exigencies of the beleaguered garrison, which was known to be in hourly trial, determined the route. The generals resolved to cross the canal by forcing a passage across the Char Bagh bridge, and to advance "by a circuitous lane along the left bank of the canal to the group of well-fortified palaces and buildings to the east of the Residency" by a route, in fact, which had been so strongly fortified that the rebels evidently considered that the entrance into the city at this point had been hermetically sealed.

The baggage was stored in the Alum Bagh, where were also left the sick and wounded, under the charge of Colonel McIntyre, of the 78th Highlanders, with six officers, and about four hundred European non-commissioned officers and men, chiefly footsore soldiers disabled during the march.

The next morning Havelock rose as usual before dawn and spent some time in prayer. Eight o'clock had been the hour fixed for the advance, to allow the soldiers ample time for food and preparation for the day of trial. Drawn up in front of the Alum Bagh, their look showed the trials they had endured; "toil, privation, and exposure had left traces on the forms of the men," but the light of coming victory flashed from their eyes. A map of the city was spread out on a small table in the open field. As the two generals and their staff bent over it to trace the route, a shot from the enemy's battery struck the ground about five yards from the table, and rising, bounded over the heads of the assembled officers.

At half-past eight the welcome order to advance was given, Outram commanding the leading brigade with all the artillery, Havelock following with the second brigade. The advance had scarcely commenced when the force was assailed by a murderous fire in front and in both flanks, more especially from two guns planted near a house called, from its colour, the Yellow House. But in face of this desperate opposition they pushed on steadily. The road from the Alum Bagh to the city bends to the right till it comes in a direct line with the Char Bagh bridge over the canal. The bridge was defended by six guns on the Lucknow side; the adjoining houses were loopholed and filled with riflemen. The carnage was so terrible that the troops were ordered to lie down under such cover as they could find, while Maude, the hero of Futtehpore, endeavoured with two guns—the breadth of the road would admit no more—to silence the six guns in front! But almost every man at the guns was either killed or wounded, and volunteers to replace the gunners had to be called for from the infantry. Outram had made a *détour* to the right in order to bring a flanking fire to bear on the defenders of the bridge, but had not reached the point where its fire would be effective.

Neill, therefore, who commanded the first brigade in the absence of Outram, ordered a bayonet charge by the Madras Fusiliers. Scarcely had the order left Neill's lips when

- Lieutenant Arnold, accompanied by ten skirmishers, dashed on to the bridge, followed by Colonel Tytler and Lieutenant Havelock (afterwards Sir Henry Havelock-Allan), who had been aide-de-camp to his father throughout the campaign. Arnold was shot through both legs, Colonel Tytler's horse was shot under him, and Lieutenant Havelock and Private Jakes (who was killed later in the day) alone survived the hurricane of fire from the battery and the loopholed buildings. For a time they were the mark of a thousand bullets, but, before the enemy's battery could reload, the Fusiliers, advancing over the prostrate bodies of their comrades, charged over the bridge, stormed the guns, and won the passage of the Char Bagh canal, just as Outram emerged from the garden by the side. The loopholed buildings were then stormed, and the passage over the bridge was clear for the rest of the column.

The entrance to the city had been won, but desperate work was ahead. The 78th Highlanders were told off to hold the bridge and the rear till everything had passed. But directly the enemy saw that it was an unsupported rear-guard, for three hours they assailed it in overwhelming numbers. They brought up two guns to bear on the Highlanders, who immediately threw themselves upon the guns, hurled them into the canal, and then resumed their defensive position. For his gallantry in this splendid charge Lieutenant (afterwards General Sir) Herbert McPherson received the Victoria Cross.

The main body, after crossing the bridge, turned sharply to the right, and skirting the left bank of the canal, advanced slowly without opposition, as it was not till later in the day that the rebels realised that the relieving force were adopting such a circuitous, instead of a direct, route to the Residency. Havelock found his passage as far as the Secunder Bagh quite easy. Here the force turned sharply to the left and proceeded, without any material opposition, as far as the Mootee Mahul, which was found quite empty. (*See plan, page 268*).

At this point, the entrance of the main street from the east to the Residency, distant only about eleven hundred yards, the column halted, partly for rest, partly to recover its formation,

and partly to enable the generals an opportunity of discussing the final attack. Moreover, it was clear that the rebels were concentrating their forces to bar further progress; here the real struggle—after that of forcing the Char Bagh bridge—would begin. It was resolved to leave a strong rear-guard at the Mootee Mahul, where the troops remained till late in the afternoon to enable all the rear-guard to come up; but as even then there was no sign of the 78th Highlanders, a party was told off to meet and guide them on.

The main body then moved forward on the last stage of their campaign amid a fire from the left from the Kaiser Bagh, or king's palace, "under which nothing could live." Twice was the firing from the Kaiser Bagh battery silenced by Eyre's guns; at every step men fell, but the ranks were filled up and the force pressed on, crossing a narrow bridge over a little nullah, which was completely commanded by a house swarming with riflemen. The force now halted under the shelter of a wall, to obtain a brief respite and to allow the long column, the progress of which had been impeded by the narrowness of the street, to come up.

At this point the 78th Highlanders reinforced the main column. In defending the rear-guard they had to endure a combat for some hours with the enemy, who had attacked them in great force, and, having lost all trace of the main body, instead of going to the Secunder Bagh, as the rest had done, they had taken a more direct road to the left, past the Kaiser Bagh. This they stormed, and passing on, effected a junction with the main body at a point where they became the head of the column which now composed the whole force, excepting the men left in the Alum Bagh and the Mootee Mahul. Brasyer's Sikhs were immediately behind the 78th.

Night was setting in. Although they had been fighting all day, the troops were burning with impatience, for the goal was in sight. Through narrow streets flanked with houses filled with sharpshooters they would have to force their way. Death must come to many of them. But what of that?

Delay might mean death to the beleaguered garrison, to the dauntless women and to little children.

So the remnant of the gallant 78th and the equally gallant Sikhs were called to the front, and with Havelock and Outram, notwithstanding the wound he had received earlier in the day, at the head, the force started on its zigzag route to the Residency. Turning to the right for a few yards it reached the Khas Bazaar, where the gallant Neill, shot through the head, fell from his horse dead. Emerging from the Bazaar, the front of the column was exposed to a hot fire which swept down the narrow street. The storm of shot was incessant. Each house was a fortress. Through the loopholes poured a stream of fire; from the roofs were thrown missiles of every description. Deep trenches had been dug across the road to hinder their advance and to detain them under fire; the road was studded with all manner of obstacles—palisades, guns, stockades, barricades. From every side-street poured a withering volley. The carnage was terrible. Desperate at their terrible losses, the men rushed to the loopholes and fired into them. But nothing could resist their last charge; with stern face they ran the gauntlet of fire and reached the Bailey Guard Gate of the Residency.

The gate, riddled with shot, had been barricaded and could not be opened for some minutes till the earth was cleared away. Outram, Havelock, and their staff entered by the embrasure. But ere long the gates were thrown open and the soldiers entered, blood-stained, war-worn, and dusty. The enthusiasm was indescribable. The Highlanders, who had fought twelve battles to win a share in the joy of this supreme moment, and who in the last four days had lost a third of their number, stopped every one they met. With repeated questions and exclamations of "Are you one of them?"—"God bless you!"—"We thought to have found only your bones," they took them back to Dr. Fayer's house, into which Havelock and Outram had entered. Here the ladies of the garrison, with their children, had assembled in the outside porch when the Highlanders approached. "Rushing forward, the rough

and bearded warriors shook the ladies by the hand, amidst loud and repeated gratulations. They took the children up in their arms, and fondly caressing them, passed them from one to another to be caressed in turn ; and then, when the first burst of enthusiasm was over, they mournfully turned to speak among themselves of the heavy loss which they had suffered, and to inquire the names of the numerous comrades who had fallen on the way."

To turn away from the story of the Relief of Lucknow without a tribute of praise to the Sepoys who, till death, were faithful to "their salt," would be base ingratitude. Even when the Highlanders, coming upon the Bailey Guard Battery, guarded by loyal Sepoys, and not knowing it to be within the Residency, bayoneted three men whom they mistook for insurgents, they never resisted. One of them waved his hand, and crying, "*Kootch parwanni*—never mind ; it is all for the good cause ; welcomes, friend !" fell and expired.

As a proof of their fidelity it is worthy of more than passing notice that every native officer of the 13th Bengal Native Infantry was either killed or wounded in the siege.

THE STORY OF GENERAL NEILL.

THE Relief of Lucknow cost England some of her best soldiers, among whom, probably, no one was more lamented by the men he led than General James George Neill.

Born near Ayr, in Scotland, on the 26th of May, 1810, the son of Colonel Neill of Swindridgemuir, James displayed in childhood the manly qualities of fearlessness and independence, which were afterwards so conspicuous in his career. At the age of five years he is said to have mutinied against nursery control, and after having terrified the household by an unaccountable absence of some hours, to have said to his father on his return, "And now I am to have no more nursery maids running after me ; I can manage myself." James was educated at Ayr and at Glasgow University, and was at first intended to follow the law ; but it soon became evident that his father's profession was much more suited to his mind and character, and James having expressed a desire for Indian service, his father secured for him a cadetship, and in January 1827, when less than seventeen years of age, he sailed for Madras, where by the interest of Sir Thomas Munro, governor of the Presidency, who was related to his father by marriage, he was appointed to the Madras European Regiment.

Neill's regiment was stationed for some years at Masulipatam, and the young subaltern devoted himself with such assiduity to his work, that he soon mastered its details, and, gaining the confidence of his superiors, was made fort adjutant, and subsequently, after the march of the corps to Kamptee,

quarter-master and adjutant to the Madras Europeans. In this last position he had many opportunities for showing both his soldierly and his humanitarian qualities, and devoted himself with the zeal of a reformer to improving in every way the condition of the soldiery under his charge.

"He had," says Sir John Kaye, "the tenderest regard for the best interests of his men; and strove with all his might to reform their habits by instituting a better system of internal economy than that which in those days commonly obtained in our army. He did, indeed, almost all that, in these latter times, our Sanitary Commissions are wont to recommend for the improvement of the health, the happiness, and the moral character of the soldier. Whilst subjecting to proper regulations the sale of intoxicating liquors to the European soldier, he endeavoured to withdraw the ordinary inducements and temptations to hard drinking which too commonly beset him. By providing him with healthy occupation and harmless amusement he did much to improve the morality and the efficiency of the regiment. Adult schools and workshops were established; athletic exercises of different kinds were promoted; and in all these things the personal encouragement and example of Lieutenant Neill did much to secure their success."

In the year 1835 Neill married Isabella, a daughter of Colonel Wade, of the 5th Bengal Cavalry, and two years later obtained leave of absence on the score of health and returned to England for a time. The Afghan war breaking out, Neill curtailed his leave, returned to India, and offered himself for active service. Failing of this, he accepted the appointment of assistant adjutant-general of the ceded districts, offered him at the instance of his friend Sir Robert Dick; and while holding this office wrote the history of his regiment, which was published in 1843: an admirable record of the movements and achievements of the regiment from the time of its formation. For the efficient discharge of the duties of his office he frequently received the thanks of his general; and had he been content with the round of clerical service which he discharged with so much honour to himself and satisfaction to

his superiors, he would certainly have risen to the head of his department.

On the outbreak of the second Burmese war, Neill rejoined his regiment and was appointed adjutant-general of the Madras troops, under Sir Scudamore Steel. In Burmah he had many opportunities for showing that self-reliance and independence of judgment which go so far to make a man master of a situation, but which are apt to cause friction when not subordinated to strict military discipline. "There was no time to refer matters," he wrote of this period, "and no one to act, so I set to work and did everything, issuing the usual orders as from Sir John Cheape, and he was very much pleased that everything was well done." And again when invalided home he wrote:—

"I have been very fortunate in all my proceedings in Burmah, have given satisfaction to the governor-general, and have been much flattered by his conduct towards me. Had it been possible for me to remain there, I should have either been at the head of the staff or in some important appointment. I have fortunately had much to do, requiring me to act at once and with decision during the absence of Sir J. Cheape, and I have been lucky enough to do what was right."

Of his zeal for the interests of his men he gives a striking illustration in his correspondence, thus quoted by Sir John Kaye:—

"I have had a shindy with the Commissariat Department, who are attempting to dodge our European soldiers out of European boots and blankets. . . . I have had a wiggling from the commander-in-chief expressing his Excellency's disapprobation of my reflecting on the commissariat. However, as the want of the European boots and blankets—both of which have been ordered by the Government, and have not been supplied by their servants—will cause sickness and mortality among our European troops (indeed, has already caused it), and destroys their efficiency, and as the governor-general is most anxious for the comfort and welfare of the European soldiers, I have taken the liberty of handing up the whole

matter to his lordship, and I have no doubt 'he will know the reason why' these things are not supplied. I have been thoroughly disgusted with the indifference evinced on these important subjects, and have not as yet stuck at a trifle in obtaining redress and getting things put to rights."

But Neill had not been long in Burmah before he was struck down with brain fever, and for some time he was not expected to recover. In a state of partial convalescence, however, he was placed upon a screw steamer homeward bound, and by the month of June 1854 he was once more in his native land. Events followed rapidly in the fifties, and before he had been home long the Russian War broke out: General Vivian, who had been adjutant-general of the Madras army, was appointed to command the Anglo-Turkish force, and Colonel Neill was placed second in command.

In Turkey Neill's first charge was a division in camp at Bayukdere on the Bosphorus, a division which he soon brought to a high state of efficiency; but he was wanted for other and less pleasant duty, and, summoned to the embassy by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, he was employed on an inquiry into the condition of the Bashi-Bayouks under General Beatson, men who had become insolent and insubordinate, and apparently quite beyond the control of their officers. Neill, who spared no one in his attacks upon incompetence and condemnation of inefficiency, made many enemies, and in the paper war which followed was involved in much trouble and annoyance. In the meantime Sebastopol was taken, the war ended, and Neill's fortune was cast in other fields. Disappointed as he was at being out of active service, Neill consoled himself with the satisfaction of having efficiently organised the contingents. His determination to have "none but men fit for the work" among the officers under his charge, involved him in many an unpleasant duty, but as he would not have hesitated to sacrifice himself in the cause of the service, he would not allow personal considerations to weigh in the case of others. "I have got, no doubt, into great disgrace," he wrote, "by being too strict. Twelve officers have been obliged to leave my division. I

went at high game, for one brigadier-general, three lieutenant-colonels, and three majors were among those who went very soon." Of the results he wrote with the greatest satisfaction. "I have seldom seen men who move better, and are more easily handled in the field; at ball practice they are first rate. During the winter, when we were several times threatened, the fellows turned out in the highest possible spirits. Whether the force will be kept up remains to be seen."

The force was not kept up, the Anglo-Turkish contingent was dissolved, and Colonel Neill returned home.

Neill spent Christmas 1856 with his family at Swindridge : and writing in his journal of the meeting of Christmas day said : "A happy family gathering of every member of it. Can we ever expect to meet again on another Christmas day?" Who could have predicted at that time that before another Christmas season should come round the Indian Mutiny would have cost England some of its best heart's blood, and that Neill would have been numbered among the slain?

On the 16th of February, 1857, Neill said good-bye to his family, and proceeded to London *en route* for India once again. Arrived at Madras he learned that his regiment had gone to the Persian Gulf, where Sir James Outram and Henry Have-lock were conducting the British expedition. On the 6th of April the Persian war came to an end, and hope of active service in that direction ceased; but Neill was consoled for his loss of opportunity by the intimation that he would have command of the regiment on its return, as the senior officer was to be invalided home.

Neill met the Fusiliers on their arrival at Madras, witnessed their disembarkation, and on the 28th of April took over the command from Colonel Stevenson. He at once set to work to establish a proper understanding between himself and his officers as to his plans for the comfort and efficiency of the regiment. The union of official firmness with brotherly feeling, so characteristic of Neill, was pathetically illustrated at this time, when he invited a young officer whom he "suspected of a dangerous addiction to strong drink" to live with

him, in the hope of helping him to avoid temptation. A fortnight later the Indian Mutiny had begun, and Neill had received orders to proceed to Bengal.

Neill lost no time in obeying the call to arms. Writing from Calcutta he says: "We embarked in excellent order early on the morning of the 18th, and arrived here on the afternoon of the 23rd. Our passage up was very favourable, until one of the boilers burst; but with no harm to any one, though it brought us down to half speed at once. I landed soon and saw the military secretary to Government, and the deputy quarter-master-general, and made all arrangements to start off the men I had brought up, by steamers to Benares. However, next day there was a change. Only one hundred and thirty men went up the country by steamer, and the rest I am starting off by train."

As already stated in the story of the saving of Benares, Neill had to overcome some civil opposition before he encountered military hostility. As the incident was eminently characteristic it is worth recording here, especially, as thanks to Sir John Kaye, we are able to give the story in Neill's own words.

"The terminus," wrote Neill, "is on the bank of the river, almost opposite the Fort, at Howrah. There is a landing-place and jetty. The train was to start at 8.30 P.M. My men were all on board flats in the river, where they were cool and comfortable, and out of the way of mischief. When a party of a hundred men were intended to go by train, the flat on which they were was hauled in to the jetty. On the night on which the second party left, the flat was hauled in, but there was a squall and consequent delay. The railway people on shore gave no assistance. As we neared the jetty, a jack-in-office station-master called out to me very insolently that I was late, and that the train would not wait for me a moment. He would send it off without me. A little altercation ensued. Our men were landed by their officers and went, making the best of their way up to the carriages. The fellow was still insolent, and threatened to start the train; so I put him under

charge of a sergeant's guard, with orders not to allow him to move until I gave permission. The other officials were equally threatening and impertinent. One gentleman told me that I might command a regiment, but that I did not command them; they had authority there, and that he would start the train without my men. I then placed a guard over the engineer and stoker, got all my men safely into the train, and then released the railway people. Off went the train—only ten minutes after time. . . . I told the gentlemen that their conduct was that of traitors and rebels, and fortunate it was for them that *I* had not to deal with them. The matter has been brought to the notice of Government. I have heard nothing more than that Lord Canning thinks I did what was right; and the railway people are now most painfully civil and polite. It is given out that there was never an instance known of the railway officials being interfered with, far less made prisoners, except once in Ireland, in the Smith O'Brien affair by Sir E. Blakeney."

Neill, having despatched his men, proceeded himself by horse dawk with all speed to Benares, arriving there on the 3rd of June. At Benares he found Brigadier Ponsonby in command with a hundred and twenty men of the 10th Foot, and thirty European artillery men with three guns, besides a hundred of his own men, who had arrived before him. Ponsonby had arranged to disarm the 37th Sepoy Regiment on the 5th inst., but Neill urged immediate action, and Ponsonby agreed to an afternoon parade. The plan was to surprise the 37th in their lines, and compel them to give up their arms; in doing which the Europeans were to be assisted by the Sikhs and the irregular cavalry. The Sikhs were unfortunately not up to time, and the 37th opened fire upon the European troops, creating a confusion which resulted in a misunderstanding, either with, or on the part of the Sikhs, who, on arrival, either attacked or were attacked by the Europeans. Neill has been blamed for this blunder; but it must be remembered that he was not in command, and that at the actual time of its occurrence he was occupied in discharging a definite duty which he had

undertaken, and, of course, could not be in two places at once. He says :—

“I had arranged to clear the Sepoys’ lines ; that is, to drive them out, and follow them up to prevent mischief to the unprotected in the cantonment. I was just doing so, and had got my men into the Sepoys’ huts, when there was an alarm about the guns. I was out of sight of them at the moment, but hastened towards them to see the Sikhs firing on our three guns, and our small protecting party of fusiliers advancing to charge them.”

This unhappy mistake cost the Europeans some loyal Sikhs, and did not tend to strengthen the loyalty of those that survived. A hundred of the mutineers were killed, two hundred were wounded, and the remainder put to flight.

Benares safe, Neill now turned his attention to Allahabad. As he could spare them he had already sent detachments of his little army forward in anticipation of his own arrival, and on the 8th of June, leaving Colonel Gordon in command of Benares, he followed in their wake. At Allahabad the 6th Regiment of Sepoys had mutinied and killed nearly all their officers ; the gaols had been thrown open, and three thousand criminals let loose upon the city. The Fort was still in the hands of the Europeans ; but it was threatened from within and without, and, but for the timely arrival of Neill’s soldiers, might have succumbed. Neill himself arrived on the 11th, but the trying conditions of his march under the broiling June sun had almost prostrated him, and it was with great difficulty that he succeeded in getting into the Fort. In a letter to a friend, quoted by Sir John Kaye, he says :—

“I had to make my way in by getting a boat by stealth from the rebel side ; into this got my men. Fancy my walking, at least a mile, through burning river-sand ; it nearly killed me. I only lived by having water dashed over me. When I got into the open boat, my umbrella was my only covering : two of our lads died of sunstroke in the boat : how I escaped is one of the greatest mercies. I found all wrong here : the Europeans almost cheered me when I came in.

The salute of the sentries at the gate was, 'Thank God, sir, you'll save us yet.' I set to work, and thrashed the fellows from about the place; the heat was terrific. I could only send my troops, for I could not accompany them, though much required, but I sat more dead than alive in a choultry, where I could see and direct. God prospered us, and after four days the fellows took alarm." Writing to his wife, he says:—"I was quite done up by my dash from Benares, and getting into the Fort in that noonday heat. I was so exhausted for days that I was obliged to lie down constantly. I could only stand up for a few minutes at a time, and when our attacks were going on I was obliged to sit down in the batteries and give my orders and directions."

Weak as he was, Neill set himself with characteristic energy to deal with the difficulties of his surroundings, and, as recorded in the story of Allahabad, recovered the bridge of boats, drove the mutineers out of the adjacent villages, and removed the suspected natives from the Fort. The confidence inspired by Neill's presence here was well expressed by Lord Canning at the time. "Colonel Neill," he wrote, "with nearly three hundred European Fusiliers, is established in it, and that point, the most precious in India at this moment, and for many years the most neglected, is safe, thank God!"

In July 1857 Havelock arrived at Allahabad, and, holding superior rank, superseded Neill. He had received instructions to proceed to the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow, and Neill was appointed his second in command. The terms of this appointment were in the highest degree flattering to Neill. Writing of the occasion he says: "On the 15th of July I received a telegram from the chief praising General Havelock for his victories at Fattehpoore, etc., which I was requested to communicate to him. With this came also the following:—'But his health is not strong, and the season is very trying; it is urgently necessary, therefore, that provision should be made for placing the command of the column in tried hands of known and assured efficiency, in whom perfect confidence can be placed, in case Havelock should become from any cause unfit for duty. You

have been selected for the post, and accordingly you will proceed with every practicable expedition to join Havelock, making over the command of Allahabad to the next senior officer.' ”

Neill's association with Havelock brought out some characteristic traits of both men. “I had hardly seen General Havelock,” says Neill, “before he said to me :—‘ Now, General Neill, let us understand each other : you have no power or authority here whilst I am here, and you are not to issue a single order.’ ”

Havelock knew his man. The self-reliance and independence of judgment which had already more than once brought Neill into conflict with authority were not unknown to Havelock, who, while esteeming Neill's high qualities, felt it best to let him know at once that while he held the command he meant to be master of the forces:

The story of the march to Cawnpore and the defeat of Nana Sahib is told elsewhere, as also is the story of the terrible retribution effected by Neill when left in charge of that city. A characteristic incident which occurred at this time must not be omitted here. Havelock, under circumstances fully described in the story of his first Campaign for the relief of Lucknow, had determined to fall back on Mungulwar, and having done so had sent the sick and wounded on to Cawnpore with a letter to Neill explaining his reasons for so doing. Neill's fiery spirit was at once aroused, and on the 1st of August he sent the following letter to his chief:—

“ MY DEAR GENERAL,—I late last night received yours of 5 P.M. yesterday. I deeply regret that you have fallen back one foot. The effect on our *prestige* is very bad indeed. Your camp was not pitched yesterday, before all manners of reports were rife in the city—that you had returned to get some guns, having lost all that you took away with you. In fact, the belief among all is, that you have been defeated and forced back. It has been most unfortunate your not bringing back any of the guns captured from the enemy. The natives will not believe that you have captured one. The effect of your

retrograde movement will be very injurious to our cause everywhere, and bring down upon us many who would otherwise have held off or even sided with us. . . . You talk of advancing as soon as the reinforcements reach you. You require a battery and a thousand European infantry. As regards the battery, half of Olpherts's will be in this morning. The other half started yesterday or to-day from Allahabad. This will detain you five or six days more. As for the infantry you require, they are not to be had, and if you are to wait for them Lucknow will follow the fate of Cawnpore. Agra will be invested. This place also. The city will be occupied by the enemy. I have no troops to keep them out, and we shall be starved out. You ought not to remain a day where you are. When the iron guns are sent to you—also the half battery of artillery, and the company of the 84th escorting it—you ought to advance again and not halt until you have rescued, if possible, the garrison of Lucknow."

That Havelock was right in falling back under the circumstances there is now no possible doubt, and though Neill did not survive the campaign, he lived long enough to see, and was wise enough to admit that the policy of his chief was fully justified by events. In the meantime Havelock was not the man to accept such a reproof from a subordinate without reply, and in due course Neill received an answer, which included the following rebuke:—

"There must be an end to these proceedings at once. I wrote to you confidentially on the state of affairs. You send me back a letter of censure of my measures, reproof and advice for the future. I do not want and will not receive any of them from an officer under my command, be his experience what it may. Understand this distinctly, and that a consideration of the obstruction that would arise to the public service at this moment alone prevents me from taking the stronger step of placing you under arrest. You now stand warned. Attempt no further dictation."

Sir James Outram now arrived at Cawnpore, and in terms recorded elsewhere, waived his seniority in favour of Havelock,

until the relief of Lucknow should be effected. On the 19th of September the forces crossed the Ganges for Havelock's second march to the relief of Lucknow, the record of which will be found in the story of that campaign. Neill had command of the right brigade, which included the Fusiliers, who were so proud of him, and of whom he was so proud.

On the 23rd of September the brigade came up with the outposts of the enemy, and Neill had a narrow escape from a round shot which passed within a few inches of him. "We drove the enemy back to about a mile beyond the Alum Bagh," says an officer of his staff, "and as it was then getting late, and it was evident that the force could not enter Lucknow that evening, we retired and took up a position close to and in the Alum Bagh. The dear general's brigade was on the Lucknow side of the Alum Bagh, and close to the enclosure wall. The whole ground was ankle-deep in mud; and now, to complete our *comforts* for the night, the rain, which had kept off the whole day, now came down in a perfect deluge, but the shower did not last more than an hour. We had no baggage up, and nothing to eat. After taking up our position for the night, the general's first thought was for the comfort of his men, and he sent me to General Havelock to ask for orders for the issue of an extra dram, which was accordingly served out.

"About seven or eight o'clock," continues the narrator, "some of our things began to arrive, and a chair and a small charpoy had been got out of a few huts that were near; but the general's servant did not come up with a change of clothes for him and Spurgin, and I could not persuade him to take some of our dry things which had come up. He would not use the charpoy either, but insisted on my having it; and I did occupy one end of it (it was only about five feet long), and left the other for him in case he should change his mind. Some one lent him a good thick blanket, and he sat on the chair with his feet up on the charpoy, and the blanket over his head and shoulders, and spent the whole night in that way."

The 24th of September was devoted to rest, and the force

retired to a place about a thousand yards in the rear, where it was out of the range of the enemy's guns. "About eight o'clock on the 25th," says the officer already quoted, "we marched, the first brigade in advance. The dear general was near the head of the 5th Fusiliers. The road was lined with trees on either side, whose branches met across, and there was such a crush and confusion in the road caused by men and bullocks and horses, and branches of trees struck down by the round shot and grape and musketry, in a perfect storm of which we now were, that there was difficulty in making one's way to the front."

Of the capture of the Char Bagh bridge at the point of the bayonet by the Madras Fusiliers, headed by Neill, and of the subsequent march of nearly two miles along the banks of the canal, and on to the Secunder Bagh, where they turned sharp to the left in a direct line for the Residency, about two miles distant, the story has been already told; but as this was the last march of General Neill, at the risk of repetition we must follow him to the close. While traversing the road running parallel with the river Goomtee, Neill was frequently cheered by his men, and more than once expressed his gratitude for deliverance from death, especially at a time when his horse was killed under him. The narrative of the staff officer, which, thanks to Sir John Kaye, we are able to quote, gives an interesting account of this fatal march. He says:—

"We were riding quietly along the road at the head of the men, admiring the beauty of some of the buildings, and of the country on the other side of the Goomtee, when some guns from that very side suddenly opened on us, and at the same time a sharp fire of muskets from the building known as the 'Mess House,' and from the Kaiser Bagh walls on our left, and two or three guns also kept firing at us from one of the gates of the Kaiser Bagh. The Mess House was within one hundred yards of us. It is an upper-storied house with a turret at each corner, and shots poured out at every window and opening, and our musketry fire could not keep down theirs, and we had not time to wait and storm the house, for

it was most essential that relief should reach the garrison that very night, so we were just obliged to push on. The general had two or three rounds fired into the house from one of the guns, which caused their musketry fire to cease for a short time. We then got into a walled enclosure, and rested for a little, and allowed the troops to close up. The general dismounted and sat down, and we had a cigar, I think, and some tea or something to drink. We then started again, and had to go along a lane, and then through what had been the compound of an officer's bungalow. All this time we were concealed from the enemy's view, but at the end of the compound we had to come out on to one of the main roads, fully exposed to the Kaiser Bagh, and several large mosques and buildings, and for about two hundred yards we had to go through an incessant storm of bullets, grape, etc., to which what we had been exposed to in the morning was not to be compared in fierceness. Men were cut down on all sides, and how any single one escaped was perfectly miraculous. At the end of the two hundred yards we got behind the shelter of a large house, which was immediately occupied by the Madras Fusiliers, who, by the general's order, tried hard to keep down the musketry fire from the mosque behind; but it wasn't until after repeated discharges from our guns that it was even partially silenced."

But the end was approaching. Neill had now reached within a few hundred yards of the gate of the Residency and was directing his men through a courtyard, "which," says the same officer, "had flat-roofed houses on either side and at the far end, with an archway in the middle of the far end, under which we had to go. The general was sitting on his horse quite coolly, giving his orders and trying to prevent too hasty a rush through the archway, as one of the guns had not yet been got out of the lane where we had been halting. He sent me back to see what was the delay in getting the gun on; and these were the last words I heard him utter, as I rode off immediately to the lane, and in about three minutes returned with the gun, when, to my great grief and horror, I was told

that he was no more. He had been shot in the head by a marksman from above the archway he had hoped to pass." So died at the early age of forty-seven years one of the bravest, noblest, and best of soldiers.

Neill's body was placed upon a gun-waggon by reverent and loving hands, and at daybreak on the 26th of September was followed into the Residency with throbbing hearts and weeping eyes. The churchyard was so exposed to the fire of the enemy that it was dangerous to enter it in the daytime, and though the Rev. J. P. Harris, the chaplain of the Residency, who had read the funeral service over Henry Lawrence, and many another hero during the terrible siege, offered to conduct the funeral at any time, it was decided to wait until the evening for the interment, when, with "his ruzaie wrapped about him," and every demonstration of grief and affection, he was laid in a soldier's grave.

Lord Canning said of him : " In the great struggle in which the best and bravest of men of any age or country would have been proud to bear a part, there was no leader more reliable, no soldier more forward than Neill," and those that came under the spell of his personality found him as good as he was great, a man uniting in a rare degree public zeal and private virtue.

SOME HEROES OF THE MEDICAL STAFF.

WHEN, late in the evening of the 25th of September, Havelock entered Lucknow, he was by the rapidity of his advance compelled to leave behind him under an escort a considerable number of wounded in the streets near to the Mootee Mahul. During the night of the 25th the hospital litters escaped the notice of the Sepoys. On the morning of the 26th Colonel Campbell, of the 90th Regiment, placed the care of the wounded under the charge of Dr. Anthony Dickson Home, while Mr. Thornhill, whose wife was cousin to Lieutenant H. M. Havelock, who was then among the wounded, undertook to guide them to the Residency by a way screened in all but two places from the enemy's fire.

But Mr. Thornhill missed his way, and instead of leading the party by a river path, brought them into a square—since named “Doolie Square”—which was lined with sheds, behind which the Sepoys in overwhelming numbers fired mercilessly on the bearers and the escort.

The bearers fell fast; some fled. But some remained true to duty and performed prodigies of valour. Private Henry Ward had charge of the doolie in which Lieutenant Havelock lay wounded. Many of the native bearers were flying, but Ward encouraged his men to press forward through the murderous fire. Just then Private Pilkington, one of the escort, was severely wounded, and in despair of being abandoned to his fate, sprang into the doolie where Havelock lay.

Ward had now two wounded men to care for—a double

burden. But by example, by threat, by persuasion, by his coolness under a withering fire, he succeeded in reaching the Residency with the overburdened doolie. For his gallant conduct, Ward, to whom Lieutenant Havelock owed his life, received the Victoria Cross.

When it was found that the doolie-bearers were dropping their burdens in the square, Dr. Home rallied the least injured of the wounded and as many of the escort as possible. Dr. Home has thus described this thrilling episode :—

“Mr. Thornhill having now discovered his mistake, had become greatly excited, and begged me to turn the doolies back ; but this was no longer possible. Dr. Bradshaw and my apothecary went back, and got the rear bearers to take their doolies up, and then returned and went along the river bank, and got safe into the Residency. These rear doolies were mostly those which had not yet been brought into the square. In rushing back through the archway to try and turn the doolies back, Thornhill was shot through the arm, and almost immediately after a second shot grazed his temple. Our position at this time was the following :—Between thirty and forty doolies were scattered in the street, in the square, and in the sheds on either side ; the bearers who remained unwounded were dispersed and hiding everywhere. Dis-mounted troopers of the enemy were entering the square armed with swords, and three sides of it were surrounded by the enemy’s musketeers and riflemen, pouring into us a deadly fire. I did not like to leave the doolies, and remained though the case appeared desperate.

“Seeing presently some stragglers of the escort, I joined myself to them, and we entered an open doorway in a house which formed the right side of the archway. There were present, including myself, nine sound men, two wounded officers, Captain Andrew Becher, of the 40th Native Infantry, and Swanston, 78th, and three wounded men : total, fourteen. At this time we were completely cut off. This was about ten o’clock. The mutineers having discovered where we were, were flocking round, and kept up a constant fire upon the

doorway. The only thing which checked them was the intrepidity of Private McManus, of the 5th Fusiliers, who kept outside the doorway, sheltering himself behind a pillar and managing to screen himself under that slight cover, from which he kept up for half an hour a constant fire on the assailants. He killed numbers of them ; and the fear of his intrepidity was so great, that he had at last often only to raise his piece to cause all the enemy to stoop, and leave their loop-holes. They now got a great accession to their numbers, and the noise they made was fearful. They kept reviling us ; and, indeed, we were so close that continually words passed between them and Captain Becher. The assailants kept pressing continually closer, and were then not more than twenty yards from us. They kept on saying, 'Why do you not come out into the street?' and their leader called on his men to rush on us, saying that there were but three of us in the house. To undeceive them we gave a loud cheer, wounded and all joining. We barricaded the doorway partly with lumber which we found in the house, partly with sand bags, to obtain which we stripped the dead natives close about the door of their waistcloths. The bodies of these natives about the doorway also offered an impediment to their making a rush upon us. From their position at this time the mutincers could fire freely on our doolies in the square.

"One of our number, Private Ryan, Madras Fusiliers, was in a sad way about the fate of Captain Arnold, of his regiment, who was lying wounded in one of the doolies near. He called for a volunteer to assist him in removing the wounded officer. Private McManus, 5th Fusiliers, instantly came forward, though wounded in the foot. We removed our barricade and the two rushed across the gateway, through the terrible musketry fire, and into the square, when they tried to lift the doolie, but found it beyond their strength. They then took Captain Arnold out of the doolie, and carried him through the same heavy fire into the house. The ground was torn by musket-balls about them ; but they effected their return in

safety, though Captain Arnold received a second wound through the thigh while in their arms. A wounded soldier was also brought in in this way, and he also, poor fellow, received two mortal wounds while being carried in ; the men who carried them miraculously escaping.

"Our situation at this time seemed to ourselves far from desperate. We thought that, by holding out for an hour or two, we were sure to be relieved by the rear-guard when it marched up to the Residency. In fact, we were expecting them every moment. We therefore kept up a very steady fire from the doorway and from the window that looked into the square. An hour passed away, and three of our men had received wounds which disabled them from firing.

"The conduct of Private Hollowell of the 78th was most splendid ; cheering the men, keeping up their courage, and doing everything to prevent them giving way, himself all the time firing most steadily, and constantly with effect. At length he killed their leader. The assailants, it must be explained, showed themselves only at intervals, when they would come forward as if resolved to make a rush ; but Hollowell always managed to kill one at this critical moment, which stopped them. At length he, as above said, killed their leader. He was quite an old man, dressed in white, with a red 'cummurbund,' and armed with sword and shield. Soon after this the noise in the street quite ceased. An occasional shot was fired at us, but the street seemed to have been deserted. Just before the leader fell the assailants stealthily pushed the door open, and fired into us through the plastered Venetian window ; but most providentially without effect. Stationing myself at that window, and looking through the hole blown through it by the musket-shot, I was enabled to shoot with my revolver, through the body, a man who came to repeat the fire. He staggered and fell dead in the doorway. At the same time Hollowell shot another man endeavouring to drag this one away.

"We now broke through this plaster which closed up the window, and got into the outer room. From the door we

could see that the streets were quite deserted, and there was no noise whatever. The bodies of several of our soldiers were lying without their heads in the street. About a quarter of an hour elapsed, during which not a shot was fired on either side; when suddenly one of the men called our attention to a dull, rolling noise in the street, which seemed to indicate that the enemy were bringing down a gun against us. I soon after saw some persons pushing a screen on wheels towards us, against which at the distance of a few yards a Minié rifle had no effect. This screen they pushed up against the door. We now retreated into the original room. The enemy now mounted on the roof, scraped through the plaster, and threw quantities of lighted straw down into the room. Soon the smoke became intolerable, and the building itself got on fire.

"Thus situated, we knew not what to do. Numerous plans were suggested and abandoned. At last we raised the three most helpless among the wounded, and dragging them after us, rushed from the back door which led into the square. We had only about ten yards to run when we got into the shed on the north side of the square. Here we found some dead and dying Sepoys. In making this passage Lieutenant Swanston of the 78th received a second wound, of which he died; and one of the wounded men was again wounded. We were now, including myself, six men capable of using arms, and four more of the wounded men capable of standing sentry. One end of this arched shed had a passage broken into it, and we were suddenly roused by two shots fired at us through this. After this we put one man to guard this entrance, and his presence there was enough to keep the assailants off. The fire of the enemy at this moment recommenced upon us through the doorways and numerous loopholes in the walls. From our first position in the house at the archway we had in a great measure protected the doolies; but now the enemy were able to come through the archway, and reaching the doolies commenced massacring the wounded. We were powerless to prevent this. The enemy crept up to them along the sheds, keeping the curtains of the doolies between us and

•them, and thus we did not see them actually doing this deed of butchery. They used swords. Had we seen them, however, we could have done nothing. One wounded officer, Lieutenant Knight of the 90th Regiment, was lying in a doolie. A sowar came up and was about to kill him. Knight sprung out of the other side of the doolie, and had instantly fifty shots fired at him, two of which struck him in the leg, making three wounds; but, despite of his wounds, he succeeded in distancing his pursuers who followed after him, and he joined the rear-guard, shot through the legs in three places. The enemy now dug holes in the roof of the shed and fired down on us. To avoid this we broke through a mud wall into a courtyard on the north side of the shed, where we providentially found two pots of water.

“At this time hope was gone. We saw plainly that we should not be succoured, and despaired; but broke through into the courtyard just to escape the imminent death which threatened us by the fire from the roof. The wounded with us were calling out to us to shoot them, for we heard the cries of the poor wretches across the square who were being inhumanly butchered. About thirty yards from the courtyard was the rear of a large building. Myself and another man crept forward cautiously and noiselessly to this wall. We found, about eight feet from the ground, an arched opening. Climbing on his shoulders, I managed to get inside this building and found a spacious courtyard looking into a garden, and, as I thought, a place to which we had been directed by Providence for our defence and preservation. The walls were thick, the doorways few. I advanced a few feet into this building, but dared go no further. I beckoned to the rest to come; but there being some hesitation we were discovered by the Sepoys on the roof, and fired upon. We now retreated back again into the first shed where the enemy had pierced the roof, carrying with us the water.

“It was now nearly dark, and we made our preparations for relief of sentries. Nine men were told off in three reliefs, giving three sentries, and we clustered close round the doorway.

It soon became dark, and the scene baffles description. Here we were in the shed. Lying near us were dead men of the enemy, a dead horse shot that morning—dead and living huddled together; and our own wounded, some of them delirious; the enemy on the roof over our heads pacing backwards and forwards, their footfall being distinctly audible, and enemies all round us. All hope of relief had long left us, and we were merely, as we thought, clinging together in desperation. The intolerable thirst and the overstrained excitement of the whole day began about this time to overpower me, and I should not have cared at some moments to have been put out of suspense by death. Again the hope of life would return. The enemy now set fire to several of the doolies. We heard the moans of the unhappy dying men within them, but dared not communicate to one another that the horrid sounds had reached us.

“After our return to the shed the enemy altogether ceased to fire at us. Our own ammunition would hardly afford more than seven rounds to six men, and we wholly abstained from firing. In this condition we passed the night; frequently jumping up in alarm that the enemy was approaching, and then sinking to sleep from exhaustion. About 2 A.M. we heard a firing close to us, and a great rush of the enemy over our heads. We now felt certain that our situation was known, and that the firing proceeded from a party sent to our relief. To describe the revulsion of feeling is impossible. We raised a cry of ‘Europeans! Europeans!’ and then united to give one loud cheer, and shouted with all our might, ‘Charge them! Charge them! Keep on your right!’

“The firing suddenly ceased; and after waiting a few minutes we gave ourselves up to despair. A little after, rousing ourselves, we consulted as to what we should do. I proposed to the men, either to force our way back to the rear-guard or forward to the Residency. They agreed. But on creeping forward under shadow of the building I found a large fire burning in the archway, and great numbers of men clustered about it. Escape that way was impossible; whilst by the

way by which we had come we had to rush through the men who had just successfully repelled our own soldiers. To escape and carry away three wounded was hopeless. We resigned ourselves completely to our fate. A little after day-break we were roused by distant firing. This time it had no effect upon us. It, however, approached nearer and nearer, when Ryan, suddenly jumping up, shouted 'Oh, boys! them's our own chaps!' We then all jumped up and united in a cheer, and kept shouting to keep on their right. At the same time we fired at the loopholes from which the enemy were firing. In about three minutes we saw Captain Moorsom appear at the entrance-hole of the shed, and beckoning to him he entered, and then by his admirable arrangements we were all brought off safely, and soon after reached the palace with the rear-guard of the 90th Regiment."

Dr. Home, for his heroism, received the Victoria Cross. This was not the only occasion on which he distinguished himself; he had already rendered splendid service in the Crimean War, and subsequently took part in the New Zealand and Ashantee wars. He afterwards became surgeon-general, and was made a K.C.B.

Dr. Bradshaw, for his gallantry—striving in conjunction with Dr. Home to rally the doolie-bearers, who were leaving their burdens when the fire of the Sepoys opened upon them—also received the Victoria Cross. With a display of utter indifference to his own safety, he set to work to get some doolie-bearers together, and succeeded in reaching the Residency with twenty doolies, the occupants of which would have been massacred but for his bravery.

Two Victoria Crosses were awarded to the 78th Highlanders for their gallantry in defending the rear-guard after the passage of the Char Bagh bridge. One of these was bestowed by the universal acclamation of the soldiers on Assistant-Surgeon Valentine McMaster for the devoted gallantry with which he risked his life in binding up the wounds and securing the retreat of the men under his charge who were disabled by the bullets of the enemy.

Still another medical officer—Surgeon Jee—received the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in attending, protecting, and saving a number of wounded under his charge during the advance of Havelock's force. He afterwards became Deputy Inspector-General and was made a C.B.

It was the fortune of these brave men to be brought into that prominence which secured the coveted decoration. Not less noble were those—Fayrer, Brydon, Scott, Darby, Boyd, Bird, Partridge and others—who for months inside the Residency relieved the sufferings of the wounded and dying.

THE STORY OF SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

OF all our Indian heroes probably no one is more popularly known than Sir Henry Havelock, and of all the thrilling and romantic incidents which characterised the Indian Mutiny no one probably appeals with more interest to the public mind than the relief of Lucknow which he effected. He was wont at times to think that his services were ill requited : had he lived to realise the honours accorded him by public favour, his satisfaction would have been complete.

Henry Havelock was born at the residence of his father William Havelock, a Sunderland ship-builder, Ford Hall, Bishop Wearmouth, on the 5th of April, 1795. His mother, to whom he owed much for careful training and religious influence, was a daughter of Mr. John Carter, a solicitor of Stockton-on-Tees. Henry was one of four sons, all of whom entered the army, William, the eldest, two years his senior, serving in the Peninsular war and taking part in the battle of Waterloo. At the close of the century, while William and Henry were still young children, the elder Havelock gave up business and settled at Ingress Hall, Kent, whence the two boys, aged respectively five and seven years, used to ride pony-back to a private school kept by the Rev. W. Bradley at Dartford, about three miles from home. Henry's first decoration, which took the form of a black eye, was won in the defence of an even smaller boy against the attack of a school bully. From the school at Dartford both brothers passed to the Charter-house school, where they became boarders in the house of Dr. Raine, the head master, Henry being not quite ten years

old. While here he showed himself an admirer of the old-time discipline so irksome to most other boys ; which, obeying in his youth, and indeed all through life, he did not hesitate to enforce upon others when in positions of command. The religious principles implanted by his mother showed themselves in his consistent Christian conduct and his habit of retiring to a dormitory with three or four others like-minded with himself for the purposes of devotional exercise.

At the Charterhouse Havelock had for his contemporaries several who became famous in after-life—George Grote, the subsequent historian of Greece, William Hale, afterwards archdeacon and master of the Charterhouse, William, afterwards Sir William Norris, Queen's advocate in Penang, and Julius Charles Hare—among whom the gravity of his demeanour earned for Henry the nickname "Phlos," an abbreviation of the word philosopher. He studied well both from a sense of duty and a personal liking for acquiring knowledge, and became an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar. He was seven years at the Charterhouse, towards the close of which, in February 1810, his mother died, a bereavement which caused him much suffering for a long time. A year or two later his father's affairs became involved, and Ingress Hall had to be disposed of. This made it necessary for Henry to give up the idea of a University career ; and so, after leaving school in 1813, he was entered at the Middle Temple and became a fellow-student of Henry Talfourd, the author of "Ion," in the chambers of Chitty, the famous special pleader. After twelve months' devotion to the law his father withdrew his support, and Henry found himself alike without means and without occupation. From this delicate and difficult position his brother William rescued him. Although only two years his senior, William Havelock had entered the army at a time when active service opened the gates of opportunity very wide, and, favoured by the fortunes of war, he had already become known as "the fair-haired boy of the Peninsula," had won the favour of his chief, Baron Von Alten, on the field of Waterloo, and brought home a wound in proof of service.

His interest with Baron Von Alten, exercised on behalf of Henry, secured for him a commission in the "95th," afterwards re-named the rifle brigade, and in 1815, when twenty years of age, he was gazetted second lieutenant.

At Shorncliffe Havelock joined the company of Captain Harry Smith, from whom he received much kindness, as well as instruction in the art of war. He was a model pupil, and made the best possible use of his opportunities, studied military tactics, read military history, and familiarised himself with the plans of old campaigns. Captain Smith, who had proved his own worth in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, took a great interest in the young and earnest subaltern, and a friendship was cemented, honourable alike to both, and which long survived their military associations.

After seven years' service in the 95th, Havelock became tired of military routine as observed in the "piping times of peace," and sighing for more active employment, embraced an opportunity which offered for exchanging into the 13th Light Infantry, which was ordered for Indian service.

In January 1823, having attained to the rank of first lieutenant, Havelock embarked on board the *General Kyd* for Calcutta, whither his brothers, William and Charles, had already preceded him. Losing no opportunity for qualifying himself for his future sphere, he began the study of Persian and Hindustani before he left London, and *en route* for India formed a class for the study of the latter language among the officers on board, taking the lead himself, and enforcing by the power of his personality regular and punctual attendance. Among those with whom he formed friendships during his outward voyage was Lieutenant Gardner, under whose influence his early religious training bore Christian fruit, and to whom he always said he owed more than to any man he had ever known. At Calcutta he met Bishop Heber, and made the acquaintance of the missionaries at Serampore, in whose work he ever after took the liveliest interest.

Havelock remained at Calcutta for about eleven months, during which time, as after, he exerted himself in many ways

for the benefit of the soldiers of the line. He was in the habit of holding religious services with such of his men as chose to attend them, and lost no suitable opportunity of making his influence felt in favour of sobriety, purity, and other Christian virtues. Though suffering the sneers and gibes of those whose want of morality stood rebuked by his consistent Christian character, Havelock persevered until, like "Cromwell's Ironsides," "Havelock's saints" obtained an enviable reputation. "I wish to God the whole regiment were Havelock's saints," said Sir Robert Sale; "for I never see a saint in the guard-room, or his name in the defaulters' book." And again, when in Burmah the soldiers ordered for an attack upon the outposts were found to be under the influence of drink, Sir Archibald Campbell called for "Havelock's saints," for they were always sober, and Havelock always ready for any emergency. In this expedition the British forces were unaccompanied by a chaplain, and Havelock did his best to supply the need; thus heathen temples were consecrated to Divine service, and songs of praise awoke Christian echoes in the pagodas of false gods.

The first Burmese war began in 1824, and lasted about two years, during which the British sustained heavy losses by disease. Havelock, who accompanied the expedition as deputy-assistant adjutant-general of the head-quarters' staff, was invalided home to Calcutta for a time, but returned in 1825, and was chosen with two others by Sir Archibald Campbell to treat with the "Lord of the great white elephant" on the final settlement of affairs. He received a decoration from the King of Ava, by virtue of which he became a "valorous renowned Rajah," and on his return to civilisation wrote an account of the war, by which he is said to have made more enemies than money.

The beginning of 1826 found Havelock back at his regimental duties at Dinapore. A year later he was appointed adjutant to the depôt of the king's troops at Chinsurah, near Serampore, which brought him close to his friends of the Baptist Mission, a circumstance of great personal importance to him, for here, in the person of Hannah Marshman, daughter of Dr. Marshman

the missionary, he found a loving wife and a true helpmeet, whom he married on the 9th of February, 1829, after having formally entered the Baptist Communion. He was at all times a rigid disciplinarian, though never demanding from others an obedience which he was not at all times ready to yield to those in authority over him. Even his wedding was not allowed to interfere with his duty. A court-martial at Calcutta needed his attendance at noon; so he was married at Serampore in the morning, made a rapid journey to the metropolis for the court-martial, and then returned to the wedding-feast. Well might Lord Hardinge say of him, "Havelock is every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian."

In 1831 the Chinsurah depôt was abolished, and Havelock once more returned to his old duties in the 13th, moving with his regiment from Dinapore to Agra, and from Agra to Kurnaul. At this time he pursued his studies of Persian and Hindustani, qualifying himself in higher standards and securing thereby the appointment of interpreter to the 16th Regiment at Cawnpore. This office, however, he only held until an officer of the 16th qualified himself for the post, when he had to resign it to him and return to his own corps. "I have not a rupee in the world," he wrote at this time, "besides my pay and allowances, nor a rupee's worth, except my little house on the hill, and some castles in the air, even less valuable. Nevertheless, I was never more cheerful, or fuller of health, of hope, and of humble dependence on Him, who has so long guarded and guided me."

A year later he became adjutant of his own regiment, the 13th, an office which he continued to hold for nearly four years. In 1836, while quartered at Kurnaul, he sent his wife and children to Landour, a hill-station, where they had a narrow escape from a fiery death. The bungalow caught fire in the night, and two of the servants lost their lives. Mrs. Havelock escaped with her baby in her arms; but the child died, and the life of the mother was for some time despaired of. Havelock hastened to his wife's side and nursed her through the crisis, thanking God that though his loss was bad enough it was no

worse. Of the devotion of his men, this trial brought him touching proof—a number of them asking him to accept a month's pay in mitigation of his losses. The offer was of course refused, but the act was an everlasting memory.

In the year 1838, at the age of fifty-three and after twenty-three years' service, and several unsuccessful attempts to purchase his promotion, Havelock became captain without purchase; and in the same year the beginning of the war with Afghanistan opened up to him new opportunities of active service. Into the political merits of this quarrel we must not enter; the incontrovertible facts are these. Dost Mahomed was Ameer of Afghanistan, having made and held his position for twelve years by force of character and strength of arms. A certain school of English politicians suspected him of favouring Russian intrigue, and though Sir Alexander Burnes, as the result of a mission, declared him to be ready to form an alliance with England, consistent with the maintenance of British interests in India, and to decline overtures from other governments inconsistent with that policy, it was decided that Shah Soojah, who had been rejected by the Afghans years before, should be placed on the throne of Dost Mahomed by the force of British arms. To accomplish this and to relieve Herat, which was besieged by the Persians, an army of twenty thousand men was organised, ten thousand from Bengal, six thousand from Bombay, and Shah Soojah's levy of four thousand native troops recruited in India. The raising of the siege of Herat, news of which reached the army before it massed at Ferozepore, led the authorities to decide on leaving half the Bengal contingent behind as a reserve. Sir Harry Fane was commander-in-chief, and he placed the marching contingent under Sir Willoughby Cotton, who appointed Henry Havelock his second aide-de-camp. On the 10th of December, 1838, Sir Willoughby Cotton commenced his march to Cabul, and after four and a half months of weary pilgrimage, the forces sometimes wanting water, at others being short of food, and at all times tried by the severity of the climate, reached Kandahar. Sir John Keane, who had command of the Bombay troops,

having joined Sir Willoughby Cotton, assumed full command, Cotton taking charge of the Bengal Infantry division. After some delay at Kandahar the army moved forward, and after a journey of two hundred and seventy miles reached the famous fortress of Ghuznee on the 20th of July, 1839.

The capture of Ghuznee was effected by a brief and brilliant *coup-de-main*, which was described by Havelock as "one of the most splendid and successful attempts in the annals of the British in Asia." Akbar Khan, the son of Dost Mahomed, had charge of the garrison, and reconnaissance revealed the fact that he had built up all the entrances to the city except the Cabul gate. Keane, taking advantage of the darkness of the night, planted his field guns on the heights facing the northern side of the fort near the centre of which the Cabul gate stood, filled the gardens under the arch with skirmishers, and directed a party of marksmen to feign an attack on the southern side of the fort. Such was the darkness and the noise of the wind that this was all effected by three o'clock on the morning of the 23rd without arousing the garrison. The guns then opened fire, and shortly after the marksmen in the rear began to divide the attention of the garrison. A little later a dull booming sound and a column of black smoke announced the destruction of the Cabul gate. Durand and Macleod of the engineers had succeeded in crossing the bridge under cover of the darkness and placing nine hundred pounds of gunpowder against the entrance, in firing the train, and returning without injury. The storming column, headed by Colonel Dennie, now made for the breach and fought their way into the fortress in a manner described by Havelock as follows:—

"Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage, but the clash of sword-blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage; there was neither time, nor space, indeed, for regular street firing, but in its turn each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next,

which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half-pistol shot among the defenders. Thus this forlorn hope won gradually their way onwards, till at length its commander and their leading files beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two; and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne; and no sooner did those four companies feel themselves within the fortress than a loud cheer which was heard beyond the pillars announced their triumph to the troops outside! Sale, following with the main column, had a hand-to-hand fight with an Afghan, in which he killed his man but was himself wounded. The supports and reserves poured in; the gates of the citadel were carried; and soon from its summit British flags were flying. There was much hard fighting within the walls before the resistance was crushed down. Five hundred Afghan dead were found inside the place; outside many more fell under the sabres of Keane's cavalymen. Akbar Khan and fifteen hundred of his garrison were prisoners. A great booty of provisions, horses, and arms fell to the conquerors, whose loss in the assault amounted to eighteen killed and one hundred and sixty-five wounded."

On the 7th of August, 1839, the army marched into Cabul. Dost Mahomed fled, and Shah Soojah ascended the throne of the Ameers of Afghanistan. Havelock had the opportunity of remaining as *aide-de-camp* to Sir Willoughby Cotton, and as Persian interpreter to his staff. But he was in immediate want of money for the education of his son,⁹ and he had hopes of raising it by means of a history of the campaign, for which he had made elaborate notes; and so, returning to Serampore, he wrote his work and sent it off to London, where it was published in two volumes by Colburn.

June 1840 saw Havelock on his way back to Cabul with a party of recruits. He joined General Elphinstone, who had been appointed to succeed Sir Willoughby Cotton in command at Cabul, at Ferozepore, and became Persian interpreter on his staff. They reached Cabul early in 1841, and Havelock

soon became impressed with the gravity of the situation. The rule of Shah Soojah had never been in a real sense popular, and during 1840 and 1841 the Afghan chiefs were continually in revolt. To make matters worse, the subsidies paid to the chiefs of the Ghilzie tribes who held the passes open between Jellalabad and Cabul were reduced to half the agreed amount from motives of false economy, and the mountaineers who had faithfully fulfilled their part of the contract were turned from friends into enemies. To open the passes which were now closed against the English, the 13th Regiment and the 35th Native Infantry were dispatched under Brigadier-General Sir R. Sale, and Havelock obtained permission to accompany him.

Having entered the Khoord Cabul pass, Sale was attacked with so much vigour that, leaving an advance guard, he was compelled to fall back on Bootkhak and send Havelock to Cabul for reinforcements and supplies. On Havelock's return Sale forced his way through the passes, fighting his progress as far as Gundamak, where he received news of insurrection at Cabul, and orders to return immediately. The impossibility of returning through the passes was urged upon him by Havelock and the other officers of his staff, who at the same time advised the urgency of securing and holding Jellalabad as a fortified stronghold upon which the force at Cabul could retire on its way back to India. Sale acted on this advice, and on the 12th of November occupied the city and encamped under its walls.

The occupation of Jellalabad was a serious undertaking, but it was undertaken in all seriousness. The Afghans, who harassed its walls with their fire and even mocked the soldiery by dancing on adjacent hills to the music of the Scotch pipes, became so troublesome that on the 15th Colonel Monteath executed a sortie and drove them off with heavy loss. This done Captain Broadfoot with his engineers set to work upon the defences, until interrupted by the return of the Afghans, who were again driven off by Colonel Dennie, when defensive works were resumed.

But ominous news kept coming in from Cabul. The envoy had been murdered, and the Cabul force at the point of starvation had virtually capitulated. On the top of this an official order was brought in by three Afghans, bearing the signatures of Pottinger, as political officer, and Elphinstone as chief of the military forces, and dated the 29th of December, 1841, directing the brigade occupying Jellalabad to immediately evacuate and return to India, leaving their fortress guns and the stores and baggage for which they had not means of transport, and making all speed for the frontier. "Everything," said the order, "has been done in good faith; you will not be molested on your way; and to the safe conduct which Akbar Khan has given I trust for the passage of the troops under my immediate orders through the passes." A council of war unanimously decided to disregard the order, and the garrison of Jellalabad was enthusiastic in its determination to hold the place. Later communications described the helpless and hopeless condition of the British at Cabul, and then came the news that the cantonments had been abandoned, and that the fugitives, massed at Bootkhak, were threatened by the forces of Akbar Khan.

But the worst news was confirmed on the following day under circumstances which Havelock describes as follows:—

"About 2 o'clock on the 13th of January some officers were assembled on the roof of the loftiest house in Jellalabad. One of them espied a single horseman riding towards our walls. As he got nearer it was distinctly seen that he wore European clothes, and was mounted on a travel-hacked *yaboo* (hill pony), which he was urging on with all the speed of which it yet remained master. A signal was made to him by some one on the walls, which he answered by waving a private soldier's forage cap over his head. The Cabul gate was then thrown open, and several officers rushing out received and recognised in the traveller who dismounted, the first, and it is to be feared the last, fugitive of the ill-fated force at Cabul in Dr. Brydon. He was covered with slight cuts and contusions, and dreadfully exhausted. His first few hasty sentences extinguished all

hope in the hearts of the listeners regarding the fortune of the Cabul force. It was evident that it was annihilated. Countenances full of sorrow and dejection were immediately seen in every corner of Jellalabad ; all labour was suspended ; the working parties recalled ; the assembly sounded ; the gates were closed, and the walls and batteries manned, and the cavalry stood ready to mount. The first impression was that the enemy were rapidly following a crowd of fugitives in upon the walls, but three shots only were heard ; and when the effervescence in some measure subsided not an Afghan could be discovered. But the recital of Dr. Brydon filled all hearers with horror, grief, and indignation."

A few prisoners and some native stragglers were afterwards known to have escaped the general massacre, but with these exceptions Dr. Brydon was the sole survivor of the sixteen thousand persons who, on the 6th of January seven days before, had marched out from the cantonments at Cabul.

The position at Jellalabad now became one which severely tested the temper of the men who held it. Wild's brigade, which had been despatched from India for their relief, had found it impossible to penetrate the Khyber pass, and Sale knew that there was no hope of help in that direction. Then came the brief expressive note from Shah Soojah, the puppet of our own creation, but now the puppet of another power. "Your people have concluded a treaty with us ; you are still in Jellalabad ; what are your intentions ? Tell us quickly." To attempt to retreat through the Khyber pass would have been to court the annihilation which had followed the fugitives from Cabul. To hold on hoping against hope for succour from India or to treat with the Afghans for safe conduct to Peshawur were the only other alternatives open to Sale, and these alternatives divided his councils of war. In these discussions Havelock took part but had no vote, being a staff officer and attending in that capacity to take a record of the proceedings. Sir Robert Sale, and Captain Macgregor, the political officer in charge, had decided between themselves to make terms with Akbar Khan for safe conduct home, and

to answer Shah Soojah's letter with a promise to evacuate on certain terms. These proposals were now laid before a council of war, and long and hot discussions followed, in which Captain Broadfoot vigorously opposed the suggested surrender and was judiciously supported by Havelock. In the end the majority were in favour of capitulation under somewhat modified terms, and Shah Soojah was answered to that effect. The moral influence of Broadfoot, Havelock, and those who thought with them, however, began to tell immediately after the answer had been sent, and when the wary wire pullers at Cabul sent a second letter—"If you are sincere in your offers let all the chief gentlemen affix their seals"—a more independent spirit manifested itself, and Sale and Macgregor maintained alone the policy of *peccavi*. Under these circumstances the answer sent was not satisfactory to Shah Soojah's masters, and the negotiations ended. To the eternal honour of Captain Broadfoot this record stands, and to Havelock is due the recognition that Broadfoot did not hold out alone. Well might Broadfoot say of his staunch but unobtrusive supporter at this time: "Among our good officers, first comes Captain Havelock. It is the fashion to sneer at him; his manners are cold, while his religious opinions seclude him from society; but the whole of them together would not compensate for his loss. Brave to admiration, imperturbably cool, looking at his profession as a science, and, as far as I can see or judge, correct in his views."

The garrison were now cheered by the news that General Pollock, at the head of a considerable force, was on his way to their assistance, and though they knew that he could not reach them before April, and they were already placed on half rations, they kept up heart and courage. On the 25th of January Havelock wrote:—

"Our only friends on this side the Sutlej are our own and General Pollock's bayonets. Thus, while Cabul has been overwhelmed by the billows of a terrific insurrection, Kandahar, Khelat-i-Ghilzie, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad stand like isolated rocks in the midst of an ocean covered with foam, while

against and around them the breakers dash with wild fury, and the shrill cry of the sea-fowl is heard above the roar of the tempest. The heart of our garrison is good, and we are ready, with God's help, for a manful struggle, if the Government will support us with vigour. We are ready to fight either in open field, or behind our walls, or both. But in March we shall have famine staring us in the face, and probably disease assailing us. Our position is, therefore, most critical, but there is not, I trust, an ounce of despondency among us."

There was no chaplain at Jellalabad, and Havelock, as in Burmah, did his best to supply the place. On the first Sunday after the arrival of Dr. Brydon from Cabul, Havelock read the Church of England service in the presence of the whole army. Altering the psalm for the day he read the forty-sixth. We can well understand the emotions stirred in the hearts of all as with his fine powerful voice Havelock read the words—

(1) "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. (2) Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. (3) Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. (4) There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High. (5) God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early. (6) The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the earth melted. (7) The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. (8) Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth. (9) He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire. (10) Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. (11) The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

This psalm is a literal description of the position of the garrison at Jellalabad but for its allusion to the earthquake, and as if to honour the faith of its defenders, the earthquake followed, and on the 19th of February the ramparts were laid low.

The indomitable courage of Broadfoot once more displayed itself, and, to quote Havelock, "by the end of the month the parapets were entirely restored, the Cabul gate rendered serviceable, the bastions restored and filled in, and every battery re-established." Akbar Khan, who expected to profit by the earthquake, came up too late to take advantage of it, and though there was sharp fighting during the month of March it always ended in favour of the garrison. On the 1st of April a sally was made in which five hundred sheep were captured, and on the strength of the replenished larder Havelock counselled an attack on the position of Akbar Khan. It is said that Sale shrank from the responsibility, but when on the 6th of April Akbar Khan, either as a ruse to deceive others, or as a result of self-deception, fired a salute in honour of an imagined victory over Pollock's advancing forces, the senior officers of the garrison brought pressure to bear upon the commander, and it was resolved to attack Akbar on the following day upon a plan drawn up by Havelock. At dawn on the 7th of April three columns, numbering less than fifteen hundred in all, led respectively by Dennie, Montcath, and Havelock, who took the place of Broadfoot, wounded and *hors de combat*, and commanded by Sale, marched out of Jellalabad to attack Akbar Khan, whose forces were estimated at six thousand strong. By seven o'clock A.M. Akbar Khan had been driven from his position, Havelock and Backhouse had taken possession of the camp, and the Afghan leader, defeated and discredited in the field by the forces, he had so long blockaded, was in full retreat. A fortnight later the garrison welcomed Pollock's forces as they marched into Jellalabad, while the band of the 13th played the well-known air, "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming"; but, as Archibald Forbes puts it in his monograph of Havelock (Macmillan 1890), to which we are indebted for some of the facts of this narrative, "the garrison at Jellalabad after a siege of five months had wrought out its own relief."

Havelock accompanied General Pollock's forces to Cabul, went with Shakspeare to rescue the prisoners at Hindoo

Khoosh, and with Sir John M'Caskill on his expedition to Kohistan, and was virtual commander at the capture of Istalif, which consummated the conquest of the Afghans. Returning to India, the garrison of Jellalabad took the post of honour at the head of the forces, welcomed with much pomp and circumstance by Lord Ellenborough on the banks of the Sutlej. Havelock now returned to the command of his old regiment in the 13th Light Infantry, and spent some happy months at Simla with his wife, his sole reward for his splendid service in Afghanistan being a C.B.

In 1843 Havelock attained a regimental majority and was appointed Persian interpreter on the staff of the new commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough. Joining his chief at Cawnpore on the 23rd of October, he accompanied him through the Gwalior campaign which followed, was present at the battle of Maharajpore, for which he received a medal and was gazetted brevet-lieutenant-colonel. In the Sikh war which followed Havelock took part in the battles of Mudkee and Ferozeshah. At the former he had some narrow escapes, two horses in succession were shot under him; at the latter he lost his old friends and comrades, Sir Robert Sale, Major Broadfort and Sir J. M'Caskill. At the battle of Sobraon, which completed the conquest of the Sikhs, Havelock again lost a horse from under him, but with his usual good fortune escaped unhurt. His life seemed charmed. The English loss was two thousand three hundred and eighty-three, while that of the Sikhs was estimated at eight thousand. In this the first Sikh war Havelock learned many lessons in military art, lessons which stood him in good service in the Mutiny war of later years.

In the second Sikh war Havelock took no part. In recognition of his services in the first he had been made adjutant-general of the Queen's troops at Bombay, where a little later his old friend Sir Willoughby Cotton took command. Havelock had exchanged successively from the 13th to the 39th and from the 39th to the 53rd, and when this latter regiment was ordered for service in the Punjab he obtained leave from Sir Willoughby Cotton to join it. When half way on

his journey, however, he was recalled by order of Lord Gough, and Cotton was censured for allowing him to go without reference to his superior. But if Henry was not there William Havelock was, and at the battle of Ramnuggur on the 22nd of November, 1848, paid the penalty of his presence, falling mortally wounded when charging at the head of his troops.

Havelock had now been for twenty-six years in continual service in India, and for the first time began to feel his health give way. Under advice to take furlough in England, he wrote :—

“So far as will and duty are concerned, to England I should go. But as for the means of going, difficulties accumulate around me day by day. I shall not be out of the hands of Simla Jews before February next. The expenses of living and marching here, though conducted with the utmost economy, are necessarily heavy, and Harry and Joshua have to be provided for and educated. Moreover, I lost by fourteen hours’ illness my lamented horse ‘Magician,’ for which I gave fourteen hundred rupees last year on the Sutlej, and how he is to be replaced I know not. So that, if there were not an overruling Providence to untie knots, it would be Macbeth’s case: ‘There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.’”

Towards the end of 1849, however, he followed his wife across the sea, and once more visited his native land.

In 1851, leaving his family at Bonn in Germany, Havelock returned to his old post at Bombay. In 1854 he became quarter-master-general of the Queen’s troops in India, obtained his lieutenant-colonelcy, and brevet colonelcy, and later the appointment of adjutant-general. In the Persian war, declared on the 1st of November, 1856, Havelock took charge of a division of the force under Sir James Outram. After the capture of Mohumra, a strongly fortified town on the Euphrates, the plans for the storming of which were laid by Havelock, and approved by Outram, the treaty of peace signed at Paris on the 4th of March, 1857, brought the war to a close. On the 15th of May Havelock started for Bombay, which he reached

on the 29th, to learn that the Sepoy army had mutinied, and that Delhi was in the hands of the rebels. With such speed as was possible, Havelock made his way to Calcutta, suffering shipwreck *en route*, and reaching his destination on the 17th of June. He was at once chosen to command a column, and instructed to proceed to Allahabad, and to press forward to the relief of Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore and Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow.

Of Havelock's conduct of the campaign for the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow the story is already told. At Futte-pore, Aong, and Pandoo-Nuddee, he fought fierce and bloody battles, completing a series of brilliant engagements with the crushing defeat of Nana Sahib, and the capture of Cawnpore, too late, alas ! to save the ill-fated garrison. Then followed a second series of splendid battles, in which, always faced by enormously superior numbers, he was yet always victorious ; and then the equally noble and wise return to Cawnpore for reinforcements.

Arrived at Cawnpore, Havelock learned, as already recorded, that Sir James Outram had been appointed to the supreme command of the two divisions of the army operating between Calcutta and Cawnpore ; and that on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, killed at Lucknow, he had been made chief commissioner of Oudh. By these appointments Havelock was superseded, and but for the splendid self-abnegation of Sir James Outram, would have lost the honour of directing the relief of Lucknow. In a divisional order, issued on the 16th of September, the day after his arrival at Cawnpore, the text of which is given in the story of his life (p. 412), Sir James Outram paid a high tribute to the genius of Havelock as a commander, expressed complete confidence in his ability to relieve Lucknow, conceded his right to the honour of that achievement, and concluded by cheerfully waiving his rank for the time being, and offering his military services to Havelock as a volunteer. This magnificent chivalry cannot be too highly honoured. It would have been easy for Outram, had he been a smaller man, to have assumed command, and

reaped the harvest which Havelock had sown ; but he was a great man, and this was but one of the occasions on which he proved it.

The arrangement under which Havelock and Outram set out upon their march to Lucknow did them both great honour, but it also involved them in some embarrassment.

"No one can contest the noble and chivalrous feeling that prompted Outram's act," says Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, in his "*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*," "but the actual position and dilemma that resulted must be recognised. Outram's object was to ensure to Havelock the honour and credit and renown of the relief, but at the same time to do his utmost to aid him, and if need be, to sway him into adopting his own plans, thus fulfilling his own trust. Hence he never really gave Havelock a free hand ; while the keenness, persistency, and masterfulness with which from the first he pressed his own views and plans showed that, though giving over the nominal command, he expected his advice to be implicitly followed, and so to exercise the real guidance of the operations. Under the unique circumstances of the case it was practically as impossible for Havelock to contend against this as it was repugnant to his regard for Outram to question his views. The result was that much was done nominally under Havelock's orders which was not in accordance with his judgment and inclination, but for which the responsibility remained with him."

It cannot be doubted that with proper reinforcements Havelock would have effected the relief of Lucknow even without the assistance of his brilliant and chivalrous volunteer, and it is possible that had his original plan been carried out, it might have been effected with less loss of life. Mr. Archibald Forbes says in his monograph of Havelock (Macmillan 1890) :—

"Havelock's original scheme was full of promise. He had brought up canal boats from Cawnpore intending to bridge the Goomtee, and fetching a compass by its left bank to the north-west of the city, to have seized the bridges which were

close in proximity to the Residency position, so that he would have at once comparatively unhindered access thereto, and attain the advantage of being on the enemy's communications while not altogether forfeiting his own. This circuit, wholly through open country, he regarded as infinitely preferable to an advance by a complicated route through the streets of a great city seething full of armed enemies. And should the withdrawal of the Residency garrison appear practicable, he advocated the same route for the conduct of that operation. If Sir Colin Campbell had adopted Havelock's scheme of approach in the second relief operations, his force would have been saved its heavy losses. Outram overruled the project on the ground that the heavy rain had made the country impracticable for artillery; but its abandonment was a disappointment to Havelock. He subsequently wrote: 'I had hoped great results from this plan; but it was doomed never to be tried.' "

Once inside the Residency Outram took command, and during the seven weeks in which the new arrivals were themselves besieged, until in turn relieved by Sir Colin Campbell, devoted himself to improving his defences and driving the rebels out of the buildings in near neighbourhood of the Residency. Sir Colin Campbell attacked the city on the 16th of November, and Havelock's last military undertaking was that of co-operating with him in effecting the relief of the Residency, a duty which he discharged with his wonted ability and success.

On the 20th of November the withdrawal from Lucknow commenced, but Havelock was stricken down by dysentery, and had to be carried out and lodged in a soldier's tent. On the 22nd he got news from home which cheered him, but on the 23rd he grew worse, and his own feeling that the hand of death was upon him began to be shared by those about him. Outram visited him and received from him the assurance so often quoted, "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." On the morning of the 24th the march to Cawnpore began, and with

the sound of the advance the spirit of the noble Havelock passed away. He was carried in the litter in which he died as far as Alum Bagh, where he was buried in the enclosure under a mango tree, the bark of which was honoured with "his first curt epitaph, the letter H."

The news of Havelock's death was received in England, as indeed everywhere, with profound sorrow. His final honours came to him too late to cheer his dying hours. Colin Campbell told him that he had been made a K.C.B. ; but it was not until two days after his death that the honour of a Baronetcy and a pension of a thousand pounds a year was voted to him. His character was exemplified in his life and needed no exposition at its close, neither does it at the end of this brief and imperfect record of his career. In a letter to his friend Captain Broadfoot he wrote, when wanting but a few days of fifty years, "In public affairs, as in matters eternal, the path of popularity is the broad way, and that of duty the strait gate, and few there be that enter thereby. Principles alone are worth living for, or striving for." Loyal throughout his life to truth and duty, he added one more to the many proofs that history affords, that,—

"in our Island story,
The path of duty is the road to glory."

AT LUCKNOW.

I. THE BLOCKADE OF THE RESIDENCY.

THE heroic garrison had been relieved from imminent peril. But for the desperate rush of the Highlanders and the Sikhs, the tragedy of Cawnpore might have been re-enacted at Lucknow. Yet the position was critical. By the very nature of the struggle the relieving force had been scattered; the rebels had not been routed, but, despite unparalleled difficulties, a path to the Residency had been ploughed through them. The rear-guard, consisting of the 90th Regiment, had been left with two heavy guns, the spare ammunition waggon, and the wounded at the Mootee Mahul. Reinforcements were sent on the morning of the 26th under Colonel Napier—afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala—who had accompanied Outram as his chief of the staff, but from Outram's surrender of his command had until now been serving as a volunteer. One of the heavy guns had been left in the road in front of the palace gate exposed to a merciless fire from the enemy's riflemen. Every gunner who approached it was shot down, and the attempt to withdraw it was abandoned till nightfall, when Private Duffy of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, directed by Captain (afterwards General Sir W.) Olpherts, crept out and attached to the gun a drag-rope by means of which it was withdrawn from its perilous position. During the night of the 26th the whole of the rear-guard passed silently out of the Mootee Mahul, guided by Captain Moorsom, and reached the Residency before sunrise on the 27th.

The convoy of the wounded to the Residency was entrusted by Outram—who assumed supreme command on the 26th—to

Mr. Bensley Thornhill, who unfortunately led his charge into a *cul-de-sac* where the majority were foully murdered, an episode which dimmed the brilliancy of "The Relief," but which was remarkable for the gallantry of the medical officers.

With the exception of the detachment which had been left to hold the Alum Bagh, all the survivors of the relieving force had joined the garrison commanded by Inglis, who was appointed to the command left vacant by the death of Neill.

On the 26th the force at the Residency was formed into two divisions—one commanded by Inglis, the other by Havelock. The latter was entrusted with the task of expelling the enemy from the edifices, palaces, and gardens through which the relieving army had forced its way; this operation was completed in three days. "In those gorgeous palaces the men, who had so recently been exposed to the severest hardships, now revelled in the enjoyment of luxuries, and one of the most poetical episodes of this expedition is the picture which has been drawn of the rough soldier reclining for a time on silken couches, and eating his reduced and miserable pittance of food out of the most costly and magnificent china." Moreover, by the occupation of these buildings was obtained the sorely needed accommodation for the increased number of troops.

It was, however, becoming apparent that the relieving force, together with the original garrison, would itself require relief before it could accomplish its original intention of immediately withdrawing the garrison and the sick and wounded to Cawnpore.

With this view the provisions, the baggage, and the bulk of the ammunition had been left at the Alum Bagh, and the troops had pressed on with only three days' food. But the obstacles to the withdrawal multiplied daily. The relieving force had lost five hundred and thirty-five in killed, wounded, and missing; the number of women and children amounted to seven hundred, that of the sick and wounded exceeded five hundred. The opposition which the force had encountered in the final struggle had exceeded all expectations; notwith-

standing every effort, transport was unattainable. Even if transport had been forthcoming, to convoy the women, the children, the sick, and the wounded, with such a force through a country alive with rebellion would have been fraught with peril.

In fact, though the enemy had been driven farther back by the extension of the British position, Outram was blockaded in Lucknow. Till the 4th of October desperate sorties were made with little avail, but on that day Outram changed his plans, for he had just ascertained that by some strange misconception, the ideas about the exhaustion of the food supply were incorrect, and that food, however meagre, would be forthcoming for every one for some time.

Havelock had pressed forward desperately believing that the inmates of the garrison were starving, but when Colonel Napier, as chief of the staff, personally inspected the stores, it became apparent that the quantity of grain which had been stored by the foresight of Lawrence had been considerably under-estimated, owing to the severe illness of Captain James, the local commissary-general, and the flight of all the native subordinates with the records, and that four large storages—one of them, the plunge-bath under the banqueting hall—had been “over-looked,” or, at least, had remained untouched.

By great economy, therefore, the grain supply might last for some weeks, and Outram determined to hold the position with all his force and wait until Sir Colin Campbell could relieve him, as Havelock and he had relieved Inglis.

Meanwhile, the force that had been isolated in the rear at the Alum Bagh, though in a critical position, had escaped serious attack. They were, indeed, acting purely on the defensive, but when, on the 7th of October, they were reinforced by two hundred and fifty men and two guns from Cawnpore, their position was fairly secure.

The rebels, however, did not abandon the attack on the Residency. Cannon-shot were poured into the entrenchments, and mining operations were pursued with unabated pertinacity. The rebels had become very wary, and dug with the trowel

instead of with the pickaxe. They were not, therefore, heard till they were very close. Many of the underground galleries } were very long, and the foulness of the air made the work of the defenders as they worked and listened for the slightest sound almost intolerable.

But although relief was sure and there was no cause for real anxiety, the condition of the beleaguered was sufficiently wretched. Of wheat, there was ample ; but bread was unknown, for there were no bakers. Chupatties were therefore eaten as a substitute ; the flour thus prepared proved unwholesome, and diarrhoea and dysentery supervened. The lack of vegetables led to scorbutic affections which were common during the blockade. The relieving force had brought a large supply of rum, wine, tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco ; but these had been left at the Alum Bagh and could not be brought in. "We eat," wrote Havelock to his wife, "a reduced ration of artillery bullock-beef, chupatties, and rice ; but tea, coffee, sugar, soap, and candles are unknown luxuries. Since the evening of the 26th of September we have been more closely blockaded than in Jellalabad." The soldiers, who felt the loss of tobacco severely, stripped the guava trees and other shrubs of their leaves, dried them in the sun and used them as a substitute ; they were never off duty, but with stout hearts and cheerful faces endured the chills of the autumn air in their scanty summer clothing.

The most distressing feature of the blockade was, however, the state of the hospitals. The accommodation was limited and sickness widespread. Medicines were short, chloroform was wholly exhausted ; there was no sago, arrowroot, or tapioca ; milk was almost priceless, so that to prepare rations suitable for the wounded was impossible. The mortality was therefore terrible. Gangrene was common ; slight wounds proved fatal.

Thus passed the month of October amid much discomfort, but with little anxiety as to the final issue, as the approach of the second relieving force was imminent.

Under the superintendence of Colonel Napier, whose efforts

were nobly supported by Crommelin, Anderson, McLeod, Innes, Hutchinson, and others, all the enemy's efforts were frustrated. "I am aware," wrote Outram in his report, "of no parallel to our series of mines in modern war. Twenty-one shafts, aggregating two hundred feet in depth and three thousand two hundred and ninety-one feet of gallery, have been executed. The enemy advanced twenty mines against the palaces and outposts; of these they exploded three which caused us loss of life, and two which did no injury; seven have been blown in, and out of seven others the enemy have been driven, and their galleries taken possession of by our miners." In short, the engineers foiled the foe at all points.

Yet the tragedy of the situation was at times relieved by an element of the ridiculous.

"One of the greatest insults we received at the hands of the enemy," says Rees, "was their playing, on the opposite banks of the Goomtee, regularly every morning, and sometimes of an evening, all our popular English airs. We listened to the 'Standard Bearer's March,' the 'Girl I left behind me,' and 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' with any but pleasant feelings. The disloyal rascals had even the impudence to finish their music with the loyal hymn 'God save the Queen.'"

On the 10th of November Sir Colin Campbell with a thoroughly equipped force arrived near the Alum Bagh, which had for seven long weeks been gallantly held by the garrison left behind with such sagacity by Havelock. Sir Colin was, in fact, about ten miles from the Residency. Some days previously Outram had sent a collection of maps accompanied by a despatch indicating his ideas as to the route which it would be advisable to follow. But personal communication seemed essential. If some one from the garrison could reach Sir Colin and explain the maps and supplement them with local knowledge their value would be inestimable. The general could not ask for a volunteer for such a forlorn hope; the risk was too great, and failure meant death by torture. But a volunteer, Kavanagh, an uncovenanted civilian, presented

himself to the general so well disguised that he was mistaken by the staff for a native. "Mr. Kavanagh's offer was the more heroic, inasmuch as, of all the garrison, he was perhaps the most difficult man to disguise. Tall, taller than the ordinary run of natives, he was very fair—fair of a freckly fairness—and his hair glittered as gold. But, perfectly cognisant of these drawbacks to disguise, Mr. Kavanagh offered himself." After a series of perilous adventures he reached the Alum Bagh, and the garrison saw with delight the flag waving over the palace to announce his safe arrival. A semaphoric communication was at once established between the Alum Bagh and the Residency.

II. THE SECOND RELIEF.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S force was made up of two bodies of men, the gradual reinforcements from the direction of Calcutta, and the column from Delhi. The latter, consisting of eighteen hundred infantry, six hundred cavalry, and sixteen guns, was at first commanded by Colonel (afterwards Sir Edward) Greathed, and moved down the Doab, the land between the rivers Ganges and Jumna, in pursuit of the fugitive mutineers from Delhi. After victories at Bolundghuhur, Malagurh, and Aligurh, it moved to Agra, whither it had been urgently summoned. On the 10th of October he crushed the Indore mutineers, and turned towards Cawnpore, where Hope Grant took over the command; and reinforced by the 93rd Highlanders and a wing of the 53rd, he crossed the Ganges with the intention of reaching the Alum Bagh as speedily as possible. But he halted near Bunnee, six miles from the Alum Bagh, by command of Sir Colin Campbell, who having left Calcutta on the 27th of October, reached Cawnpore on the 3rd of November, where he remained for a few days to secure his communications, and came up with Hope Grant on the 9th of November.

The force halted for two days. On the afternoon of the 11th of November Sir Colin reviewed his troops. "Peel's sturdy sailors were there with their eight heavy guns." "There

were," says Holmes, "artillerymen clustering round the guns which had come battered and blackened out of the combats on the Ridge. There were the 9th Lancers, Hope Grant's gallant regiment, with their blue uniforms and forage caps encircled by white turbans. There were the Sikh cavalry, tall, dark men, with piercing black eyes and well-chiselled features, curled black moustachios and silky beards carefully combed, wearing blue or red turbans and loose fawn-coloured robes, carrying silver-mounted firearms and curved scimitars, and riding gaily caparisoned horses. Next to them, grouped round their standards, stood the 8th and 75th Queen's, whose wasted ranks and weary air told what they had suffered in the summer campaign, and the 2nd and 4th Punjab Infantry, who like them had followed John Nicholson to the assault of Delhi. All these, as the general rode past them, gazed at him silently and fixedly, as though trying to read in his face the quality of his generalship. But from the serried ranks of the 93rd Highlanders, who stood at the end of the line, there arose, as he came up to them, an enthusiastic shout of welcome; for they had learned to know his quality already in the Crimea."

On the following morning the column moved forward, and after a march of three miles, the advanced guard came within the rebel fire, but two of their guns were promptly captured by Lieutenant (afterwards General Sir) H. H. Gough—who for his gallantry on this occasion received the Victoria Cross—and after a dashing charge by the squadrons of Hodson's Horse, the troops advanced without further molestation to the Alum Bagh and effected a junction with the garrison there. Sir Colin spent the 13th of November in settling the details of his future operations.

The route which he selected, and which would obviate all street fighting, was a circuitous one round the outskirts of the city. Havelock's route from the Alum Bagh to the Secunder Bagh was, roughly speaking, the diameter of the semi-circle representing the route adopted by Sir Colin Campbell. The latter circled past the Dilkoosha Palace and the Martinière School, both held by the rebels. (*See plan, page 268*).

Leaving three hundred men to garrison the Alum Bagh, the army, now after successive reinforcements, five thousand strong, moved off to the right towards the Dilkoosha Palace. Here the struggle began. The first contest was short, for the enemy, taken by surprise, retreated towards the Martinière, which in its turn was attacked and taken, and both were held as defensive positions. The enemy retreated across the canal at full speed. During the pursuit Lieutenant (afterwards General Sir John) Watson of the 1st Punjab Cavalry encountered and slew with his own hand the leader of the rebel force. For his bravery—he was thrice wounded—he received the Victoria Cross. The troops bivouacked round the Martinière without tents and with their arms by their sides during the night of the 14th.

The following day was Sunday. Lady Inglis in her diary of the Siege of Lucknow writes :—

“ *Sunday, 15th.* Went to service in the morning. Sir Colin remained stationary. It was John’s” (Brigadier Sir John Inglis’s) “birthday, and in honour of the day we invited Captain Barrow to dinner, and actually had a fruit tart—an extravagance I should not have been guilty of had not our hopes of relief been very high. Johnny” (the four-year old son of Brigadier and Lady Inglis) “ran after Captain Barrow screaming at the top of his voice, ‘Come to dinner ; we’ve got a pudding !’”

During the afternoon a semaphore was erected on the Martinière, and signals were exchanged with Outram according to the preconcerted code, and to delude the enemy that the advance would be on the left, a strong reconnaissance was made on that side.

Early on the morning of the 16th the force crossed the canal—then dry—near the point where it joins the Goomtee, and advancing between gardens and buildings along the bank of the river without opposition, as the enemy had been misled by the reconnaissance of the previous day, and then made a sharp turn to the left on to a road which, turning again, runs between low mud houses for about one hundred and twenty yards parallel to the Secunder Bagh, an enclosure one hundred and fifty yards square with massive bastioned walls. Here two

thousand mutineers were caught as in a trap. But for some time the attacking force was broadside on to the overwhelming fire of the enemy, who fortunately, however, had no heavy guns. As Blunt with his horse-artillery brought up his six guns into an open space between the Secunder Bagh and another large loopholed building, he was met with such a terrific cross-fire that he lost one-third of his men. Travers followed with two heavy guns, which at length effected a breach in a corner of the enclosure which might be practicable to stormers.

Directly the breach was pronounced to be practicable the bugle-sound gave the signal for the assault. Adrian Hope's brigade had been ordered to lie down during the artillery fire under what shelter was possible, but at the sound of the bugle they rose to their feet, and the 93rd Highlanders under Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, with the 4th Punjabees under Lieutenant Paul, some men of the 53rd, and a battalion of detachments under Major Barnston, raced for the breach.

"It was," writes an eye-witness, "a glorious rush. On went, in generous rivalry, the turban of the Sikh and the dark plume of the Highlander. A native officer of the Sikhs, Subadar Gokal Singh, specially mentioned by the commander-in-chief in his despatch, waving his tulwar above his head, dashed on full five yards in front of his men. The Highlanders, determined not to be left behind, strained nerve and limb in the race. The officers led like gallant gentlemen, shaking their broad swords in the air. Two young ensigns springing over a low mud wall gave the colours of the regiment to the breeze. Paul with voice and accent urged on his wild followers."

The hole in the wall was only about three feet square and the same distance from the ground. A Sikh reached it first, jumped through it, but was shot dead as he did so. A Highlander followed, but met the same fate. A young officer of the 93rd, Richard Cooper, flying, so to speak, through the hole, was more fortunate. His jump into it was like "the headlong leap which Harlequin in a pantomime makes through

a shop window." He was immediately followed by Colonel Ewart of the 93rd, and about a dozen men—Highlanders and Sikhs. But the bulk, impatient of the delay which would be caused by jumping singly through a narrow hole, had turned off to force one of the gates, through which the 93rd and Sikhs dashed; the 53rd forced a barred window and joined in the rush to the rescue of Ewart, Cooper, and their comrades, who were found gallantly fighting against fearful odds.

The struggle in the enclosure was desperate. The rebels fought like men who had been caught in a trap. Quarter was neither given nor asked for. "Every room, every staircase, every corner of the towers was contested." The slaughter did not cease until the corpses of every one of the two thousand rebels lay heaped upon each other in the Secunder Bagh.

Sergeant Munro, Corporal Dunlay, Privates Mackay and Grant, of the 93rd, were awarded the Victoria Cross for their brilliant conduct in the enclosure; the three last-named entered by the hole in the wall and gallantly supported their officers. Grant killed five of the rebels with one of their own swords, in defence of an officer carrying a captured colour.

The Secunder Bagh had been captured, but still more desperate work was in store for the relieving force.

Along the road which must be traversed to reach the Residency was a small village; two hundred and fifty yards further on, and one hundred yards to the right of the road stood the Shah Nujeef, a large mosque, situated in a garden enclosed by a wall forty feet high, nearly square, and loopholed.

The attack upon the Shah Nujeef was the turning point in the campaign.

The guns of the Naval Brigade were brought up and opened fire, and a detachment of the 90th Regiment got up within fifteen yards of the main building, but the fire which streamed upon them was very fierce, and as no entrance could be discovered, they were compelled to fall back. For two hours the artillery thundered upon the walls and set fire to the buildings in front, but the return fire was deadly. The

enemy brought a heavy gun to bear on the Naval Brigade, and the musketry fire was so withering that the men had to be withdrawn from one of our guns. Men were falling fast: our heavy artillery seemed powerless against the massive walls from behind which the relief musketeers poured their merciless fire.

The position was critical. Retreat was impossible: the lane by which the force had come was blocked. Not that way did the path of honour and glory lie, but straight ahead, where their fellow-countrymen with eager, strained eyes were watching the path of the deliverers. Upon "the result of the desperate assault now about to be undertaken" depended "the fate of our Indian dominions."

Sir Colin therefore collected the 93rd about him, indicated clearly the danger, told them that he had not intended to employ them again that day, but that the Shah Nujeef *must be taken*, that they must win it with the bayonet, and that he would lead them himself.

Middleton's battery of the royal artillery and the Naval Brigade were ordered to get as close as possible to the Shah Nujeef and to open fire, while the 93rd formed in column ready for the attack.

Both batteries rushed through a deadly fire to obey their orders. One heavy gun was dragged up so close that its muzzle almost touched the walls, and the artillery men worked with redoubled energy. A storm of iron beat upon the massive walls, but with apparently little effect. There was a tree at the corner of the Shah Nujeef, close to the building, and Captain Peel offered the Victoria Cross to any of his men who would climb it. Immediately three heroes of the Naval Brigade—Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Nowell) Salmon, Lieutenant Southwell, and Harrison, a leading seaman—ascended the tree up to the level of the top of the wall, and from that position fired on the enemy. Southwell was killed, his gallant companions, though wounded, survived to wear the Victoria Cross.

Under cover of the fire from the guns the 93rd, "with

flashing eyes and nervous tread, rolled on in one vast wave," Sir Colin with drawn sword at their head. "Hope, too, with his towering form and gentle smile was there, leading, as ever was his wont, the men by whom he was loved so well."

Unchecked, but with diminished numbers, they reached the nearest angle of the enclosure. At the foot of the wall they halted; there was no breach; scaling ladders they had none. They commenced a musketry fire with the garrison, but the latter from their loopholes mowed down the gallant Highlanders and the officers. The Shah Nujeef seemed invulnerable.

Darkness was fast coming on; under volleys of rockets the guns were drawn off. To continue the assault that day seemed madness.

But Sergeant Paton of the 93rd (who received the Victoria Cross) had proceeded alone round the walls under a heavy fire, and returned to report that at a particular point on the opposite side there was a narrow fissure by which a single man might enter.

Adrian Hope, as a last resource collected some fifty men, and stole silently through the brushwood, guided by the gallant sergeant, to examine the fissure, which they reached unperceived. Through this, with some difficulty, a man was pushed. No rebel was near the spot, so others were helped up. The numbers thus obtaining an entrance soon increased. A body of sappers, sent for in haste, arrived at the double and enlarged the opening. Meanwhile Hope's party as they advanced, to their intense surprise, were almost unopposed; they gained the gate and threw it open for their comrades.

Panic-stricken by the apparition within the walls of some of their assailants, they fled just when victory was assured to them. "Never had there been a harder-fought day, but never was a result gained more satisfactory." In his despatch Sir Colin Campbell said of the struggle for the Shah Nujeef, that "it was an action almost unexampled in war."

The Mootee Mahul was the only position which now intervened between the relief force and Outram's advanced posts. But this was strongly supported and protected by the former

mess-house of the 32nd Regiment, of which the proper name was the Koorsheyd Munzil. The building, of considerable size, was surrounded by a loopholed mud wall, covering a ditch about twelve feet wide crossed by drawbridges. After a well-earned rest on the night of the 16th, Sir Colin directed the Naval Brigade to open fire with the heavy guns on this building. The fire continued from the early morning till three o'clock in the afternoon. The rebel musketry fire having been almost completely silenced, Sir Colin ordered the position to be stormed. The actual leader of the storming party was Captain (afterwards Lord) Wolseley of the 90th Foot.

Leading his men at the double through a hot fire, Wolseley reached the mud wall. Springing through a breach made by the heavy guns they dashed forward, reached the ditch, crossed it by the drawbridges which the enemy with incredible carelessness had left down, entered the house which had been abandoned, climbed to the roof, on the summit of which the British flag was planted by Lieutenant (afterwards Lord) Roberts. Twice was the flag struck down, to be instantly replaced. The stormers were now exposed to a severe fire, but on the arrival of the supports cleared out all the rebels, who fled to the Mootee Mahul.

Wolseley had no orders to attack the Mootee Mahul, but he determined to follow up the advantage he had gained. He therefore pressed forward, but found the wall so solid and the gateways so effectually barricaded that he had to send for some sappers. These, with considerable difficulty, made some narrow openings in the wall. Through these Wolseley and his force dashed, and after a desperate resistance—the possession of every room was contested—expelled the enemy from the Mootee Mahul. Thus the last building held by the rebels on the line communicating with the Residency came into British possession.

An open space still intervened between the blockaded and their relievers. To cross this space, which was exposed to a heavy musketry fire from the Kaiser Bagh, was perilous. But Outram, Havelock, and their staff, resolved to greet in person the

commander-in-chief. The party included Outram, Havelock, Napier, Vincent Eyre, young Havelock, Dodgson, the deputy adjutant-general, the aide-de-camp Sitwell, the engineer Russell, and the gallant Kavanagh. Four were wounded ere they were able to grasp the hands of their deliverers. Sir Hope Grant says: "Soon after we entered the Mootee Mahul, General Havelock came from the Residency to meet us, and I had the happiness to be the first to congratulate him on being relieved. He went up to the men, who immediately flocked round him and gave him three cheers. This was too much for the fine old general; his breast heaved with emotion, and his eyes filled with tears. He turned to the men and said, 'Soldiers, I am happy to see you; soldiers, I am happy to think you have got into this place with a smaller loss than I had.' I asked him what he supposed our loss amounted to. He answered that he had heard it estimated at eighty, and was much surprised and grieved when I told him we had lost about forty-three officers, and four hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. We went together (across the fire from the Kaiser Bagh) to Sir Colin at the mess-house. This was a very happy meeting, and a cordial shaking of hands took place." In returning across the terrible space, Havelock, now weak and ill, soon tired, and was obliged to proceed at a slow and measured pace, supported by Dodgson. The enemy's shot struck all around them, but none reached their mark.

On the following day, the old garrison heard that the position which they had so long and so gallantly defended was to be abandoned. Inglis pleaded that the English flag should be kept flying on the ruins of the Residency, and offered to maintain the position with only one regiment, if the sick and wounded, as well as the women and children, were removed. But the fiat went forth for immediate relinquishment. Sir Colin had always regarded the Residency as a false position, and he knew that his force would be required at Cawnpore. On the 19th the women and children moved out along a line which had been screened from the enemy's fire to the Secunder Bagh, thence in a continuous stream to the Dilkoosha. By

the 22nd the treasure, the food, the guns that had not been destroyed, in short, everything, had been moved out of the Residency without the knowledge of the rebels, who were preparing to repel an attack which was never delivered.

The night of the 22nd of November witnessed the departure the garrison. When the last soldier had passed Outram waved his hand to Inglis to precede him in departure, but Inglis stood firm, and claimed to be the last to leave the ground which he and his gallant regiment had so stoutly defended. "Outram smiled, then, extending his hand, said, 'Let us go out together'; so, shaking hands, these two heroic spirits side by side descend the declivity outside the battered gate."

The army concentrated on the Dilkoosha, where the gallant Havelock breathed his last, thence on the Alum Bagh where, in a humble grave, he, who had fought a good fight, and died as he had lived, obedient to duty's call, was laid to rest.

From the 24th to the 27th Sir Colin halted his army at the Alum Bagh, which he decided should be occupied in force by Outram and four thousand men in order to keep the rebels in check until he should be able to return and finally drive them out of Lucknow, and to proclaim at the same time that Oudh had not been evacuated. With the rest of his army conveying the sick and wounded he moved on to Cawnpore.

Thus was the gallant garrison of the Residency at Lucknow finally relieved and withdrawn, and the new position at the Alum Bagh, under Outram, substituted for it.

HOW KAVANAGH WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

IN order to ensure the success of Sir Colin Campbell's attempt to relieve Lucknow, it was most important that he should receive detailed information respecting its geography and environs. Some days previously, Sir James Outram had sent him a collection of maps, accompanied by a despatch containing his own ideas as to the route it would be advisable to follow. But something more was required—some one to explain the maps and to supplement by local knowledge the information which they yielded. So many native spies had already been captured by the enemy that an Englishman could hardly hope to elude them. It was impossible for a humane general to ask any man to volunteer for such a forlorn hope, when the penalty of failure would be death in some hideous and shameful form. But a volunteer did arise.

Among the uncovenanted civil servants in the garrison, was a clerk named Kavanagh—a man of great physical strength and iron nerve—who has given the following account of his exploit.

“While passing through the entrenchment of Lucknow about ten o'clock a.m., on the 9th instant, I learnt that a spy had come in from Cawnpore, and that he was going back in the night as far as Alum Bagh with despatches to His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief, who, it is said, was approaching Lucknow with five or six thousand men. I sought out the spy. He had taken letters from the entrenchment before, but I had never seen him till now. I found him intelligent, and imparted to him my desire to venture in disguise

to Alum Bagh in his company. He hesitated a great deal at acting as my guide, but made no attempt to exaggerate the dangers of the road. He merely urged that there was more chance of detection by our going together, and proposed that we should take different roads and meet outside of the city, to which I objected. I left him to transact some business, my mind dwelling all the time on the means of accomplishing my object.

"I had, some days previously, witnessed the preparation of plans which were being made by direction of Sir James Outram, to assist the Commander-in-Chief in his march into Lucknow for the relief of the besieged, and it then occurred to me that some one with the requisite local knowledge ought to attempt to reach His Excellency's camp beyond, or at Alum Bagh. The news of Sir Colin Campbell's advance revived the ideas, and I made up my mind to go myself, at two o'clock, after finishing the business I was engaged upon. I mentioned to Colonel R. Napier, chief of Sir James Outram's staff, that I was willing to proceed through the enemy to Alum Bagh, if the General thought my doing so would be of service to the Commander-in-Chief. He was surprised at the offer, and seemed to regard the enterprise as fraught with too much danger to be assented to, but he did me the favour of communicating the offer to Sir James Outram, because he considered that my zeal deserved to be brought to his notice.

"Sir James did not encourage me to take the journey, declaring that he thought it so dangerous that he would not himself have asked any offer to attempt it. I, however, spoke so confidently of success, and treated the dangers so lightly, that he at last yielded, and did me the honour of adding that if I succeeded in reaching the Commander-in-Chief, my knowledge would be a great help to him.

"I secretly arranged for a disguise, so that my departure might not be known to my wife, as she was not well enough to bear the prospect of an eternal separation. When I left home about seven o'clock in the evening, she thought I was going on duty for the night to the mines, for I was

working as an assistant field engineer by order of Sir James Outram.

“By half-past seven o'clock my disguise was completed, and when I entered the room of Colonel Napier, no one in it recognised me. I was dressed as a Budmash, or as an irregular native soldier of the city, with sword and shield, native made shoes, tight trousers, a yellow silk koortah over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown round my shoulders, a cream-coloured turban, and a white waistband or kumurbund. My face down to the shoulders, and my hands to the wrists, were coloured with lamp-black, the cork used being dipped in oil to cause the colour to adhere a little. I could get nothing better. I had little confidence in the disguise of my features, and I trusted more to the darkness of the night; but Sir James Outram and his staff seemed satisfied, and, after being provided with a small, double-barrelled pistol, and a pair of broad pyjamas over the tight drawers, I proceeded with my guide to the right bank of the river Goomtee, running north of our entrenchment, accompanied by Captain Hardinge of the Irregular Cavalry.

“Here we undressed and quietly forded the river, which was only about four feet and a half deep and about a hundred yards wide at this point. My courage failed me while in the water, and if my guide had been within reach, I should perhaps have pulled him back and abandoned the enterprise. But he waded quickly through the stream, and, reaching the opposite bank, went crouching up a ditch for three hundred yards to a grove of low trees on the edge of a pond, where we stopped to dress. While we were here a man came down to the pond to wash, and went away again without observing us.

“My confidence now returned to me, and with my tulwar resting on my shoulder, we advanced into the huts in front, where I accosted a matchlockman, who answered to my remark that the night was cold, ‘It is very cold; in fact, it *is* a cold night.’ I passed him, adding that it would be colder by-and-by.

“After going six or seven hundred yards farther, we reached

the iron bridge over the Goomtee, where we were stopped and called over by a native officer, who was seated in an upper-storied house, and seemed to be in command of a cavalry picket whose horses were near the place saddled. My guide advanced to the light, and I stayed a little back in the shade. After being told that we had come from Mundeon (our old cantonment, and then in the possession of the enemy), and that we were going into the city to our homes, he let us proceed. We continued on along the left bank of the river to the stone bridge, passing unnoticed through a number of Sepoys and matchlockmen, some of whom were escorting persons of rank in palanquins preceded by torches.

"Recrossing the Goomtee by the stone bridge, we went by a sentry unobserved, who was closely questioning a dirtily dressed native, and into the chook, or principal street of the city of Lucknow, which was not illuminated as much as it used to be previous to the siege, nor was it so crowded. I jostled against several armed men in the street without being spoken to, and only met one guard of seven Sepoys.

"When issuing from the city into the country we were challenged by a chowkeedor or watchman, who, without stopping us, merely asked us who we were. The part of the city traversed that night by me seemed to have been deserted by at least a third of its inhabitants.

"I was in great spirits when we reached the green fields, into which I had not been for five months. Everything around us smelt sweet, and a carrot I took from the roadside was the most delicious I had ever tasted. A farther walk of a few miles was accomplished in high spirits. But there was trouble before us. We had taken the wrong road, and were soon quite out of our way in the Dilkooshah Park, which was occupied by the enemy. I went within twenty yards of two guns to see what strength they were, and returned to the guide, who was in great alarm, and begged I would not distrust him because of the mistake, as it was caused by his anxiety to take me away from the pickets of the enemy. I bade him not to be frightened of me, for I was not annoyed,

as such accidents were not unfrequent even when there was no danger to be avoided. It was now about midnight. We endeavoured to persuade a cultivator who was watching his crop to show us the way for a short distance, but he urged old age and lameness; and another whom I peremptorily told to come with us ran off screaming, and alarmed the whole village. We next walked quickly away into the canal, running under the Char Bagh, in which I fell several times, owing to my shoes being wet and slippery and my feet sore. The shoes were hard and tight, and had rubbed the skin off my toes, and cut into the flesh above the heels.

“In two hours more we were again on the right direction, two women in a village we passed having kindly helped us to find it: about two o’clock we reached an advanced picket of Sepoys, who told us the way, after asking where we had come from and whither we were going. I thought it safer to go up to the picket than to try to pass them unobserved.

“My guide now begged I would not press him to take me into Alum Bagh, as he did not know the way in, and the enemy were strongly posted around the place. I was tired and in pain from the shoes, and would, therefore, have preferred going into Alum Bagh, but as the guide feared attempting it, I desired him to go on to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, which he said was near Bunnee (a village eighteen miles from Lucknow) upon the Cawnpore road. The moon had risen by this time, and we could see well ahead.

“By three o’clock we arrived at a grove of mango trees, situated on a plain, in which a man was singing at the top of his voice. I thought he was a villager, but he got alarmed on hearing us approach, and astonished us too by calling out a guard of twenty-five Sepoys, all of whom asked questions. Kunoujee had here lost heart for the first time, and threw away the letter entrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell. I kept mine safe in my turban. We satisfied the guard that we were poor men travelling to Amroula, a village two miles this side of the chief’s camp, to inform a friend of the death of his brother by a shot from the British entrenchment at Lucknow,

and they told us the road. They appeared to be greatly relieved on discovering that it was not their terrible foe, who was only a few miles in advance of them. We went in the direction indicated by them, and after walking for half an hour we got into a jheel or swamp, which are numerous and large in Oudh. We had to wade through it for two hours up to our waists in water, and through weeds ; but before we found out that we were in a jheel, we had gone too far to recede. I was nearly exhausted on getting out of the water, having made great exertion to force our way through the weeds, and to prevent the colour being washed off my face. It was nearly gone from my hands.

"I now rested for fifteen minutes, despite the remonstrances of my guide, and went forward, passing between two pickets of the enemy, who had no sentries thrown out. It was near four o'clock in the morning when I stopped at the corner of a tope or grove of trees to sleep for an hour, which Kunoujée Lal entreated I would not do ; but I thought he overrated the danger, and, lying down, I told him to see if there was any one in the grove who would tell him where we then were.

"We had not gone far when I heard the English challenge, 'Who comes there?' with a native accent. We had reached a British cavalry outpost ; my eyes filled with joyful tears, and I shook the Sikh officer in charge of the picket heartily by the hand.

"The old soldier was as pleased as myself when he heard from whence I had come, and he was good enough to send two of his men to conduct me to the camp of the advanced guard. An officer of H.M.'s 9th Lancers, who was visiting his pickets, met me on the way, and took me to his tent, where I got dry stockings and trousers, and, what I much needed, a glass of brandy, a liquor I had not tasted for nearly two months.

"I thanked God for having safely conducted me through this dangerous enterprise, and Kunoujee Lal for the courage and intelligence with which he had conducted himself during this trying night. When we were questioned he let me speak as

little as possible. He always had a ready answer ; and I feel that I am indebted to him in a great measure more than to myself for my escape.

“ In undertaking this enterprise, I was actuated by a sense of duty, believing that I could be of use to His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, when approaching, for its relief, the besieged garrison, which had heroically resisted the attack of thirty times its own number for nearly five months, within a weak and irregular entrenchment ; and secondly, because I was anxious to perform some service which would ensure to me the honour of wearing our most gracious Majesty’s cross. My reception by Sir Colin Campbell and his staff was cordial and kind to the utmost degree ; and if I never have more than the remembrance of their condescension and of the heartfelt congratulations of Sir James Outram, and of all the officers of his garrison, on my safe return to them, I shall not repine ; though, to be sure, having the Victoria Cross would make me a prouder and happier man.”

For this splendid service Mr. Kavanagh was made a V.C., and received substantial promotion.



SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

THE STORY OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM has been called "the Bayard of India," and of Bayard it has been said that "in him perhaps more than any other man we may see the realised ideal of chivalry, the combination of perfect courage, with entire unselfishness,—the utmost generosity and purity of life." India has developed many great characters, and to be called the Bayard of such a company is indeed high praise.

James Outram was born at Butterley Hall, Derbyshire, on the 29th of January, 1803. His father, Benjamin Outram, was a civil engineer of some prominence in his time, chiefly remembered for his introduction of iron railways for colliery traffic, and his improvement of the method of laying them. He founded the extensive Butterley iron works in Derbyshire, but died suddenly in London before they had become remunerative, thus leaving his family in somewhat straitened circumstances. Mrs. Outram was the daughter of Dr. James Anderson of Mounie, Aberdeenshire, and granddaughter of Sir William Seton, Lord Pitmeddon, a Scotch judge. James was the second son and third born of a family of five children, who lived with their mother successively at Worksop, Barnby Moor, and Aberdeen. James was educated at Udny and at a private school at Aberdeen, and finally at Marischal College.

In 1819 James Outram received a direct Indian cadetship, and setting sail in the month of May arrived in Bombay on the 15th of August, joining the 4th Native Infantry as ensign and subsequently the 1st Grenadier Native Infantry as lieutenant. Appointed to the second battalion of his regiment at Poona in December 1819, he was shortly afterwards transferred to 12th

Regiment, on its formation, becoming acting-adjutant in July 1820. The climate, however, told upon the young subaltern, and a year later he had to take sick leave and return to Bombay.

After a few months' rest Outram started to rejoin his regiment in February 1822, when he had one of the narrowest escapes of his life. A quantity of fireworks which he had taken on board a native boat exploded, doing great damage to the vessel, but beyond scorching the young soldier badly about the face, doing him no serious injury. Towards the end of this year he arranged with his brother Francis, who had become second lieutenant in the Bombay Engineers, to lay aside a portion of their pay for their mother's sustenance, in the same way that the Lawrences afterwards made a similar provision, known among them as the "Lawrence fund."

Joining his regiment at Rajkote, James Outram became during 1822-4 an enthusiastic sportsman, far excelling his contemporaries in the honours of the chase. Seventy-four "first spears" out of a hundred and twenty-three gained by a company of twelve was no mean proportion to fall to the share of one man, and proves Outram, while yet in his teens, to have been a man of great physical strength and courage. In 1824 his regiment was converted into the 23rd Native Infantry, and Outram was appointed to the 44th, and gazetted adjutant, though he afterwards effected an exchange, whereby he returned to the 23rd.

But Outram was not to be long without opportunities of distinguishing himself on the field. In 1824 he joined the expedition against Kittúr under Lieutenant-Colonel Deacon, when he fought side by side with his brother Francis, and both Outrams distinguished themselves in the field. In 1825 he was charged with the capture of the hill fort of Malair, between Surat and Malegám, for which purpose he was furnished with a force of two hundred men of the 11th and 23rd Native Regiments. The capture was effected by a brilliant manœuvre and a dashing surprise. Detaching fifty men of his force, he led them to the rear of the fort, directing the larger body under

Ensigns Whitmore and Paul to approach from the front and open the attack just before daybreak, himself leading the assault in the rear when the garrison were engaged in the front. The plan was entirely successful, and Outram's services were acknowledged by the Government and the commander-in-chief.

Some men are always doing brave deeds, but the eye of authority does not see them ; Outram was fortunate enough to attract attention even at this early period, and having shown himself equal to command, to win appointment. In 1825 he became assistant to the collector and political agent in Khandesh, as commander of a Bhil corps, to be raised in Khandesh for police purposes. Colonel Robertson was appointed collector, with three agents, Rigby, Evans and Outram, Outram taking the north-east district. The Bhils were a wild, ungovernable race who lived mainly by plunder, occupying mountain fastnesses from which it was difficult to dislodge them, and fighting fiercely for their freedom. Outram's object was to reduce his district to a state of order by first securing peace, and then introducing remedial measures. A serious illness delayed his efforts for some time, but when convalescent he addressed himself to his task with characteristic energy and courage, driving the Bhils out of their strongholds and occupying them with regular troops. He then began the formation of a native corps by enlisting his captives and inducing some of their chiefs to join. In this his prowess as a hunter and his magnificent courage as a man stood him in good stead. He won the admiration and reverence of the Bhils by entering into their sports, and gained their confidence by showing his confidence in them, moving about among them without protection and "sleeping under their swords." Some idea of his skill and courage in the chase may be gathered from the fact that during the ten years he spent at Khandesh he killed one hundred and ninety-one tigers, twenty-five bears, fifteen leopards and twelve buffaloes, and that on one occasion he fought a tiger in a dark cave—alone. In 1828 his corps numbered six hundred men ; and for the first time in twenty years the country enjoyed six months of uninterrupted repose.

Finally, having reduced the district to order and turned his enemies into friends, he won their hearts the while he showed himself a genuine reformer by establishing schools for their children.

Outram's success in dealing with these wild tribes naturally marked him out for further service of the kind. In 1830, he was dispatched to subdue the marauding Bhíls of the Dang country to the west of Khandesh, a service he accomplished in a fortnight, making alliances with some of the Bhíl chiefs and returning with others in his train. In 1831 he conducted an inquiry into the outrages committed in the Yáwal and Sauda districts, and in 1833 quashed a rebellion among the Bhíls of the Satpura mountains north of Khandesh. In all these expeditions, conducted with great spirit and judgment, he won the warm thanks of the Government, who frequently testified their approval and satisfaction.

Máhi Kánta was the next scene of Outram's service. An expert in dealing with wild, lawless tribes, his opinion was invited by the Government as to the condition of the province of Gujerat, and after a tour of inspection he gave it in favour of the subjugation of the unruly chiefs, as the only way of restoring order and securing tranquillity. The offer of the command of the forces to be charged with the execution of this policy was naturally offered to Outram by Sir John Keane, and perhaps as naturally declined by him in favour of an officer much his senior in the service. We say, as naturally declined by him, because to Outram's chivalrous nature it seemed the natural thing to fulfil the noble injunction "in honour preferring one another."

In December 1835 Outram obtained leave of absence and went to Bombay, where he married his cousin Margaret Clementina, daughter of James Anderson of Brechin, Forfarshire. A fortnight later he was summoned to Máhi Kánta and appointed political agent and general director of affairs civil and military. Here he displayed his old vigour, and was followed by his accustomed success. Sound judgment, untiring energy, and military genius of a high order seemed to

make success certain in all he undertook, and to continually mark him out for further and more distinguished service.

To follow in detail the career of James Outram from this time forward would be to extend this story of his life far beyond the limits of our present opportunity ; his life was so full of important, active service. In October 1838, his wife having been invalided home, Outram volunteered to join the forces then assembling for service beyond the Indus, and was appointed extra aide-de-camp to Sir John Keane. In the expedition into Afghanistan for the purpose of deposing Dost Mahomed Khan, and placing Shah Soojah on the throne of the Ameers, already referred to in the story of Sir Henry Havelock, p. 364, Outram took part ; now employed in organising transport service, and again in conducting difficult and delicate diplomatic missions. In the midst of his activities, a fall from his horse in March 1839 incapacitated him for a time and compelled him to exchange the saddle for the palanquin ; but he was able to take part in the installation of Shah Soojah at Kandahar, and in July he rendered valuable service by driving the enemy from the hills which shadowed the British camp at Ghuznee. In August he led an expedition in pursuit of Dost Mahomed Khan, but was foiled by Haji Khan, who accompanied him with two thousand Afghan horse, and who connived at Dost Mahomed's escape. He was next employed in restoring order in the districts between Cabul and Kandahar, arresting chiefs, reducing forts, punishing marauders, and dispersing tribes ; after which he became aide-de-camp to General Willshire, under whom he distinguished himself at the siege of Kálat. Here Outram was entrusted with a difficult and dangerous mission, namely that of carrying a dispatch to the governor of Bombay through unknown country by a direct *route* to Sonmiáni, with a view to ascertaining the practicability of the *route* for military purposes. Disguised as an Afghan merchant, with a private servant and two Saiyids of Shal as guides, he accomplished this daring enterprise, experiencing many adventures and making many hair-breadth escapes. Arrived at Sonmiáni on the 23rd of November he proceeded

by water to Karáchi and thence to Bombay, there to receive the thanks of the Government for the results of his mission and to learn that for his services at Kalát he had been gazetted brevet-major on the 13th of November, 1839.

In December 1839 Outram succeeded Colonel Pottinger as political agent in Lower Scinde, the agency of Upper Scinde being added to his charge in 1841. Of Outram's influence over the natives and of the power of his personality in inspiring confidence, a pleasing instance was afforded here when Mir Hur Mohammed, the Ameer of Haidarabad, called him to his death-bed, and placing his brother and his youngest son under his protection said, "No one has known so great truth and friendship as I have found in you."

Lord Ellenborough succeeded Lord Auckland as governor-general of India in February 1842, and in view of the troubled condition of affairs in Afghanistan appointed General William Nott chief political and military officer in Scinde and Kandahar. The effect of this was to supersede Outram as political officer, but to leave the military power free from civil responsibility. Outram, with that loyal subordination of personal interests to public service so characteristic of him, fell in with the arrangement, and on the 1st of June proceeded to Quetta to assist General Nott in preparing for his march to Cabul. In August Sir Charles James Napier became the supreme military and political authority in Scinde, and Outram returned to Sukkur and placed his resources of knowledge and information at the disposal of the new chief. Outram was almost immediately remanded to his regiment, but before leaving Sukkur was entertained at a public dinner on the 5th of November, 1842, when Sir Charles Napier, in proposing his health, said, "Gentlemen, I give you the 'Bayard of India,' *sans peur et sans reproche*, Major James Outram of the Bombay army." This term, so felicitously applied, has been associated with the name of Outram ever since, and is inscribed on the marble slab which marks his last resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

Returned to Bombay, Outram applied for two years' furlough and took passage for England, intending to sail on the 2nd of

January, 1843. Before that date, however, at the instance of Sir Charles Napier, Outram was appointed "a commissioner for arranging the details of a revised treaty with the Ameers of Scinde," and returned to Sukkur on the 3rd of January. Outram accompanied Napier on his desert march to Imamgark, and then proceeded to meet the chiefs of Scinde, arriving at Haidarabad on the 8th of February. With the policy pursued by Sir Charles Napier on behalf of the Government at this time, Outram did not agree, and had taken care to make his disagreement known to his chief. Under these circumstances his fine disinterestedness was again shown, for while he worked as commissioner in the interests of peace he refused pay, and when later he became entitled to £3,000 as his share of the Scinde prize-money he refused it, declining to profit by a policy which he did not approve, and directing its distribution among Indian charities. While at Haidarabad he distinguished himself by the gallant defence of the Residency, garrisoned by a hundred men, against an attack by eight thousand Afghans led by Mir Shahdad Khan and other chiefs. On the failure of his ammunition after four hours' fighting he put his men on board a steamer, the *Satellite*, and retired up the river under heavy fire. Sir Charles Napier, says Colonel Vetch, prefaced his dispatch on the battle of Miáni with a notice of Outram's adventure at Haidarabad, saying that "the defence of the Residency by Outram and the small force with him, against such numbers of the enemy, was so admirable that he would send a detailed account as a brilliant example of defending a military post."

In 1843 Outram returned to England, and while on furlough did what he could for the unfortunate Ameers of Scinde. The differences between him and Sir Charles Napier in this matter involved them in a long and wearying controversy, in which Outram did not hesitate to characterise Napier's treatment of the Ameers as "peremptory, indiscriminating, and based upon mistaken facts." Outram's fine sense of honour and downright honesty and truth brought him more than once into conflict with the might that thought itself right, for later when

holding the office of resident at Baroda, he attacked the corruption of the officials with so much vigour that on the pretence of his having shown disrespect to the Government itself he was removed from the office.

Into the merits of the Scinde controversy it is impossible to enter here, but it is fair to say in passing that, at the time of the quarrel Outram had had nearly twenty-five years' experience of India and had shown himself remarkably successful in dealing with native questions, while Sir Charles Napier, who had won his laurels in the West, was new to Indian affairs. At least Outram had the satisfaction of knowing that in the end the directors of the East India Company shared his view.

Outram returned to India in December 1843, bearing a letter from the Duke of Wellington to the commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough. Lord Ellenborough, the governor-general, was in camp with Sir Hugh Gough at Futtehpore when Outram arrived, and did him the honour of refusing him a personal interview, and objecting to his joining the commander-in-chief. Outram had therefore to be content with a small appointment as political agent at Minar, which office he took up on the 10th of March, 1844, and resigned in the following September. Disturbances in the Mahratta country and later in Sawant-wari occupied him during the next few months, and in May 1845 he was appointed Resident at Satára, where he wrote his "Commentary upon the Conquest of Scinde." In 1847 he became political commissioner at Baroda, where he rendered himself obnoxious by his attacks upon the bribery and corruption he found rife, for which he was removed in 1851. During this period he became a regimental major, and spent some time on sick leave in Egypt, where he occupied himself with writing an exhaustive report on the condition of Egypt, for which he received the thanks of the Government. In 1852 Outram once more returned to England and laid his case before the Board of Directors, and in July 1853, having been made a regimental lieutenant-colonel, he returned to Calcutta, arriving on the 12th of September.

Outram's visit to England was not without results. The Court of Directors had written to the governor-general asking him to give Outram employment under the supreme Government of India, and Lord Dalhousie at once made him honorary aide-de-camp to the governor-general. Shortly after this Baroda was transferred from the Government of Bombay to that of India, and Lord Dalhousie gracefully reinstated Outram in the Residency. Other appointments followed, and in 1854 he was appointed to the Residency at Oudh.

Charged with the duty of making an immediate report on the condition of the country, Outram made his official entry into Lucknow on the 5th of December, 1854. He found Oudh in a deplorable condition, and deeming annexation the only remedy, reluctantly proposed it. His recommendation was adopted, and in February 1856 Oudh was formally annexed. Outram, who had been gazetted major-general two years before, was now K.C.B., and he was cheered by the knowledge that in Lord Dalhousie's opinion his honours were inadequate and overdue. In May 1856 ill-health once more obliged him to take rest, and this he again sought in his native land.

Outram seems to have had the unbounded confidence of the directors of the East India Company, for on the outbreak of the Persian war they sent for him and gave him command of the army, one division of which under his old friend Major-General Stalker had already embarked from Bombay, and a second division of which was in active preparation under Henry Havelock.

The Persian war was a brief and brilliant affair, and it was well that it was so. Within five months of the outbreak of the Sepoy war, which was to convulse the country from one end to the other and thrill civilisation through and through, the Government of India were not in pressing need of wars from without to stir up their energies within. Of the Persian campaign a brief account will be found in the story of Sir Henry Havelock, p. 374, and for the rest it must suffice to say that after the signing of the treaty of peace at Paris the army returned to India, where under Havelock and Neill they

did such splendid service in the overthrow of Nana Sahib and the relief of Lucknow.

It was the 31st of July, 1857, before Outram, who had been made a G.C.B. for his services in Persia, arrived at Calcutta, and he was immediately made commander of the two divisions of the Bengal army operating between Calcutta and Cawnpore, while at the same time he was appointed successor to Sir Henry Lawrence, who had fallen at the siege of the Residency at Lucknow as chief commissioner of Oudh. These appointments placed him over Havelock, who had already defeated Nana Sahib and relieved Cawnpore, and Outram made all speed to join his old comrade in the Persian war with reinforcements, with a view to the immediate relief of Lucknow. On the 15th of September Outram arrived at Cawnpore, and on the 16th he issued the famous divisional order which will rank in all times as one of the most noble instances of self-abnegation that history records.

"The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow had been entrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of that achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought, will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished.

"The major-general, therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on this occasion; and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as chief commissioner of Oudh, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer."

The story of the relief of Lucknow is already told in the chapter dealing with that event (p. 325), and here we have but to take up the story of Outram from the time when, relieved by the forces under Colin Campbell, he evacuated the

Residency at Lucknow and started on the march back to Alum Bagh.

One scene in that memorable march to Lucknow must not, however, be left unnoticed here. Outram, who, while serving under Havelock as a volunteer, with an eccentricity more bold than wise, had discarded the use of his sword for that of a stout Malacca cane, a whim which, but for the interposition of young Havelock on two occasions that day, might have cost him his life, had led the cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives from Alum Bagh almost as far as the Yellow House by the Char Bagh bridge, when on his return he was presented with a dispatch. Tearing it open he read its contents, and then put spurs to his horse to carry the good news to Havelock. "Presently," says Archibald Forbes, "the troops (at Alum Bagh) were formed in a rough square, and in the pelting rain Outram bared his head as, with ringing accents, he told the glad tidings that Delhi was once more in British hands. The cheering was so loud that it might almost have reached the Residency, and it caused the enemy to open a hot artillery fire which they maintained all night."

The evacuation of the Residency was effected on the night of the 22nd of November, 1857, along the banks of the Goomtee, and by the afternoon of the 23rd the whole force had reached Dilkoosha. On the evening of the 23rd Outram took his last leave of the dying Havelock, who was buried two days later at Alum Bagh.

The final relief of the Residency at Lucknow, while it vindicated British arms, and saved the garrison from a fate perhaps as terrible as that of the residents at Cawnpore, left the mutineers in possession of the city and the war in much the same position that it was prior to the evacuation; but it left the British forces free to follow an undivided aim. Before the relief, efforts for the suppression of the mutiny were necessarily second to those for the saving of the garrison, but now that the beleaguered had been removed from danger the way was clear for the vigorous and undivided prosecution of the Sepoy war.

Sir Colin Campbell, who as commander-in-chief had the

supreme military responsibility, placed Outram in charge of a field force at Alum Bagh to keep Lucknow in check while he placed his convoy to safe quarters. Outram garrisoned Alum Bagh with a small force and a few guns and pitched his camp across the road to Cawnpore about half a mile to the rear. Trenches were dug, batteries were formed, and everything done to strengthen the position and to render the road impassable in that direction, and here with a force of about five thousand men and twenty-five guns in open camp for three months, Outram more than held his own against one hundred and twenty thousand organised Sepoys led by Moulvi, one of the most famous of Indian warriors and supported by one hundred and thirty guns. As if they knew that the end was approaching, the Sepoys made many desperate attempts to cut off Outram's communications and destroy his outposts, but in every engagement Outram was victorious. On the 22nd of December, 1857, on the 12th and 19th of January, and the 15th and 21st of February, 1858, engagements were fought, all of which ended in Outram's favour, and when on the 25th of February a final attempt was made to destroy the British camp by a desperate attack of overwhelming numbers which continued all night, the enemy were completely routed and fell back on Lucknow in hopeless disorder.

On the 1st of March 1858, Sir Colin Campbell rejoined Outram for the final conquest of Lucknow.

Outram had command of the northern division of the army, and James Hope Grant, under Outram, as second in command, took the leadership of the cavalry. Outram besieged the Yellow House, which had so harassed the progress of Havelock's troops, and pressing forward threw up batteries on the banks of the river in the neighbourhood of La Martinière, and got his guns into position to command the Kaiser Bagh and the main street. Sir Colin Campbell stormed the Kaiser Bagh on the 14th of March, and Outram, re-crossing the river and advancing through the Chutter Munzil, occupied the Residency on the 16th. This left the Músa Bagh, governed by five thousand men and thirteen guns, still to be stormed, but this was brilliantly effected by

Outram three days later, and on the 19th of March, 1858, Lucknow was once more in possession of the Indian Government.

Outram's share in the suppression of the mutiny was immediately and adequately recognised. He was appointed military member of the governor-general's council, in which position he contributed to the discussion and settlement of many momentous questions arising out of the reorganisation of the public service. He was made a baronet by the Queen and voted an annuity of £1,000 a year by the House of Commons. He was presented with a silver shield by the people of Bombay, and with the freedom of the City and a sword of honour by the corporation of London. An equestrian statue was erected at Calcutta by public subscription, and on the institution of the order of the Star of India he was made K.C.S.I.

After two years' service Outram resigned his seat on the council of the Viceroy and returned to England, where he received the honorary degrees of D.C.L. from Oxford University, and a handsome presentation of silver plate, made by the Duke of Argyll on behalf of a large number of subscribers. He spent the winter of 1861-2 in Egypt, and that of 1862-3 in the south of France, where he died at Pau on the 11th of March, 1863. A public funeral, a grave in Westminster Abbey, and a statue on the Thames embankment were the final honours paid by a grateful country to his illustrious memory.

Of Outram's character his life was the best exposition. Thoroughly honest and absolutely unselfish, he devoted diplomatic skill and military genius of the first order unreservedly to the public weal. "A fox is a fool and a lion a coward compared with James Outram" was a common saying in the Bombay service, and the saying aptly characterised the unique association of wisdom and courage which he displayed with such uniform success in peace and war. These gifts and powers he applied in a broad human spirit to promote the welfare of all classes, native and European alike. Strict in discipline he none the less took great interest in the

well-being of his soldiers. At Dum-Dum he established a soldiers' club which became known as the Outram Institute, besides which, he made handsome gifts of books to regimental libraries in different parts of India, and in many other ways contributed to the welfare and comfort of the men. "A scrupulous regard for the feelings of subordinates, whether officers or men," he invariably observed and emphatically enjoined. Vigorous and unsparing in fight, he still had keen sympathy with native interests, and lost no opportunity of "doing justly and loving mercy." His last official act as chief commissioner of Oudh, after the final capture of Lucknow, was to suspend the governor-general's proclamation of confiscation until it could be accompanied with a declaration of pardon to the repentant Talukdars. •

In peace and war, in life and death, what higher tribute can be paid to James Outram, man and soldier, than to designate him *sans peur et sans reproche*?

THE STORY OF COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE.

COLIN CAMPBELL was a soldier of the old school. He won his first honours ere many of our Indian heroes had broken bread, and there is something pathetic in the picture of the grand old veteran, full of years and honours, starting at a few hours' notice to put the crown upon his achievements in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

Colin was the eldest son of Colin MacIver, a carpenter of Glasgow, a man whose ancestors had lost their property in the cause of the Young Pretender ; but his mother was a Campbell of the Campbells of Islay, and it was to the interest of the Campbells that Colin owed the placing of his foot on the first round of the ladder of military fame. Born at Glasgow on the 20th of October, 1792, Colin was educated first at the High School, Glasgow, and afterward for five years at the Royal Naval and Military Academy at Gosport, at the expense of his maternal uncle Colonel John Campbell, who in 1807 did him the further service of introducing him to the Duke of York, the commander-in-chief, as a candidate for a commission in the army. It was at this time that his name was changed, for the Duke, supposing him to be a Campbell, is said to have called out, "What, another of the clan!" and to have had his name entered as Colin Campbell, whereupon Colonel Campbell checked the boy, who was about to interpose with a correction, by telling him that Campbell was a good name to fight under, and Colin Campbell the boy became.

On the 26th of May, 1808, Colin Campbell, when less than sixteen years of age, was gazetted ensign of the 9th Regiment, and a few weeks after was promoted to be lieutenant. These were stirring times, when to be appointed to a commission was almost equivalent to being ordered for active service. It was in this year, 1808, that Napoleon Buonaparte seized the throne of Spain, and that Sir Arthur Wellesley was sent on his first expedition to Portugal, to resist the triumphant progress of the French arms. Under this great soldier young Colin Campbell learnt his first lessons in the art of war. The 9th was employed in this expedition, and Colin, attached to the second battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel John Campbell, was present at the battles of Roliça and Vimiera, where Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French. General Shadwell, in his biography of Lord Clyde, tells us that at the beginning of his first engagement one of the officers, taking Colin by the hand, led him to the front and walked with him up and down in face of the enemy's fire, to accustom him to the situation and to give him courage. Speaking of this incident in later years the veteran soldier said, "It was the greatest kindness that could have been shown me at such a time, and through life I have felt grateful for it."

Transferred from the second to the first battalion of the 9th, Colin accompanied Sir John Moore in his march to Salamanca and his retreat to Corunna. In this last experience he learned something of the sufferings of the soldier, for though an officer he had to march many miles with bare feet, the soles of his boots being quite worn away with service, and when at last he was able to make a change, he had to soak his boots in hot water, and cut the leather away with a knife to avoid injury to his flesh in their removal. At the battle of Corunna Sir John Moore fell, and it was the soldiers of the 9th that made his grave upon the ramparts where, as the poet sings—

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

In 1809 Colin Campbell accompanied the first battalion of his regiment on the Walcheren expedition, when he took fever which more or less affected him for the rest of his life, and in 1810 he joined the second battalion at Gibraltar. But opportunities for distinction were soon to fall in his way. At the battle of Barossa in 1811 his gallantry attracted the attention of General Graham, and at the siege of San Sebastian in 1813 it demanded and received recognition and reward. On July 17th he led the attack on San Bartholomé, a fortified convent, for which he obtained mention in his general's dispatches, and on the 25th he led the storming party in their attack upon the fortress itself, when he was struck down the breach by a shot through his right hip, but, nothing daunted, ascended the breach again, only to receive another shot in his left thigh. It was a forlorn hope, and it failed in its immediate purpose, but it proved Colin every inch a soldier, and won for him promotion and applause. Napier, in his "*Peninsular War*," says, "It was in vain that Lieutenant Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of his chosen detachment, mounted the ruins—twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died." General Graham again remembered him in his dispatches, and writing to Lord Wellington said, "I beg to recommend to your lordship Lieutenant Campbell, of the 9th, who led the forlorn hope, and who was severely wounded in the breach." Two months later, escaping from the hospital without medical leave, he again distinguished himself by leading a night attack on the French batteries on the banks of the Biadassoa, after fording the river for the purpose. In this engagement he was again wounded, and for vacating quarters without leave was severely reprimanded by his colonel, who only forbore to report him on account of his gallantry. Completely incapacitated, he was now ordered home, was awarded a pension of £100 a year for his wounds, and promoted without purchase to a captaincy in the 60th Rifles.

After a period of rest Colin Campbell joined the seventh battalion of the 60th Rifles at Nova Scotia, but in a short

time was once more invalided home. Some part of 1815-16 he spent on the Riviera in search of health, after which he joined the fifth battalion of his regiment at Gibraltar. Two years later he was transferred to the 21st Regiment, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, which in 1819 he joined at Barbadoes. For the next seven years he served as a staff officer, acting as aide-de-camp, first to General Murray and afterwards to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, successive governor-generals of British Guiana, and at the same time as brigade-major to the troops at Demerara. In 1825, by the generosity of a friend, he was enabled to purchase his majority, and in 1826 he resigned his staff appointments and returned to England.

Although entirely dependent upon his pay, Colin had, even before the grant of his pension, begun to make an allowance from his scanty means for the support of his father; and these promotions, involving as they did increase of pay as well as of honour, were doubly welcomed by the young officer as enabling him to make better provision for those who were near and dear to him, as well as giving him increased responsibilities and enlarged opportunities of public service.

Major Campbell joined the 21st Regiment at Windsor, and accompanied it in its subsequent movements to Portsmouth and to Ireland, but after five years of desultory service he succeeded in 1832 by the help of his friends in purchasing an unattached lieutenant-colonelcy which cost no less than £1,300. He then visited the Continent, addressed himself to the study of the German language, and was present at the siege of Antwerp. Returning to London he again sought active employment, and in 1835, was appointed lieutenant-colonel of his old regiment, the 9th, but immediately afterwards exchanged into the 98th, of which he took command on its return to England in 1837.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell now devoted himself with great assiduity to promote the thorough efficiency of the 98th. Himself schooled in the training of Sir John Moore, he maintained the great traditions of that gallant general. Firmness without harshness in discipline, which expected more of

officers than of men, and a sympathy of interest with officers and men alike which united them in a common brotherhood of service, in the discharge of which all were equally jealous of the honour of the whole, characterised the spirit and the effect of his command. Stationed in the north of England, his general was Sir Charles Napier, who frequently spoke with approval of the efficiency of the 98th, and at the half-yearly inspection of the troops at Newcastle in 1841, on the occasion of his presenting the regiment with new colours, he paid a high tribute to their gallant leader. Sir Charles Napier's address on this occasion was a fine specimen of soldierly eloquence, and is well worth quoting at some length. After some introductory remarks he said:—

“In presenting to you these colours, soldiers, it may not be out of place to observe that we all enter the British service of our own free will. We are not slaves forced into the ranks by a despot; we are free men who enlist from a spirit of enterprise, loyalty, and patriotism.

“We swear before God and man to be true to our colours, round which we are bound to rally. To break such a solemn oath is to dissolve the ties of military society. A deserter is a scoundrel, who betrays his God, his Queen, his country, and his comrades. He betrays his Creator, because he swears in the presence of the God of truth to be true, and he is false. He betrays his Queen, because he swears to stand by his colours, and he abandons them. He betrays his country, because she pays him, she feeds him, she clothes him, she arms him, and he deserts. He betrays his comrades, because by desertion he throws that duty upon them which he has sworn to do himself. Soldiers, it is incumbent upon those sensible and right-minded men, whom I have the honour to address, to admonish the young and thoughtless against the disgrace of desertion; I say ‘disgrace,’ because no honourable man can think without shame and sorrow of seeing the British uniform paraded in a felon's gaol. That noble red uniform, so admired by our friends, so dreaded by our enemies! That uniform which Wolfe and Abercromby and Moore shed

their life's blood to honour ! Shall this be seen herding in a felon's gaol ? The very thought of it is disgusting to the heart of a soldier, and I will turn from it to a subject that is more grateful to my feelings, and speak of the beautiful regiment which is before me ; and in truth I know of nothing which makes a perfect regiment that the 98th does not possess. Young and hardy soldiers, steady and resolute non-commissioned officers, enterprising and honourable officers, the whole well knowing and well doing their duties ; and, above all, because it has the mainspring of the machine, an able and experienced soldier at its head. When I say this, I pay no vain and empty compliments. It is not in my disposition to say such things without foundation.

"Of the abilities for command which your chief possesses, your own magnificent regiment is a proof. Of his gallantry in action, hear what history says, for I like to read to you of such deeds, and of such men ; it stimulates young soldiers to deeds of similar daring." Having read the account of Colin Campbell's gallantry at San Sebastian, Sir Charles Napier continued : "There stands Colin Campbell, and well I know that should need be, the soldiers of the 98th would follow him as boldly as did those gallant men of the glorious 9th, who fell fighting around him in the breaches of San Sebastian.

"Soldiers ! young, well-drilled, high-couraged as you are, and led by such a commander as Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, I must, and do, feel proud to have the honour of presenting you with these splendid colours, confident that if the day of trial comes, and come I think it must, they will be seen waving victoriously in the smoke of battle, as the 98th forges with fire and steel its onward course through the combat. War is to be deeply regretted ; it is a scourge and curse upon nations. It falls not so heavily upon soldiers—it is our calling ; but its horrors alight upon the poor, upon the miserable, upon the unhappy, upon those who feel the expense and the suffering, but have not the glory. War is detestable, and not to be desired by a nation ; but if it comes, then I will welcome it as the day of glory for the young and gallant army of

England, and among the rest for those brave men who will fight under the consecrated banners which I have this day the honour of presenting to the 98th Regiment."

A few months later the 98th was ordered to reinforce the army of Sir Hugh Gough in China, and by June 1842 Colin Campbell had reached Hong-Kong. Here he did good service in covering the attack upon Chin-kiang-foo, and by co-operating in the march on Nankin, but the 98th suffered severely from sunstroke and cholera, and in less than two years lost four hundred and thirty-two men. At the end of the war Campbell was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen, gazetted colonel and made C.B., and appointed commandant of the Island of Hong-Kong at the mouth of the river Canton, where the 98th was stationed. Further honours were, however, in store for him, and in 1844 he became brigadier-general and took over the brigade at Chusan from Sir James Schœdde, K.C.B., with which in 1846 he was ordered to Calcutta. Arrived in India Colin Campbell was appointed in 1847 to the command of a brigade stationed at Lahore, where he made the acquaintance of Sir Henry Lawrence, with whom he formed a warm and permanent friendship. Appointed to the head of a division by Lord Gough, he was offered the post of adjutant-general, but declined it from a desire to return to England as soon as possible. Then followed the second Sikh war, in which he distinguished himself in several engagements. At Ramnuggur he covered the rout of the cavalry, and at Chillianwallah checked the advance of the Sikhs commanding the right wing and directing the pursuit at the final victory at Goojerat. At Chillianwallah he was again wounded, this time on his right arm, besides which he had a singularly narrow and providential escape from death. A small pistol which had been placed in the pocket of his waistcoat by an aide-de-camp without his knowledge on the morning of the battle was struck by a bullet which smashed the handle and bruised the colonel just beneath the lowest rib upon his right side, a circumstance only discovered when he came to divest himself of his clothing in his tent after the engagement. But for the intervention of this

obstacle another hand would have had to lead the forces up the heights of Alma, another head to plan the suppression of the Indian mutiny. For his services in this war Colin Campbell was made a K.C.B.

At this time Sir Colin Campbell would fain have returned home, and retired into private life. He had provided for his family and had now as much honour as he seemed to care for, or, at any rate, he had no desire to settle down to the routine of a soldier's life in time of peace. "I am growing old and only fit for retirement," he wrote in his diary on the 20th of October, 1849, and this though but three years before he had written on the 5th of March, 1846: "Anniversary of Barossa. An old story—thirty-five years ago. Thank God for all His goodness to me! Although I have suffered much from ill-health and in many ways, I am still as active as any man in the regiment, and quite as able as the youngest to go through fatigue."

At the request of Lord Dalhousie, the governor-general, and his old friend Sir Charles Napier, the commander-in-chief, Sir Colin Campbell agreed to postpone his retirement, and for three years he occupied a frontier post, attacking rocky fastnesses and clearing mountain passes as though he had but just returned unwounded from San Sebastian. On the 25th of July, 1852, differences having arisen between himself and the governor-general on matters of policy, and the Government having refused to allow him to follow up his victories, he resigned his command, and in March 1853, after twelve years' absence from home, landed once more in his native land, retired on half pay, and took a long and well-earned holiday.

In 1854 the Russian war broke out, and Sir Colin Campbell was dispatched to take command of the second or Highland Brigade of the first division of the army, under the Duke of Cambridge in the Crimea. Sir Colin's forces included the 42nd, the 79th, and the 93rd Highlanders, and with these splendid regiments he won the heights of Alma, and held Balaclava against all comers. In July 1854 he was again promoted, and it was as major-general that he fought the battle of the Alma on the 20th of September, 1854. The river already

ran red with English blood when Major-General Sir Colin Campbell led his Highlanders across the water to storm the heights beyond. It was Sir Colin's practice to address his men before going into action, and according to Kinglake, the historian of the Russian war, he addressed his soldiers before the battle of the Alma in the following words: "'Now, men,' he said, 'you are going into action. Remember this: whoever is wounded—I don't care what his rank is—whoever is wounded must lie where he falls till the bandsmen come to attend to him. No soldiers must go carrying off wounded men. If any soldier does such a thing, his name shall be stuck up in his parish church. Don't be in a hurry about firing. Your officers will tell you when it is time to open fire. Be steady. Keep silence. Fire low. Now, men, the army will watch us; make me proud of the Highland Brigade.'"

Bidding his staff remain behind, Sir Colin called the 42nd, the Black Watch, to follow him in the ascent to reconnoitre the enemy's position. The 79th followed, and at a signal from the major-general, the 93rd dashed up the hill and, all charging the enemy's position, drove them farther up the heights, from which finally dislodging them they captured the Russian redoubt, and held the position which their enemies had deemed impregnable. The favourite charger of the major-general was twice struck in the ascent before a third shot reached its heart and killed it. The Russians are said to have been appalled by the appearance of the Highlanders with their strange headgear and altogether novel uniform, and are reported to have said, "We thought that we had come to fight with men, but find devils in petticoats." In honour of this victory Sir Colin asked and obtained permission to wear a Highland bonnet, instead of the cocked hat belonging to his rank, during the rest of the campaign. As commandant at Balaclava he directed the historic repulse of the Russian infantry by the 93rd Highlanders, but he took no part in the battle of Inkerman. On the return of the Duke of Cambridge to England in December 1854, Sir Colin took command of the first division, which consisted of the guards and the

Highland Brigade, and in the terrible winter of 1854-5 did all he could to alleviate the sufferings of the army by skilful provision and sympathetic consideration. In the hardship of the times he bore his own share. For weeks he slept in his clothes, and when after the retirement of the Russians across the Tchernaya he ventured for the first time for a long period to seek a night's rest in bed, he is said to have leaped up in his sleep and shouted, "Stand to your arms," so much was the strain of ceaseless vigilance upon his mind. Of the alertness of the whole camp a curious instance is recorded, for on one occasion a slight noise caused a general turn out, when it was discovered that the camp had been surprised not by the Russian army but by a company of frogs.

In June 1855 Lord Raglan, who had repeatedly thanked Sir Colin for his services, died, and the office of commander-in-chief became vacant. This was filled by General Simpson, and Colin Campbell became second in command, being made a G.C.B. Campbell, who hoped and expected to lead his Highlanders in the final assault upon Sebastopol, and had gone so far as to consult General Cameron, who had charge of another division, with regard to the plan of attack, was now to suffer a cruel disappointment. Lord Panmure, who became secretary of State for War in 1855, offered him an appointment to command at Malta, and subsequently proposed that he should serve under Sir William Codrington, who was much his junior, and whose first experience of actual warfare had been gained at the battle of the Alma. Resenting this treatment, Sir Colin obtained leave of absence, and returned home to find his worst fears realised. Summoned to Windsor by the Queen and Prince Albert, he was much affected at his treatment by his Sovereign, and while feeling himself unfairly treated by the minister of war, expressed himself willing to serve under a corporal, if it were the wish of Her Majesty. Under these circumstances he returned to the Crimea to take charge of a *corps d'armée*, under Sir William Codrington. Codrington, however, would not organise the corps, and after a month spent with his old Highland division, Campbell re-

turned to England once more. His farewell to his men on this occasion, delivered with all his characteristic fire and emotion, is well worth quoting here.

"Soldiers of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Old Highland Brigade, with whom I have passed the early and perilous part of this war, I have now to take leave of you. In a few hours I shall be on board ship, never to see you again as a body. A long farewell! I am now old and shall not be called to serve any more, and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns, and of the enduring, hardy, generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, whose name and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home, as you gradually fulfil your term of service, each to his family and his cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious echelon up the heights of the Alma, and of the old brigadier who led and loved you so well. Your children, and your children's children, will repeat the tale to other generations, when only a few lines of history will remain to record all the enthusiasm and discipline which have borne you so stoutly to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade, and in some future war that nation will call for another one to equal this, which it can never surpass. Though I shall be gone, the thought of you will go with me wherever I may be, and cheer my old age with a glorious recollection of dangers confronted and hardships endured. A pipe will never sound near me without carrying me back to those bright days when I was at your head and wore the bonnet which you gained for me, and the honourable decorations on my breast, many of which I owe to your conduct. Brave soldiers, kind comrades, farewell!"

On his return to England in 1856 he received many tokens of public favour. He was made a D.C.L. of Oxford University, and presented with a sword of honour by six thousand subscribers of the city of Glasgow, and in July assumed command of the south-eastern district, becoming in the following September, inspector-general of infantry. In December he

represented the Queen at Berlin, on the investiture of the Crown Prince of Germany with the Grand Cross of the Bath. In March 1857 he was offered command of the Chinese expedition, which he refused, and on the 11th of July, on receipt of the news of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, and of the death of Lord Anson from cholera, Lord Palmerston offered him the same day the appointment of commander-in-chief, and he expressed his willingness to start for India at once.

The 11th of July was a Saturday, and before starting Sir Colin Campbell had an audience with the Queen at Buckingham Palace. In his diary on the following day he wrote the following entries, which will explain his thoughts and movements at the time :—

“Nothing could be more gracious or kind than the Queen’s whole manner, and her expressions of approval at my readiness to proceed at once were pleasant to receive from a sovereign so good and so justly beloved.” “Started after dinner for the station at London Bridge. Never did a man proceed on a mission of duty with a lighter heart and a feeling of greater humility, yet with a juster sense of the compliment that had been paid to a mere soldier of fortune like myself in being named to the highest command in the gift of the Crown.” “My sister had been made independent—a great comfort to my feelings—and I left England on terms of friendship with all I cared for in any degree at home. Started at 8.30 p.m., bidding adieu to London with a confident hope of returning to England, to pass a little time with the few friends that may be left to me.”

Sir Colin Campbell arrived in Calcutta in the month of August 1857, and immediately set himself to work to organise the troops, and send them forward to Cawnpore. He was too old a soldier to be betrayed into hasty measures by the urgency of the occasion, and though anxious to relieve Lucknow at the earliest possible moment, spent two whole months in preparing for the campaign. Once ready he made all speed to join his force at Alum Bagh, and leaving General Windham to hold Cawnpore, effected a junction with Hope Grant’s force

on the 9th of November, and started on the 14th with four thousand seven hundred men and thirty-two guns for the final relief of Lucknow. Taking a more circuitous route than that adopted by Havelock and Outram, he stormed the Dilkoosha palace on the 14th, the Secundabagh on the 16th, and on the 17th reached the Koorsheyd Munzil, where he was met by Outram and Havelock, who concerted with him the evacuation of the Residency. At midnight on the 19th the evacuation was begun, whereby four hundred women and children, besides a thousand sick and wounded, were conveyed without accident or loss to Dilkoosha, thence to Cawnpore, and finally to Calcutta.

In the meantime, as already recorded in the story of Sir James Outram, Colin Campbell left Outram in charge of Alum Bagh until such time as having dispatched his convoy to a place of safety he should be free to return for the subjugation of Lucknow. But General Windham had suffered a reverse at Cawnpore, and Sir Colin's first business was to strengthen the position and prevent further disaster there. This he did, making Cawnpore his head-quarters, and during the winter months, while conducting many minor operations, massed his men for a final effort to crush the mutiny. Of the splendid way in which Outram held Alum Bagh all this time the circumstances are recorded in the story of his life, and we can well understand with what satisfaction he must have received the intelligence in March 1858 that Sir Colin was ready with a splendid army of twenty-five thousand men "to go forth conquering and to conquer." It was on the 2nd of March that the forward movement began. Dilkoosha and the Kaiser Bagh successfully fell to the assault of the victorious army, as with the cry of "Remember Cawnpore" upon their lips they plied their deadly work. The desperate character of the defence may be gathered from the fact that it was not until the 19th of March that the capture of the city was completed.

But though Lucknow was once more under British rule, the Mutiny was not yet crushed out, and a series of brilliant

manœuvres and engagements were necessary in Oudh and Rohilkund before the pacification of the North of India was effected. Then followed the campaign in Central India, organised by Sir Colin Campbell and occupying the British forces through the summer of 1858 and the winter of 1858-9. Sir Colin was now sixty-six years old, yet he shared the trials and privations of his men in bivouac and march, setting them an example of cheerful endurance as in younger days, and proving himself as much a soldier as ever. On the 26th of December 1858, while riding at full speed on the field at Burgidiah, his horse put its foot into a hole and threw him violently upon the ground, striking his head, putting his shoulder out, and breaking one of his ribs. Happily a surgeon was soon in attendance, who, finding him sitting upon the ground, rendered him such assistance as was possible upon the spot. Though in great pain, Sir Colin's chief concern was that he should have been so disabled just as he was bringing the war to a successful end, and rising from the ground he made his way to the front as though nothing had happened. Mounting an elephant, he still continued to direct the movements of his troops, until shortly after he was able to congratulate the governor-general on the final suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

Honours came thick and fast upon him. In January 1858 Sir Colin was made colonel of his favourite regiment the 93rd Highlanders, and received a personal letter of congratulation from the Queen. In May he was promoted general, in June, on the foundation of the order, he was made a Knight Commander of the Star of India, and in July he was elevated to the peerage as Lord Clyde of Clydesdale. Votes of thanks were passed to him by both houses of Parliament, and the East India Company granted him a pension of £2,000 a year. On the 4th of June, 1860, he left India for home, where his last years were cheered with many marks of public favour. In July he was appointed colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and in December, was presented with the freedom of the city of London. In 1861 he represented the horse guards at the Prussian manœuvres, and in 1862 was made field marshal.

The last days of Lord Clyde were much cheered and comforted by his dear friends, General and Mrs. Eyre, for whom he entertained the warmest regard. In March 1863 he furnished a house, No. 10, Berkeley Square, and wrote to these friends, telling them he had set up two small bedsteads for their children, of whom he seems to have been very fond, as well as made provision for themselves ; but he was perhaps more often at their home than at his own. He visited the Eyres at Chatham in June 1863, and after returning to Berkeley Square for a few days returned to them again and never left them. Protesting that he died at peace with all the world, he asked Mrs. Eyre to read and pray with him, and expressed his longing for the rest and peace of Heaven. On the 1st of August he had a visit from his aged sister, for whose provision he had shown such loving solicitude, and begged for a stimulant that he might go down a few steps to meet her. So passed the days away in loving, watchful care, varied only by the anxious inquiries of Queen and commoner after the condition of the dying soldier, until a little after noon, on the 14th of August, 1863, the end came.

Colin Campbell was a simple, modest, and unselfish man with a quick temper, which he lamented his want of power always to control. He had a warm heart for his friends and a real love for children, and was chivalrous in his treatment of women, with whom he was always popular. He was a dutiful son and a loyal brother. Self-sacrificing in the discharge of duty, he had the same regard for the rights and feelings of others which characterised his great contemporary Sir James Outram. When it was proposed to elevate him to the peerage under the title of Lord Clyde of Lucknow, he declined the honour, pointing out that "the baronetcy of Sir Henry Havelock was distinguished in that manner," and adding, "It might be unbecoming in me, to trench, as it were, on the title of that very distinguished officer." Probably no soldier since the Duke of Wellington has exercised a greater fascination over the hearts of his contemporaries. Modest in death as in life, he directed for himself a quiet funeral at Kensal Green, but the nation he had

served determined otherwise, and on the 22nd of August, 1863, he was buried with public honours in Westminster Abbey, close to the remains of his friends Lord Canning and Sir James Outram, both of whom in life as in death he had followed to the grave. The spot is marked by a plain stone which bears the simple but eloquent inscription :—

BENEATH THIS STONE
 REST THE REMAINS OF
 COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE,
 WHO, BY HIS OWN DESERTS,
 THROUGH 50 YEARS OF ARDUOUS SERVICE,
 FROM THE EARLIEST BATTLES IN THE PENINSULAR WAR •
 TO THE PACIFICATION OF INDIA IN 1858,
 ROSE TO THE RANK OF FIELD MARSHAL AND THE PEERAGE,
 HE DIED LAMENTED
 BY THE QUEEN, THE ARMY, AND THE PEOPLE,
 14TH AUGUST, 1863,
 IN THE 71ST YEAR OF HIS AGE

THE STORY OF LORD CANNING.

IT was the misfortune of Lord Canning to be Governor-General of India through the troublous times of the Mutiny, and if in dealing with exceptional difficulties under peculiarly trying circumstances he failed to satisfy every one, the fact is not much to be wondered at.

Charles John, Earl Canning, was the third son of George Canning, the brilliant statesman and litterateur, whose parodies and pasquinades enlivened the pages of the *Anti-Jacobin* in the early days of the nineteenth century, and who became Prime Minister of England in 1827. Charles was born at Gloucester House, situated between Brompton and Kensington, on the 14th of December, 1812, and was educated at a private school at Putney, and afterwards at Eton, where he remained until 1827, and won "a reputation rather for intelligence, accuracy, and painstaking, than for refined scholarship, or any remarkable powers of composition." After spending twelve months with a private tutor, the Rev. John Shore, of Potton, Bedfordshire, where he formed a friendship with a fellow-pupil, Lord Harris, afterwards governor of Madras, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, in December 1828. Here he had for his contemporaries Gladstone, Dalhousie, Elgin, and others afterwards distinguished in arts and arms, and after a brilliant university career took a first-class in classics, and a second in mathematics in 1832.

Leaving Oxford, he married the Honourable Charlotte Stuart in 1835, and in the following year entered Parliament as member for Warwick. In 1837, on the death of his mother, who was a peeress in her own right, his elder brothers having

previously died, he entered the House of Lords as Viscount Canning of Kilbraham. In 1841 he became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Government of Sir Robert Peel, afterwards accepting the post of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He shared the fortunes and misfortunes of the Peel party, both before and after the death of its great leader, and refused the office of Foreign Secretary offered him by Lord Derby in 1851. In 1853 he became Postmaster-General in the Government of Lord Aberdeen, and in this office displayed great administrative ability, introducing many reforms, and establishing the practice of making annual reports upon the department to the House of Commons. In 1855 he was appointed Governor-General of India by Lord Palmerston.

It was on the 28th of February, 1856, that Lord Canning assumed the government of India. *En route* for Calcutta he had visited Bombay and Madras, and spent some pleasant days with his old friend and fellow-student Lord Harris, then governor of the latter presidency, and now within little more than twelve months of the time which was to try the nerve of every European in India, he took up the reins of government which his old college friend Lord Dalhousie laid down.

The India which Lord Canning was called upon to administer was a very different India to that of which eight years before Lord Dalhousie had assumed control. During the period of Dalhousie's appointment great changes had taken place. The Sikh war had been followed by the annexation of the Punjab in 1849; the Burmese war by that of Pegu in 1851. In 1853 Nagpore was added to the list, and then Berar and Sattara, and finally, in 1856, the province of Oudh. That these territorial additions were forced upon the Government by a variety of circumstances which Lord Dalhousie deplored, but could not control, did not decrease the difficulty of administering them when acquired; and it is obvious that the union in one homogeneous whole of so many diverse races with conflicting interests and varying religions, could not be effected by any alien power in so short a time without leaving the possibility of future trouble.

Attempts were at one time made to lay the blame of the Mutiny upon the former administration, but as far as Lord Dalhousie is concerned there is absolutely no ground for the charge. What any Governor-General could have done more than he did to promote content by broad and liberal measures for the benefit of the whole people it is difficult to see. During his rule civil employment was extended to the natives, and the last disabilities of native Christians were removed. A legislative council was established, public works, railways, telegraphs, and canals were projected, elementary schools opened, cheap postage was introduced, and the public works department severed from the military department. If these reforms had not been effected there might have been some grounds for charges of official neglect, but in face of the splendid administrative career of Lord Dalhousie the cause of the Indian Mutiny must be looked for elsewhere.

Lord Canning entered upon the duties of his office with the fullest determination to do his utmost, as he said, "in the large arena of peaceful usefulness" which it opened up to him. At the banquet given by the directors of the East India Company prior to his departure from England, while expressing his hope for quiet and useful service and speaking of the blessings of peace, he said as with prophetic insight, "I cannot forget that in our Indian Empire that greatest of all blessings depends on a greater variety of chances, and a more precarious tenure than in any other quarter of the globe;" and again, "in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which, growing larger and larger, may at last threaten to burst and overwhelm us in ruin."

The seizure of Herat by the Persians in defiance of existing treaties was one of the earliest difficulties which confronted the new Governor-General. The manner in which this defiance was dealt with by Outram and Havelock in a brief and brilliant campaign and settled by the treaty of Paris is already told and need not be retold here. Another question at this time engaging the governor's attention, and one which has been

thought to have had some bearing upon the Mutiny, was that of revising the terms of service in the Bombay army. The difficulty of finding a sufficient number of native troops to serve in British Burmah had suggested that the terms of service of the Bombay army should be revised to enable the Government to employ it beyond the sea. This proposal was favoured by the Commander-in-Chief and the responsible advisers of the Governor-General, and though there were those who deprecated "meddling with the fundamental conditions upon which the bargain between the army and the Government had hitherto rested," Lord Canning thought there was no real cause for fear. He had been apprehensive, he said, that "the Sepoys already enlisted on the old terms might suspect that the change was a first step towards breaking faith with them, and that on the first necessity they might be compelled to cross the sea;" but he added, "there was no sign of such false alarm on their part."

But a much more serious question was the condition of the newly acquired province of Oudh. The annexation had taken place too late in the career of the previous Government for Lord Dalhousie to impress his personality upon its administration, and Lord Canning had not had time to impress it with his own. Meanwhile the government of Oudh had fallen into incompetent hands, and that at a time when it was of paramount importance that native susceptibilities should be conciliated by wise and beneficent rule. Lord Canning did absolutely the best thing that could be done under the circumstances when he made Sir Henry Lawrence chief commissioner of Oudh, but the appointment, though Canning could scarcely have made it earlier, was still too late. Of the deplorable condition of Oudh at this time some indication is given in the story of Sir Henry Lawrence. The conditions of annexation had not been observed, agreements had been broken, and pensions had been withheld.

"When the new commissioner reached Lucknow," says Sir John Kaye, "he found that almost everything that ought not to have been done had been done, and that what ought to

have been first done had not been done at all, and that the seeds of rebellion had been sown broadcast over the land. He saw plainly what was coming. He found the aristocracy—the princes and nobles of the land—bowed down to the dust, keeping body and soul together—men and women alike, of high birth, with the best blood in their veins—by selling their shawls and jewels after dark in the bazaars. At once he took up a duty so mercilessly neglected by his predecessor, and began, without wasting time on preliminary inquiries—for investigation and starvation in such cases are synonymous—to pay the stipends of the old nobility. But it was not in mortal power to arrest the growth of the rebellion, which was then striking deep root in the soil. In other parts of the country the disaffection which was exhibiting itself in the spring of 1857 might be nothing more than military mutiny—a mere professional agitation, accidental, superficial; but in Oudh there was small likelihood of its stopping short of a national insurrection. Firstly, it was plain that the introduction of British rule had turned against us all the great territorial chiefs—feudal barons with large bodies of armed followers—and all the once powerful classes which had been maintained in wealth and luxury by the Court of Lucknow. It was plain also that the disbanding of the old native army of Oudh had scattered over the country large numbers of lawless and desperate men, owing their ruin to the English usurpation. But, plainest of all was the fact that a large proportion of the Sepoy army of Bengal was drawn from the small yeomanry of Oudh; that the province was indeed the great home of our native soldiery, and that in every village there were numerous families sure to sympathise with the discontents, and to aid the efforts of their sons and brothers in the Company's army."

In view of the condition of Oudh at this time there is little need to look further afield for a sufficient cause, if not of the outbreak of the Mutiny, at least of its wide and rapid spread. It was at Meerut, in the North West provinces that the Mutiny broke out; it was at Delhi, on the borders of Oudh, that the first stand was made; its chief atrocities were committed

at Cawnpore, in Oudh ; the fiercest and most determined fighting was at Lucknow, in Oudh ; and it was the pacification of the province of Oudh that occupied Sir Colin Campbell so many weary months in the final suppression of the rebellion. It is surely not too much to infer, from these facts, that it was the condition of Oudh that made the Indian Mutiny the terrible thing it was.

Lord Canning's administration during this trying time has been attacked unsparingly by many who do not sufficiently differentiate between the man himself and the system he represented. It is clear that in the first instance he did not sufficiently realise the gravity of the crisis ; but his refusal to adopt all kinds of schemes, suggested in fear and organised by panic, was the action of a strong and not of a weak man. The failure to apprehend the seriousness of the situation was due to the lack of experience of the circumstances and conditions of Indian life ; but it is only fair to add that Canning's view was shared at the time by many others of much more experience in Indian affairs. "His refusal, at an early period in the Mutiny," says Sir A. J. Arbuthnot, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "to take advantage of an offer that was made by the English at Calcutta to form a regiment of volunteers, an offer which he afterwards accepted ; the delay of the Government in ordering a general disarming of the Sepoys until the course of events had rendered such a course impossible ; the inclusion of English newspapers in an act restricting the liberty of the press ; the application to Englishmen as well as to natives of a general disarming act ; Canning's efforts to moderate the fierceness of the retribution, which, involving in some cases the sacrifice of innocent men, was being exacted by British officers, both civil and military, for the outrages committed by the mutineers, and by others who had participated in these outrages—all these things were severely censured in certain quarters, and for a time brought much unpopularity upon the governor-general among a section of his countrymen in India. 'Clemency Canning' was the nickname which was applied

to him, and on one occasion it was remarked that his policy was best described by two stamps in use in the Indian post-office—'too late' and 'insufficient.' Of Canning's undaunted courage and firmness there never was a shadow of doubt. Lord Elgin and Lord Clyde, like all who were brought into official relations with him, were much impressed by the calm courage and firmness evinced by him at that dark time."

The fact is, Canning was working under new conditions with men he did not know, in dealing with questions and races with which he was unfamiliar, and was all the while embarrassed by the fact that he had not to deal with India alone, as the men under him had, but to act as the responsible representative of the Home Government. Calm, dispassionate, and judicial in his habit of mind, he would doubtless have determined rightly, had he but possessed the evidence upon which alone correct judgment could have been based. The art of governing in troublous times is largely that of knowing when to be clement and when severe; but this is only possible where a mastery of circumstances and conditions makes differentiation easy. This complete knowledge of the men and manners he had to deal with, Canning lacked; hence he was clement at the outset when he should have been severe, and severe at the finish, when he could have afforded to be clement. That he should have refused to abandon the Trans-Indus territory at the instance of John Lawrence is easily to be understood, for he had to think of how such a policy would be regarded by the Government at home; but why he should have overruled the clement policy of Sir James Outram in dealing with the conquered Talukdars of Oudh is not quite so clear.

After the suppression of the Mutiny, the administrative powers of the Governor-General were called forth in dealing with a number of questions of great importance and difficulty. During his term of office the East India Company came to an end, and in accordance with an Act for the "Better Government of India," the British Government assumed the control of Indian affairs. Lord Canning, the last of the Governor-

Generals, thus became the first of the Viceroy's of India. Then followed the reorganisation of the Indian army, the readjustment of Indian taxation, and the re-establishment of the terms of relationship between Indian principalities and the British Government. In all these questions the administrative faculties which had made Canning's term of control of the General Post Office, to quote Sir Rowland Hill, "the most satisfactory period of his (Sir Rowland's) whole official career, that in which the course of improvement was steadiest, most rapid, and least chequered," came into operation with much better chances of success than they had in dealing with mutiny and retribution.

In 1859 he was made an earl, and in 1862 created a Knight of the Garter. In the meantime the death of Lady Canning in 1861 had powerfully affected him, if indeed it did not hasten his own end. Lord Canning retired from office in March 1862, and returned to England much broken in health by the severe strain he had been compelled to endure, and on the 17th of June, two months after his arrival, he died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey near the grave of his father, and not far from the spot consecrated by the dust of Sir James Outram and Lord Clyde.

Lord Canning was a good, a brave, and a strong man, with administrative faculties which would have left their mark upon any department of the public service in which he might have been employed. It was his misfortune that he should have been placed in a new and strange position at a time when long and familiar experience was immediately necessary, but in it all and through it all he bore a manly part, and if he cannot be credited with complete success, it can at least be said of him as truly as of any of his contemporaries, that he "tried to do his duty."

